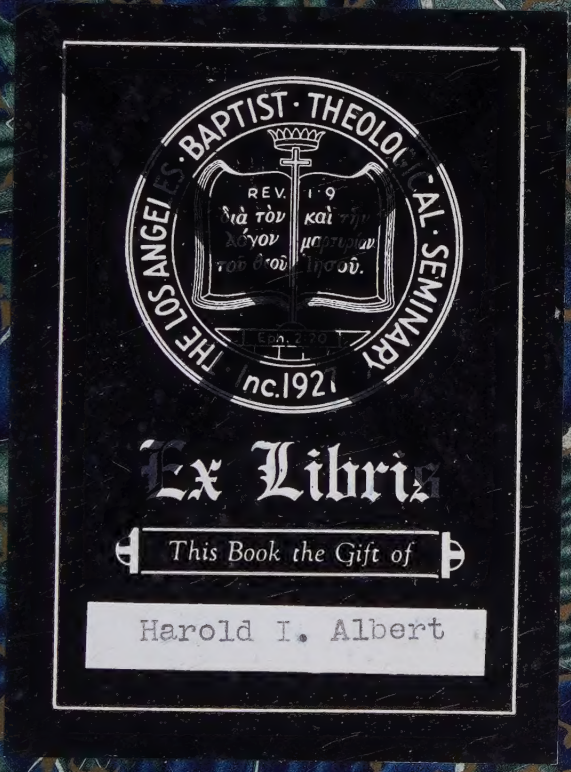
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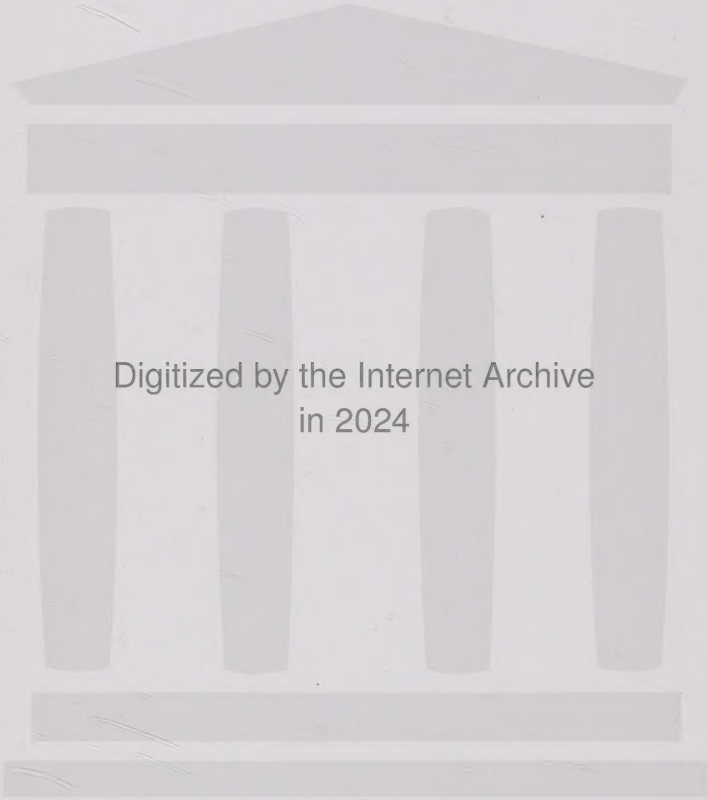
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The Works of Charles Dickens

Additional Volumes

VOL. XXXV.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS

VOL. I.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS

FROM

'THE MORNING CHRONICLE,' 'THE DAILY NEWS'
'THE EXAMINER,' 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS'
'ALL THE YEAR ROUND,' ETC.

AND

PLAYS AND POEMS

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1908
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By CHARLES DICKENS

WITH TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS

In Two Vols.—Vol. I.

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NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1908

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INTRODUCTION

In adding these two volumes to the 'Gadshill' Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens, it is felt that the few editorial notes which appeared in the 'National' Edition will be welcomed, for the reason that their contents had not before been included in any collection of the author's works prior to that Edition, whilst a great quantity of the material, notably the majority of Dickens's contributions to *Household Words*, was identified then for the first time.

It is not the intention to attempt to 'place' these contributions of the author of the immortal *Pickwick*, or to offer any estimate of their comparative value in the scheme of Dickens's work as a whole. The object has been to gather together all Dickens's writings, from whatever source available, that can be said to be worthy, as the scattered writings of other authors have been gathered together, and added to existing editions. And in doing so, no apology is necessary, for it will be found that the majority of these articles, essays, and stories are not the efforts of immaturity, but the work of a great writer composed during the prime of his literary career.

Dickens's articles and sketches from *The Morning Chronicle*, *The Daily News*, *The Times*, his contributions to certain periodical literature, and his introductions to books, have always been known to exist, and therefore need no comment, in that respect, here, except to say that they have not been included in previous collected editions of his works prior to this year. The one entitled 'The

Spirit of Chivalry in Westminster Hall' is reprinted from the galley proof in the Forster Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and appeared in *Douglas Jerrold's Magazine* for August 1845. Although it was cut down in that periodical obviously to fit a certain space, it is here reprinted in its entirety, as set in the galley proof.

Regarding the other Miscellanies in these two volumes, there are one or two notes and annotations to be recorded.

Dickens was probably a frequent contributor to the pages of *The Examiner* during the editorship of his friend John Forster, but beyond the statements made by his biographer, there is no means of identifying his contributions. In the following pages everything is reprinted that can be traced under Forster's guidance, and in hunting these out from the files of his old paper, we have been a little more fortunate than previous searchers. Richard Herne Shepherd was probably the first to place on record some of the dates of the publication of these articles. More recently Frederic G. Kitton devoted much time and energy to amplifying the list, and reprinted many of them, with others from different sources, in a volume entitled *To be Read at Dusk; and other Stories, Sketches, and Essays*, by Charles Dickens, published by George Redway in 1898. But both he and Mr. Shepherd were unable to trace the following articles, the MSS. of which are in the Forster Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum. (1) 'London Crime,' (2) 'Judicial Special Pleading,' (3) 'Edinburgh Apprentice School Association,' (4) 'Macready as "King Lear,"' (5) 'Latour's "Virginie" and Douglas Jerrold's "Black-Eyed Susan,"' (6) 'The Tooting Farm,' and (7) 'The Paradise at Tooting.'

We have, however, been more successful, and these articles now appear, in chronological order, with the rest. The title of the first of these was altered in the pages of *The Examiner* to 'Ignorance and

Crime,' and the fourth appeared under the heading of 'Restoration of Shakespeare's Lear to the Stage.' There is also a third article, noted in Thomson's Bibliography, on the Tooting Farm scandal entitled 'The Verdict for Drouet,' and although Forster does not mention it, it is included here, as there seems no doubt from internal evidence that Dickens wrote it. Besides this, it completes the story of the scandal. It is interesting to note in regard to these Drouet articles, that Dickens refers to the subject of them more than once in his *Household Words* articles, and more pointedly in 'A Walk in a Workhouse' in *Reprinted Pieces*, wherein he speaks of the scandal as 'that most infamous and atrocious enormity committed at Tooting—an enormity which, a hundred years hence, will still be vividly remembered in the bye-ways of English life, and which has done more to engender a gloomy discontent and suspicion among many thousands of the people than all the Chartist leaders could have done in all their lives.'

Possibly this was the establishment from which Guster, Snagsby's servant, originally emerged. Dickens tells us it was at Tooting, and that she went about in mortal fear of being sent back there.

The only article in *The Examiner* referred to by Forster that we have been unable to trace is the notice of Hood's 'Up the Rhine,' which Dickens had alluded to privately as 'rather poor, but I have not said so, because Hood is too, and ill besides.' Probably it did not appear in print for these reasons.

The novelist's political squibs and other verses, contributed to Forster's paper, find a place in the section devoted to Poems.

Dickens's own paper *Household Words* contained numerous contributions from his own pen, and in 1858 he collected and published some of them under the title of *Reprinted Pieces.* It cannot reasonably be supposed, however, that he considered those he selected as alone worthy of preservation, or of his genius. It was

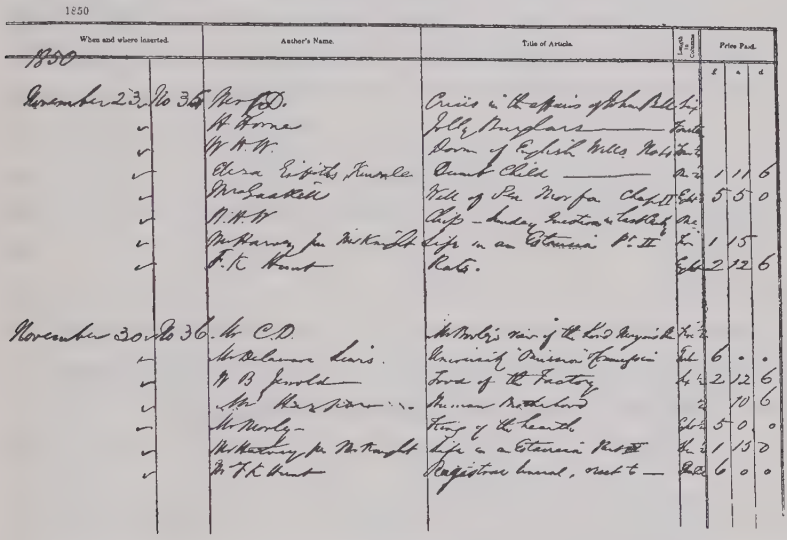
more likely that he was content to gather together just sufficient material to fill a volume. Or on the other hand, it may be reasonably inferred that most of those now discovered for the first time, dealing as they do with political and social matters of the day, were not thought by the novelist to be suitable for inclusion in the collected works of one whose fame rested upon his works of fiction. But they are valuable to-day not only as definitely indicating his political opinions, but as a vital contribution showing how anxious he always was to help towards the reformation of what he thought the political and social wrongs of his day.

As is well known, all contributions to his paper were anonymous; hence the difficulty of discovering his or any one else's work. This has not, however, debarred many from making the attempt, the most notable effort being made at the time when Frederic G. Kitton and Charles Dickens the younger read through the volumes of the periodical with that object in view. But the fact that Dickens so thoroughly 'edited' all the articles and often rewrote many, and the knowledge that his 'brilliant young men,' as his staff was called, soon fell in with, and emulated their 'chief's' style, made that means of identification not only very troublesome, but practically impossible of success. In any case the outcome of all this research, fruitful as it was in some particulars, left many of his minor writings hidden away in the pages of his journal, whilst in several instances it was the means of attributing to Dickens the work of other pens. These we note hereafter.

There is now no longer any doubt existing concerning the identity of Dickens's own work (or the work of any contributor to his paper, for the matter of that), and his contributions are here reprinted for the first time on the following authority.

Like all well-conducted periodicals, *Household Words* possessed what is known as a 'Contributors' Book,' wherein were tabulated

in manuscript, the titles of all articles, the names of their writers, the length, the price paid for same, and other particulars, under the date of each weekly issue. This book exists to-day in the possession of Mr. R. C. Lehmann, M.P., who very courteously placed it at the disposal of the present writer, in order, as he put it, 'to help carry out the "National" undertaking in hand of making a complete edition of the works of England's national novelist.' To Mr. Lehmann the publishers here wish to place on record an expression of their deep obligation and gratitude. A photographic reproduction of one of its pages is given here.


1850

When and where inserted.	Author's Name.	Title of Article.	Length in Words.	Price Paid. £	s.	d.
1850						
December 23 No 35	Mr C.D.	Cruise of the Active off John Bull Jr.				
"	H. Horne	Jolly Burglars — Tale				
"	W.H.W.	Doom of English Bills Refused				
"	Thos Tibbits Journalist	Ourselves Child —		1	11	6
"	Mrs Crowe	Wife of Sir Morgan Chapter II		5	5	0
"	W.H.W.	Chap — Lindsey Rectory Locksley				
"	Mr Harness for Mr Knight	Life in an Etruscan Pt. II		1	15	
"	F.C. Burnand	Rats.		2	12	6
November 30 No 36	Mr C.D.	Mr Mobbs's view of the Lord Mayor's				
"	Mr Delamere Lewis	Recruiting Sergeant		6	0	0
"	W B Jerrold	Town of the Factory		2	12	6
"	Mr Shakspeare	Human Nature			10	6
"	Mr Morley	Fairy of the Hearth		5	0	0
"	Mr Hastings for Mr Knight	Life in an Etruscan Part		1	15	0
"	Mr F.C. Burnand	Registrar General, visit to —		6	0	0

After careful examination of the contents of the volume, the identity of some eighty or so hitherto unknown writings of Dickens is revealed to the reading world, and henceforth these will form part of his acknowledged works.

In order that no doubt may exist as to the genuineness of this book we quote the certificate of its authenticity which is pasted in the front cover.

'Westbrook Hall,
'1st *Feby.*, 1903. Horsham,
Surrey.

'This book belonged to Mr. Wills and was left to me by his widow, my Aunt Janet.

'I now present it to my nephew Rudolph Lehmann as a memento of Mr. and Mrs. Wills, who loved him as a child.

(Signed) 'Eliza Priestley.'

As we have noted above, some of these contributions have been identified before by Frederic G. Kitton and other bibliographers, and were published in the volume *To be Read at Dusk* already referred to. This volume, however, contained an article entitled 'By Rail to Parnassus' as being from the pen of Dickens; but the 'Contributors' Book' shows it to have been written by Henry Morley. There is also another, 'Rochester and Chatham,' which is an excerpt from 'One Man in a Dockyard,' written by Dickens and R. H. Horne. This of course may be a 'good shot,' but is not authoritative.

Other articles have also been attributed to Dickens by bibliographers which were not written by him, and we append here the titles of them with the rightful authors' names attached.

'Foreign Portraits of Englishmen,' by W. H. Wills and E. Murray (September 21, 1850).

'Household Words and English Wills,' by W. H. Wills (November 16, 1850).

'Epsom,' by W. H. Wills (June 7, 1851).

'Douglas Jerrold,' by Wilkie Collins (February 5, 1859).

It was not an uncommon occurrence after Dickens's death to pick out articles and sketches from his famous paper which read like his work, and reprint them with his name as author. We can recall two American instances of this. Both 'A Suburban Romance'

(W. H. Wills), and 'Lizzie Leigh' (Mrs. Gaskell's famous story), found places in literary annuals of the *Keepsake* pattern, and were ascribed to Dickens, whose name at the time was of course a one to conjure with. There is also a similar case in this country in 'A Curious Dance round a Curious Tree,' an article relating to St. Luke's Lunatic Asylum and written by W. H. Wills and Dickens, which has been frequently reprinted in pamphlet form by that institution. This has been generally accepted by bibliographers as written by Dickens, although it appears in *Old Leaves gathered from 'Household Words,'* by W. H. Wills, published in 1860, wherein it is acknowledged as one of those articles which owed much to the collaboration of Dickens, 'whose masterly touches gave to the Old Leaves . . . their brightest tints.'

Throughout the pages of his paper Dickens contributed many articles in collaboration with various authors in this way, and these would easily fill more volumes if reprinted. But we have only preserved those written entirely by Dickens himself.

There is a curious point, however, in regard to one of these. In *Reprinted Pieces* there is a chapter entitled 'A Plated Article,' and as the contents of the volume were collected during Dickens's lifetime, there cannot be any doubt that he considered the article was his. Yet we find in the 'Contributors' Book' that it was by 'C. D. and W. H. W.' (W. H. Wills), and Wills evidently took some credit to himself for it, as he included it in his volume of *Old Leaves* with his usual acknowledgment to his Editor's assistance. The question as to who was the rightful author of it cannot, under the circumstances, be decided at this late date.

These facts having been recorded, it is only necessary to state in regard to the *Household Words* section of these volumes, that the material has been arranged in chronological order, except in certain cases where articles forming a series, appeared at intervals. In

those cases they have been allowed to follow each other in proper sequence, and comprise 'The Amusements of the People,' the sketches dealing with 'Mr. Bull' and with 'Mr. Booley,' and the series of articles entitled 'From the Raven in the Happy Family.' The first chapter of the latter was called 'A Perfect Felicity in a Bird's Eye View,' whilst 'The Good Hippopotamus,' added later, was also of the series.

There were two other features in the periodical, consisting of paragraphs of varying length by various writers, grouped under the general subject headings of 'Supposing' and 'Chips.' Those written by Dickens have been arranged together under these general headings, and placed at the end of the section.

Dickens's contributions to *All the Year Round* are here included on the authority of Frederic G. Kitton, who identified them by means of the 'office' set of that periodical, in which each article had appended the name of the author, written by a member of the staff. As in the case of *Household Words*, only the articles wholly written by Dickens have been included.

Of the six Plays in these volumes, it should be noted that 'Mr. Nightingale's Diary' was written by Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon, and 'No Thoroughfare' by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins. They are included here, as being inseparably connected with Dickens's fame both as a writer and as an actor. Indeed, no collection of his works could be said to be complete without them. 'The Lamplighter' is printed from the manuscript in the Forster collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

In 1903 the Poems of Dickens, scattered throughout newspapers, periodicals, and his novels, were collected and published in a small volume with bibliographical notes by Frederic G. Kitton. The text and arrangement of this little volume have been followed in the present instance, with the exception of the songs, etc., from

'The Village Coquettes' and 'The Lamplighter,' which, of course, will be found in their proper places in these volumes. The publishers have deemed it wise to retain Mr. Kitton's valuable bibliographical notes. Three poems have been added, two of which were discovered in *Household Words*, entitled 'Hiram Power's Greek Slave' and 'Aspire!'; whilst the third, 'The Blacksmith,' appeared in *All the Year Round*, and is identified by means of Forster's *Life* of the novelist, as explained in the bibliographical note.

B. W. MATZ.

CONTENTS

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS

	PAGE
Joseph Grimaldi	3
The Agricultural Interest	7
Threatening Letter to Thomas Hood, from an Ancient Gentleman	9
John Overs	16
The Spirit of Chivalry	20
Crime and Education	25
Capital Punishment	30
In Memoriam: W. M. Thackeray	51
Adelaide Anne Procter	55
The Great International Walking-Match	62
Chauncy Hare Townshend	67
On Mr. Fechter's Acting	68

MISCELLANIES FROM 'THE EXAMINER' 1838-1849

The Restoration of Shakespeare's 'Lear' to the Stage	77
Scott and his Publishers—I	82
" " " II	94
International Copyright	97

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS

PAGE

Macready as 'Benedick' 99

Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Condition of the Persons variously engaged in the University of Oxford . . . 103

Ignorance and Crime 107

The Chinese Junk 110

Cruikshank's 'The Drunkard's Children' . . . 113

The Niger Expedition 117

The Poetry of Science 135

The American Panorama 139

Judicial Special Pleading 141

Edinburgh Apprentice School Association . . . 146

Leech's 'The Rising Generation' 147

The Paradise at Tooting 150

The Tooting Farm 157

The Verdict for Drouet 160

'Virginie' and 'Black-Eyed Susan' . . . 163

An American in Europe 165

Court Ceremonies 174

MISCELLANIES FROM 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS'

1850-1859

Address in the First Number of 'Household Words' . 181

Announcement in 'Household Words' of the Approaching Publication of 'All the Year Round' . . 183

Address in 'Household Words' 185

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Amusements of the People—I	186
" " " II	192
Perfect Felicity	199
From the Raven in the Happy Family—I	203
" " " " II	207
" " " " III	212
The 'Good' Hippopotamus	217
Some Account of an Extraordinary Traveller	222
A Card from Mr. Booley	233
Mr. Booley's View of the Last Lord Mayor's Show	233
Pet Prisoners	239
Old Lamps for New Ones	254
The Sunday Screw	259
Lively Turtle	267
A Crisis in the Affairs of Mr. John Bull	274
Mr. Bull's Somnambulist	281
Our Commission	287
Proposals for a National Jest-Book	293
A December Vision	300
The Last Words of the Old Year	304
Railway Strikes	310
Red Tape	317
The Guild of Literature and Art	324
The Finishing Schoolmaster	329
A Few Conventionalities	335
A Narrative of Extraordinary Suffering	340

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS

	PAGE
Whole Hogs	346
Sucking Pigs	353
A Sleep to Startle us	358
Betting-Shops	366
Trading in Death	374
Where we Stopped Growing	385
Proposals for Amusing Posterity	390
Home for Homeless Women	395
The Spirit Business	410
A Haunted House	417
Gone Astray	424
Frauds on the Fairies	435
Things that Cannot be Done	442
Fire and Snow	447
On Strike	453
The Late Mr. Justice Talfourd	467
It is not Generally Known	469
Legal and Equitable Jokes	476
To Working Men	484
An Unsettled Neighbourhood	487
Reflections of a Lord Mayor	494
The Lost Arctic Voyagers—I	499
" " " II	509

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

ILLUSTRATIONS	ARTIST	
The Royal Chinese Junk, *Keying* .	*From a Contemporary Lithograph*	FRONTISPIECE
The wretched Convict droops and dies	*George Cruikshank* .	FACING PAGE 116
Drouet's Farming Establishment for Pauper Children at Tooting .	*From a Contemporary Print* . .	152
The Happy Family . .	„ „	200
The Lord Mayor's Show, 1850 .	„ „	236
The Guild of Literature and Art: Admission Ticket . .	*E. M. Ward, A.R.A.*	324
Mrs. Amelia Bloomer . .	*T. W. Brown* .	354
Funeral of the Duke of Wellington .	*Louis Haghe* .	384
Exhibition of Cartoons in Westminster Hall . . .	*From a Contemporary Print* . .	418
Building the Stationary Engine House, Camden Town . .	*From a Contemporary Lithograph* .	490

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS

VOL. I : A

JOSEPH GRIMALDI

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER TO 'MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH GRIMALDI'

[1838]

It is some years now since we first conceived a strong veneration for Clowns, and an intense anxiety to know what they did with themselves out of pantomime time, and off the stage. As a child, we were accustomed to pester our relations and friends with questions out of number concerning these gentry;—whether their appetite for sausages and such-like wares was always the same, and if so, at whose expense they were maintained; whether they were ever taken up for pilfering other people's goods, or were forgiven by everybody because it was only done in fun; how it was they got such beautiful complexions, and where they lived; and whether they were born Clowns, or gradually turned into Clowns as they grew up. On these and a thousand other points our curiosity was insatiable. Nor were our speculations confined to Clowns alone; they extended to Harlequins, Pantaloons, and Columbines, all of whom we believed to be real and veritable personages, existing in the same forms and characters all the year round. How often have we wished that the Pantaloon were our godfather! and how often thought that to marry a Columbine would be to attain the highest pitch of all human felicity!

The delights—the ten thousand million delights of a pantomime—come streaming upon us now,—even of the pantomime which came lumbering down in Richardson's waggons at fair time to the dull little town in which we had the honour to be brought up, and which a long row of small boys, with frills as white as they could be washed, and hands as clean as they would come, were taken to behold the glories of, in fair daylight.

We feel again all the pride of standing in a body on the platform,

the observed of all observers in the crowd below, while the junior usher pays away twenty-four ninepences to a stout gentleman under a Gothic arch, with a hoop of variegated lamps swinging over his head. Again we catch a glimpse (too brief, alas!) of the lady with a green parasol in her hand, on the outside stage of the next show but one, who supports herself on one foot, on the back of a majestic horse, blotting-paper coloured and white; and once again our eyes open wide with wonder, and our hearts throb with emotion, as we deliver our cardboard check into the very hands of the Harlequin himself, who, all glittering with spangles, and dazzling with many colours, deigns to give us a word of encouragement and commendation as we pass into the booth!

But what was this—even this—to the glories of the inside, where, amid the smell of sawdust, and orange-peel, sweeter far than violets to youthful noses, the first play being over, the lovers united, the ghost appeased, the Baron killed, and everything made comfortable and pleasant,—the pantomime itself began! What words can describe the deep gloom of the opening scene, where a crafty Magician holding a young lady in bondage was discovered, studying an enchanted book to the soft music of a gong!—or in what terms can we express the thrill of ecstasy with which, his magic power opposed by superior art, we beheld the monster himself converted into Clown! What mattered it that the stage was three yards wide, and four deep? *we* never saw it. We had no eyes, ears, or corporeal senses but for the pantomime. And when its short career was run, and the Baron previously slaughtered, coming forward with his hand upon his heart, announced that for that favour Mr. Richardson returned his most sincere thanks, and the performances would commence again in a quarter of an hour, what jest could equal the effects of the Baron's indignation and surprise, when the Clown, unexpectedly peeping from behind the curtain, requested the audience 'not to believe it, for it was all gammon!' Who but a Clown could have called forth the roar of laughter that succeeded; and what witchery but a Clown's could have caused the junior usher himself to declare aloud, as he shook his sides and smote his knee in a moment of irrepressible joy, that that was the very best thing he had ever heard said!

We have lost that Clown now; he is still alive though, for we saw him only the day before last Bartholomew Fair, eating a real saveloy, and we are sorry to say he had deserted to the illegitimate drama,

for he was seated on one of 'Clark's Circus' waggons;—we have lost that Clown and that pantomime, but our relish for the entertainment still remains unimpaired. Each successive Boxing-day finds us in the same state of high excitement and expectation. On that eventful day, when new pantomimes are played for the first time at the two great theatres, and at twenty or thirty of the little ones, we still gloat as formerly upon the bills which set forth tempting descriptions of the scenery in staring red and black letters, and still fall down upon our knees, with other men and boys, upon the pavement by shop-doors, to read them down to the very last line. Nay, we still peruse with all eagerness and avidity the exclusive accounts of the coming wonders in the theatrical newspapers of the Sunday before, and still believe them as devoutly as we did before twenty years' experience had shown us that they are always wrong.

With these feelings upon the subject of pantomimes, it is no matter of surprise that when we first heard that Grimaldi had left some memoirs of his life behind him, we were in a perfect fever until we had perused the manuscript. It was no sooner placed in our hands by 'the adventurous and spirited Publisher'—(if our recollection serve us, this is the customary style of the complimentary little paragraphs regarding new books which usually precede advertisements about Savory's clocks in the newspapers),—than we sat down at once and read it every word.

See how pleasantly things come about, if you let them take their own course! This mention of the manuscript brings us at once to the very point we are anxious to reach, and which we should have gained long ago, if we had not travelled into those irrelevant remarks concerning Pantomimic representations.

For about a year before his death, Grimaldi was employed in writing a full account of his life and adventures. It was his chief occupation and amusement; and as people who write their own lives, even in the midst of very many occupations, often find time to extend them to a most inordinate length, it is no wonder that his account of himself was exceedingly voluminous.

This manuscript was confided to Mr. Thomas Egerton Wilks, to alter and revise, with a view to its publication. Mr. Wilks, who was well acquainted with Grimaldi and his connexions, applied himself to the task of condensing it throughout, and wholly expunging considerable portions, which, so far as the public were concerned,

possessed neither interest nor amusement: he likewise interspersed here and there the substance of such personal anecdotes as he had gleaned from the writer in desultory conversation. While he was thus engaged, Grimaldi died.

Mr. Wilks having by the commencement of September concluded his labours, offered the manuscript to the present publisher, by whom it was shortly afterwards purchased unconditionally, with the full consent and concurrence of Mr. Richard Hughes, Grimaldi's executor.

The present Editor of these volumes has felt it necessary to say thus much in explanation of their origin, in order to establish beyond doubt the unquestionable authenticity of the memoirs they contain.

His own share in them is stated in a few words. Being much struck by several incidents in the manuscript—such as the description of Grimaldi's infancy, the burglary, the brother's return from sea under the extraordinary circumstances detailed, the adventure of the man with the two fingers on his left hand, the account of Mackintosh and his friends, and many other passages,—and thinking that they might be related in a more attractive manner (they were at that time told in the first person, as if by Grimaldi himself, although they had necessarily lost any original manner which his recital might have imparted to them); he accepted a proposal from the publisher to edit the book, and *has* edited it to the best of his ability, altering its form throughout, and making such other alterations as he conceived would improve the narration of the facts, without any departure from the facts themselves.

He has merely to add, that there has been no *book-making* in this case. He has not swelled the quantity of matter, but materially abridged it. The account of Grimaldi's first courtship may appear lengthy in its present form; but it has undergone a double and most comprehensive process of abridgment. The old man was garrulous upon a subject on which the youth had felt so keenly; and as the feeling did him honour in both stages of life, the Editor has not had the heart to reduce it further.

Here is the book, then, at last. After so much pains from so many hands—including the good right hand of George Cruikshank, which has seldom been better exercised,—he humbly hopes it may find favour with the public.

Doughty Street, *February*, 1838.

THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST

[Leader in the *Morning Chronicle*, March 9, 1844]

The present Government, having shown itself to be particularly clever in its management of Indictments for Conspiracy, cannot do better, we think (keeping in its administrative eye the pacification of some of its most influential and most unruly supporters), than indict the whole manufacturing interest of the country for a conspiracy against the agricultural interest. As the jury ought to be beyond impeachment, the panel might be chosen from among the Duke of Buckingham's tenants, with the Duke of Buckingham himself as foreman; and, to the end that the country might be quite satisfied with the judge, and have ample security beforehand for his moderation and impartiality, it would be desirable, perhaps, to make such a slight change in the working of the law (a mere nothing to a Conservative Government, bent upon its end), as would enable the question to be tried before an Ecclesiastical Court, with the Bishop of Exeter presiding. The Attorney-General for Ireland, turning his sword into a ploughshare, might conduct the prosecution; and Mr. Cobden and the other traversers might adopt any ground of defence they chose, or prove or disprove anything they pleased, without being embarrassed by the least anxiety or doubt in reference to the verdict.

That the country in general is in a conspiracy against this sacred but unhappy agricultural interest, there can be no doubt. It is not alone within the walls of Covent Garden Theatre, or the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, or the Town Hall at Birmingham, that the cry 'Repeal the Corn-laws!' is raised. It may be heard, moaning at night, through the straw-littered wards of Refuges for the Destitute; it may be read in the gaunt and famished faces which make our streets terrible; it is muttered in the thankful grace pronounced by haggard wretches over their felon fare in gaols; it is inscribed in dreadful characters upon the walls of Fever Hospitals; and may be plainly traced in every record of mortality. All of which proves, that there is a vast conspiracy afoot, against the unfortunate agricultural interest.

They who run, even upon railroads, may read of this conspiracy. The old stage-coachman was a farmer's friend. He wore top-boots, understood cattle, fed his horses upon corn, and had a lively personal interest in malt. The engine-driver's garb, and sympathies, and tastes belong to the factory. His fustian dress, besmeared with coal-dust and begrimed with soot; his oily hands, his dirty face, his knowledge of machinery; all point him out as one devoted to the manufacturing interest. Fire and smoke, and red-hot cinders follow in his wake. He has no attachment to the soil, but travels on a road of iron, furnace wrought. His warning is not conveyed in the fine old Saxon dialect of our glorious forefathers, but in a fiendish yell. He never cries 'ya-hip,' with agricultural lungs; but jerks forth a manufactured shriek from a brazen throat.

Where *is* the agricultural interest represented? From what phase of our social life has it not been driven, to the undue setting-up of its false rival?

Are the police agricultural? The watchmen were. They wore woollen nightcaps to a man; they encouraged the growth of timber, by patriotically adhering to staves and rattles of immense size; they slept every night in boxes, which were but another form of the celebrated wooden walls of Old England; they never woke up till it was too late—in which respect you might have thought them very farmers. How is it with the police? Their buttons are made at Birmingham; a dozen of their truncheons would poorly furnish forth a watchman's staff; they have no wooden walls to repose between; and the crowns of their hats are plated with cast-iron.

Are the doctors agricultural? Let Messrs. Morison and Moat, of the Hygeian establishment at King's Cross, London, reply. Is it not, upon the constant showing of those gentlemen, an ascertained fact that the whole medical profession have united to depreciate the worth of the Universal Vegetable Medicines? And is this opposition to vegetables, and exaltation of steel and iron instead, on the part of the regular practitioners, capable of any interpretation but one? Is it not a distinct renouncement of the agricultural interest, and a setting up of the manufacturing interest instead?

Do the professors of the law at all fail in their truth to the beautiful maid whom they ought to adore? Inquire of the Attorney-General for Ireland. Inquire of that honourable and learned gentleman, whose last public act was to cast aside the grey goose-quill, an

article of agricultural produce, and take up the pistol, which, under the system of percussion locks, has not even a flint to connect it with farming. Or put the question to a still higher legal functionary, who, on the same occasion, when he should have been a reed, inclining here and there, as adverse gales of evidence disposed him, was seen to be a manufactured image on the seat of Justice, cast by Power, in most impenetrable brass.

The world is too much with us in this manufacturing interest, early and late; that is the great complaint and the great truth. It is not so with the agricultural interest, or what passes by that name. It never thinks of the suffering world, or sees it, or cares to extend its knowledge of it; or, so long as it remains a world, cares anything about it. All those whom Dante placed in the first pit or circle of the doleful regions, might have represented the agricultural interest in the present Parliament, or at quarter sessions, or at meetings of the farmers' friends, or anywhere else.

But that is not the question now. It is conspired against; and we have given a few proofs of the conspiracy, as they shine out of various classes engaged in it. An indictment against the whole manufacturing interest need not be longer, surely, than the indictment in the case of the Crown against O'Connell and others. Mr. Cobden may be taken as its representative—as indeed he is, by one consent already. There may be no evidence; but that is not required. A judge and jury are all that is needed. And the Government know where to find *them*, or they gain experience to little purpose.

THREATENING LETTER TO THOMAS HOOD, FROM AN ANCIENT GENTLEMAN

[*Hood's Magazine and Comic Miscellany*, May 1844]

Mr. Hood. Sir,—The Constitution is going at last! You needn't laugh, Mr. Hood. I am aware that it has been going, two or three times before; perhaps four times; but it is on the move now, sir, and no mistake.

I beg to say, that I use those last expressions advisedly, sir, and not in the sense in which they are now used by Jackanapeses. There

were no Jackanapeses when I was a boy, Mr. Hood. England was Old England when I was young. I little thought it would ever come to be Young England when I was old. But everything is going backward.

Ah! governments were governments, and judges were judges, in *my* day, Mr. Hood. There was no nonsense then. Any of your seditious complainings, and we were ready with the military on the shortest notice. We should have charged Covent Garden Theatre, sir, on a Wednesday night: at the point of the bayonet. Then, the judges were full of dignity and firmness, and knew how to administer the law. There is only one judge who knows how to do his duty, now. He tried that revolutionary female the other day, who, though she was in full work (making shirts at three-halfpence a piece), had no pride in her country, but treasonably took it in her head, in the distraction of having been robbed of her easy earnings, to attempt to drown herself and her young child; and the glorious man went out of his way, sir—out of his way—to call her up for instant sentence of Death; and to tell her she had no hope of mercy in this world—as you may see yourself if you look in the papers of Wednesday the 17th of April. He won't be supported, sir, I know he won't; but it is worth remembering that his words were carried into every manufacturing town of this kingdom, and read aloud to crowds in every political parlour, beer-shop, newsroom, and secret or open place of assembly, frequented by the discontented working-men; and that no milk-and-water weakness on the part of the executive can ever blot them out. Great things like that, are caught up, and stored up, in these times, and are not forgotten, Mr. Hood. The public at large (especially those who wish for peace and conciliation) are universally obliged to him. If it is reserved for any man to set the Thames on fire, it is reserved for him; and indeed I am told he very nearly did it, once.

But even he won't save the constitution, sir: it is mauled beyond the power of preservation. Do you know in what foul weather it will be sacrificed and shipwrecked, Mr. Hood? Do you know on what rock it will strike, sir? You don't, I am certain; for nobody does know as yet but myself. I will tell you.

The constitution will go down, sir (nautically speaking), in the degeneration of the human species in England, and its reduction into a mingled race of savages and pigmies.

That is my proposition. That is my prediction. That is the event of which I give you warning. I am now going to prove it, sir.

You are a literary man, Mr. Hood, and have written, I am told, some things worth reading. I say I am told, because I never read what is written in these days. You 'll excuse me; but my principle is, that no man ought to know anything about his own time, except that it is the worst time that ever was, or is ever likely to be. That is the only way, sir, to be truly wise and happy.

In your station, as a literary man, Mr. Hood, you are frequently at the Court of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen. God bless her! You have reason to know that the three great keys to the royal palace (after rank and politics) are Science, Literature, Art. I don't approve of this myself. I think it ungenteel and barbarous, and quite un-English; the custom having been a foreign one, ever since the reigns of the uncivilised sultans in the Arabian Nights, who always called the wise men of their time about them. But so it is. And when you don't dine at the royal table, there is always a knife and fork for you at the equerries' table: where, I understand, all gifted men are made particularly welcome.

But all men can't be gifted, Mr. Hood. Neither scientific, literary, nor artistical powers are any more to be inherited than the property arising from scientific, literary, or artistic productions, which the law, with a beautiful imitation of nature, declines to protect in the second generation. Very good, sir. Then, people are naturally very prone to cast about in their minds for other means of getting at Court Favour; and, watching the signs of the times, to hew out for themselves, or their descendants, the likeliest roads to that distinguished goal.

Mr. Hood, it is pretty clear, from recent records in the Court Circular, that if a father wish to train up his son in the way he should go, to go to Court: and cannot indenture him to be a scientific man, an author, or an artist, three courses are open to him. He must endeavour by artificial means to make him a dwarf, a wild man, or a Boy Jones.[1]

Now, sir, this is the shoal and quicksand on which the constitution will go to pieces.

I have made inquiry, Mr. Hood, and find that in my neighbour-

[1] A reference to the then recent visit of 'General' Tom Thumb to Her Majesty the Queen and Court.

hood two families and a fraction out of every four, in the lower and middle classes of society, are studying and practising all conceivable arts to keep their infant children down. Understand me. I do not mean down in their numbers, or down in their precocity, but down in their growth, sir. A destructive and subduing drink, compounded of gin and milk in equal quantities, such as is given to puppies to retard their growth: not something short, but something shortening: is administered to these young creatures many times a day. An unnatural and artificial thirst is first awakened in these infants by meals of salt beef, bacon, anchovies, sardines, red herrings, shrimps, olives, pea-soup, and that description of diet; and when they screech for drink, in accents that might melt a heart of stone, which they do constantly (I allude to screeching, not to melting), this liquid is introduced into their too confiding stomachs. At such an early age, and to so great an extent, is this custom of provoking thirst, then quenching it with a stunting drink, observed, that brine pap has already superseded the use of tops-and-bottoms; and wet-nurses, previously free from any kind of reproach, have been seen to stagger in the streets: owing, sir, to the quantity of gin introduced into their systems, with a view to its gradual and natural conversion into the fluid I have already mentioned.

Upon the best calculation I can make, this is going on, as I have said, in the proportion of about two families and a fraction in four. In one more family and a fraction out of the same number, efforts are being made to reduce the children to a state of nature; and to inculcate, at a tender age, the love of raw flesh, train oil, new rum, and the acquisition of scalps. Wild and outlandish dances are also in vogue (you will have observed the prevailing rage for the Polka); and savage cries and whoops are much indulged in (as you may discover, if you doubt it, in the House of Commons any night). Nay, some persons, Mr. Hood; and persons of some figure and distinction too; have already succeeded in breeding wild sons; who have been publicly shown in the Courts of Bankruptcy, and in police-offices, and in other commodious exhibition-rooms, with great effect, but who have not yet found favour at court; in consequence, as I infer, of the impression made by Mr. Rankin's wild men being too fresh and recent, to say nothing of Mr. Rankin's wild men being foreigners.

I need not refer you, sir, to the late instance of the Ojibbeway

Bride. But I am credibly informed, that she is on the eve of retiring into a savage fastness, where she may bring forth and educate a wild family, who shall in course of time, by the dexterous use of the popularity they are certain to acquire at Windsor and St. James's, divide with dwarfs the principal offices of state, of patronage, and power, in the United Kingdom.

Consider the deplorable consequences, Mr. Hood, which must result from these proceedings, and the encouragement they receive in the highest quarters.

The dwarf being the favourite, sir, it is certain that the public mind will run in a great and eminent degree upon the production of dwarfs. Perhaps the failures only will be brought up, wild. The imagination goes a long way in these cases; and all that the imagination *can* do, will be done, and is doing. You may convince yourself of this, by observing the condition of those ladies who take particular notice of General Tom Thumb at the Egyptian Hall, during his hours of performance.

The rapid increase of dwarfs, will be first felt in her Majesty's recruiting department. The standard will, of necessity, be lowered; the dwarfs will grow smaller and smaller; the vulgar expression 'a man of his inches' will become a figure of fact, instead of a figure of speech; crack regiments, household-troops especially, will pick the smallest men from all parts of the country; and in the two little porticoes at the Horse Guards, two Tom Thumbs will be daily seen, doing duty, mounted on a pair of Shetland ponies. Each of them will be relieved (as Tom Thumb is, at this moment, in the intervals of his performance) by a wild man; and a British Grenadier will either go into a quart pot, or be an Old Boy, or Blue Gull, or Flying Bull, or some other savage chief of that nature.

I will not expatiate upon the number of dwarfs who will be found representing Grecian statues in all parts of the metropolis; because I am inclined to think that this will be a change for the better; and that the engagement of two or three in Trafalgar Square will tend to the improvement of the public taste.

The various genteel employments at Court being held by dwarfs, sir, it will be necessary to alter, in some respects, the present regulations. It is quite clear that not even General Tom Thumb himself could preserve a becoming dignity on state occasions, if required to walk about with a scaffolding-pole under his arm;

therefore the gold and silver sticks at present used, must be cut down into skewers of those precious metals; a twig of the black rod will be quite as much as can be conveniently preserved; the coral and bells of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, will be used in lieu of the mace at present in existence; and that bauble (as Oliver Cromwell called it, Mr. Hood), its value being first calculated by Mr. Finlayson, the government actuary, will be placed to the credit of the National Debt.

All this, sir, will be the death of the constitution. But this is not all. The constitution dies hard, perhaps; but there is enough disease impending, Mr. Hood, to kill it three times over.

Wild men will get into the House of Commons. Imagine that, sir! Imagine Strong Wind in the House of Commons! It is not an easy matter to get through a debate now; but I say, imagine Strong Wind, speaking for the benefit of his constituents, upon the floor of the House of Commons! or imagine (which is pregnant with more awful consequences still) the ministry having an interpreter in the House of Commons, to tell the country, in English, what it really means!

Why, sir, that in itself would be blowing the constitution out of the mortar in St. James's Park, and leaving nothing of it to be seen but smoke.

But this, I repeat it, is the state of things to which we are fast tending, Mr. Hood; and I inclose my card for your private eye, that you may be quite certain of it. What the condition of this country will be, when its standing army is composed of dwarfs, with here and there a wild man to throw its ranks into confusion, like the elephants employed in war in former times, I leave you to imagine, sir. It may be objected by some hopeful jackanapeses, that the number of impressments in the navy, consequent upon the seizure of the Boy Joneses, or remaining portion of the population ambitious of Court Favour, will be in itself sufficient to defend our Island from foreign invasion. But I tell those jackanapeses, sir, that while I admit the wisdom of the Boy Jones precedent, of kidnapping such youths after the expiration of their several terms of imprisonment as vagabonds; hurrying them on board ship; and packing them off to sea again whenever they venture to take the air on shore; I deny the justice of the inference; inasmuch as it appears to me, that the inquiring minds of those young outlaws must naturally lead to their

being hanged by the enemy as spies, early in their career; and before they shall have been rated on the books of our fleet as able seamen.

Such, Mr. Hood, sir, is the prospect before us! And unless you, and some of your friends who have influence at Court, can get up a giant as a forlorn hope, it is all over with this ill-fated land.

In reference to your own affairs, sir, you will take whatever course may seem to you most prudent and advisable after this warning. It is not a warning to be slighted: that I happen to know. I am informed by the gentleman who favours this, that you have recently been making some changes and improvements in your Magazine, and are, in point of fact, starting afresh. If I be well informed, and this be really so, rely upon it that you cannot start too small, sir. Come down to the duodecimo size instantly, Mr. Hood. Take time by the forelock; and, reducing the stature of your Magazine every month, bring it at last to the dimensions of the little almanack no longer issued, I regret to say, by the ingenious Mr. Schloss: which was invisible to the naked eye until examined through a little eye-glass.

You project, I am told, the publication of a new novel, by yourself, in the pages of your Magazine. A word in your ear. I am not a young man, sir, and have had some experience. Don't put your own name on the title-page; it would be suicide and madness. Treat with General Tom Thumb, Mr. Hood, for the use of his name on any terms. If the gallant general should decline to treat with you, get Mr. Barnum's name, which is the next best in the market. And when, through this politic course, you shall have received, in presents, a richly jewelled set of tablets from Buckingham Palace, and a gold watch and appendages from Marlborough House; and when those valuable trinkets shall be left under a glass case at your publisher's for inspection by your friends and the public in general; —then, sir, you will do me the justice of remembering this communication.

It is unnecessary for me to add, after what I have observed in the course of this letter, that I am not, sir, ever your

Tuesday, 23rd April, 1844. CONSTANT READER.

P.S.—Impress it upon your contributors that they cannot be too short; and that if not dwarfish, they must be wild—or at all events not tame.

JOHN OVERS

PREFACE TO 'EVENINGS OF A WORKING MAN'

[1844]

THE indulgent reader of this little book[1]—not called indulgent, I may hope, by courtesy alone, but with some reference also to its title and pretensions—may very naturally inquire how it comes to have a preface to which my name is attached, nor is the reader's right or inclination to be satisfied on this head, likely to be much diminished, when I state in the outset, that I do not recommend it as a book of surpassing originality or transcendent merit. That I do not claim to have discovered, in humble life, an extraordinary and brilliant genius. That I cannot charge mankind in general, with having entered into a conspiracy to neglect the author of this volume, or to leave him pining in obscurity. That I have not the smallest intention of comparing him with Burns, the exciseman; or with Bloomfield, the shoemaker; or with Ebenezer Elliott, the worker in iron; or with James Hogg, the shepherd. That I see no reason to be hot, or bitter, or lowering, or sarcastic, or indignant, or fierce, or sour, or sharp, in his behalf. That I have nothing to rail at; nothing to exalt; nothing to flourish in the face of a stony-hearted world; and have but a very short and simple tale to tell.

But, such as it is, it has interested me: and I hope it may interest the reader too, if I state it, unaffectedly and plainly.

John Overs, the writer of the following pages, is, as is set forth in the title-page, a working man. A man who earns his weekly wages (or who did when he was strong enough) by plying of the hammer, plane, and chisel. He became known to me, to the best of my recollection, nearly six years ago, when he sent me some songs, appropriate to the different months of the year, with a letter, stating under what circumstances they had been composed, and in what manner he was occupied from morning until night. I was, just then, relinquishing the conduct of a monthly periodical: or I would

[1] 'Evenings of a Working Man': being the occupation of his scanty leisure. By John Overs.

gladly have published them. As it was, I returned them to him, with a private expression of the interest I felt in such productions. They were afterwards accepted, with much readiness and consideration, by Mr. Tait, of Edinburgh; and were printed in his Magazine.

Finding, after some further correspondence with my new friend, that his authorship had not ceased with these verses, but that he still occupied his leisure moments in writing, I took occasion to remonstrate with him seriously against his pursuing that course. I pointed out to him a few of the uncertainties, anxieties, and difficulties of such a life, at the best. I entreated him to remember the position of heavy disadvantage in which he stood, by reason of his self education, and imperfect attainments; and I besought him to consider whether, having one or two of his pieces accepted occasionally, here and there, after long suspense and many refusals, it was probable that he would find himself, in the end, a happier or a more contented man. On all these grounds, I told him, his persistence in his new calling made me uneasy; and I advised him to abandon it, as strongly as I could.

In answer to this dissuasion of mine, he wrote me as manly and straightforward, but withal, as modest a letter, as ever I read in my life. He explained to me how limited his ambition was: soaring no higher than the establishment of his wife in some light business, and the better education of his children. He set before me, the difference between his evening and holiday studies, such as they were; and the having no better resource than an alehouse or a skittle-ground. He told me, how every small addition to his stock of knowledge, made his Sunday walks the pleasanter; the hedge-flowers sweeter; everything more full of interest and meaning to him. He assured me, that his daily work was not neglected for his self-imposed pursuits; but was faithfully and honestly performed; and so, indeed, it was. He hinted to me, that his greater self-respect was some inducement and reward; supposing every other to elude his grasp; and showed me, how the fancy that he would turn this or that acquisition from his books to account, by and by, in writing, made him more fresh and eager to peruse and profit by them, when his long day's work was done.

I would not, if I could, have offered one solitary objection more, to arguments so unpretending and so true.

From that time to the present, I have seen him frequently. It

has been a pleasure to me to put a few books in his way; to give him a word or two of counsel in his little projects and difficulties; and to read his compositions with him, when he has had an hour, or so, to spare. I have never altered them, otherwise than by recommending condensation now and then; nor have I, in looking over these sheets, made any emendation in them, beyond the ordinary corrections of the press; desiring them to be his genuine work, as they have been his sober and rational amusement.

The latter observation brings me to the origin of the present volume, and of this my slight share in it. The reader will soon comprehend why I touch the subject lightly, and with a sorrowful and faltering hand.

In all the knowledge I have had of John Overs, and in all the many conversations I have held with him, I have invariably found him, in every essential particular, but one, the same. I have found him from first to last a simple, frugal, steady, upright, honourable man; especially to be noted for the unobtrusive independence of his character, the instinctive propriety of his manner, and the perfect neatness of his appearance. The extent of his information: regard being had to his opportunities of acquiring it: is very remarkable; and the discrimination with which he has risen superior to the mere prejudices of the class with which he is associated, without losing his sympathy for all their real wrongs and grievances—they have a few—impressed me, in the beginning of our acquaintance, strongly in his favour.

The one respect in which he is not what he was, is in his hold on life.

He is very ill; the faintest shadow of the man who came into my little study for the first time half a dozen years ago, after the correspondence I have mentioned. He has been very ill for a long, long period; his disease is a severe and wasting affection of the lungs, which has incapacitated him, these many months, for every kind of occupation. 'If I could only do a hard day's work,' he said to me the other day, 'how happy I should be!'

Having these papers by him, amongst others, he bethought himself that if he could get a bookseller to purchase them for publication in a volume, they would enable him to make some temporary provision for his sick wife and very young family. We talked the matter over together, and that it might be easier of accomplish-

ment, I promised him that I would write an introduction to his book.

I would to Heaven that I could do him better service! I would to Heaven it were an introduction to a long, and vigorous, and useful life! But Hope will not trim her lamp the less brightly for him and his, because of this impulse to their struggling fortunes; and trust me, reader, they deserve her light, and need it sorely.

He has inscribed this book to one whose skill will help him, under Providence, in all that human skill can do. To one who never could have recognised in any potentate on earth, a higher claim to constant kindness and attention, than he has recognised in him.

I have little more to say of it. While I do not commend it, on the one hand, as a prodigy, I do sincerely believe it, on the other, to possess some points of real interest, however considered; but which, if considered with reference to its title and origin, are of great interest.

If any delicate readers should approach the perusal of these 'Evenings of a Working Man,' with a genteel distaste to the principle of a working-man turning author at all, I may perhaps be permitted to suggest that the best protection against such an offence will be found in the Universal Education of the people; for the enlightenment of the many will effectually swamp any interest that may now attach in vulgar minds, to the few among them who are enabled, in any degree, to overcome the great difficulties of their position.

And if such readers should deny the immense importance of communicating to this class, at this time, every possible means of knowledge, refinement and recreation; or the cause we have to hail with delight the least token that may arise among them of a desire to be wiser, better, and more gentle; I earnestly entreat them to educate themselves in this neglected branch of their own learning without delay; promising them that it is the easiest in its acquisition of any: requiring only open eyes and ears, and six easy lessons of an hour each in a working town. Which will render them perfect for the rest of their lives.

London, *June*, 1844.

THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY[1]

In Westminster Hall

[*Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, August 1845]

'Of all the Cants that are canted in this canting world,' wrote Sterne, 'kind Heaven defend me from the cant of Art!' We have no intention of tapping our little cask of cant, soured by the thunder of great men's fame, for the refreshment of our readers: its freest draught would be unreasonably dear at a shilling, when the same small liquor may be had for nothing, at innumerable ready pipes and conduits; and may even be drawn off, sparkling, from the fountain-head, on application to Mr. Eastlake, secretary to the Fine Arts' Commission, who is obligingly ready to dispense it, *ex officio*, wholesale or retail, in any quantity.

But it is a main part of the design of this magazine to sympathise with what is truly great and good; to hail the bright nobility of genius, though it shine out through the clouds of Diletanti lords and bargain-driving princes; to scout the miserable discouragements that beset, especially in England, the upward path of men of high desert; and gladly to give honour where it is due, in right of Something achieved, tending to elevate the tastes and thoughts of all who contemplate it, and prove a lasting credit to the country of its birth.

Upon the walls of Westminster Hall, there hangs, at this time, such a Something. A composition of such marvellous beauty, of such infinite variety, of such masterly design, of such vigorous and skilful drawing, of such thought and fancy, of such surprising and delicate accuracy of detail, subserving one grand harmony, and one plain purpose, that it may be questioned whether the Fine Arts in any period of their history, have known a more remarkable performance.

[1] [This Article is set from the galley proof in the Dyce and Forster Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum. In *Douglas Jerrold's Magazine* certain portions of it are deleted.—Ed.]

It is the cartoon of Daniel Maclise, 'executed by order of the Commissioners,' and called The Spirit of Chivalry. It is so many feet and inches high, by order of the Commissioners; and so many feet and inches broad, by order of the Commissioners. Its proportions are exceedingly difficult of management, by order of the Commissioners; and its subject and title were an order of the Commissioners. It may be left an open question, whether or no this allegorical bespeak on the part of the Commissioners, displays any uncommon felicity of idea. We rather think not; and are free to confess that we should like to have seen the Commissioners' notion of the Spirit of Chivalry stated by themselves, in the first instance, on a sheet of foolscap, as the ground-plan of a model cartoon. That the treatment of such an abstraction, for the purposes of Art, involves great and peculiar difficulties, no one who considers the subject for a moment can doubt. That nothing is easier to render it absurd and monstrous, is a position as little capable of dispute by anybody who has beheld another cartoon on the same subject in the same Hall, representing a Ghoule in a state of raving madness, dancing on a body in a very high wind, to the great astonishment of John the Baptist's head, which is looking on from a corner.

Mr. Maclise's handling of the subject has by this time sunk into the hearts of thousands upon thousands of people. It is familiar knowledge among all classes and conditions of men. It is the great feature within the Hall, and the constant topic of discourse elsewhere. It has awakened in the great body of society a new interest in, and a new perception, and a new love of, Art. Students of art have sat before it, hour by hour, perusing in its many forms of Beauty, lessons to delight the world, and raise themselves, its future teachers, in its better estimation. Eyes well accustomed to the glories of the Vatican, the galleries of Florence, all the mightiest works of art in Europe, have grown dim before it with the strong emotions it inspires; ignorant, unlettered, drudging men, mere hewers and drawers, have gathered in a knot about it (as at our back a week ago), and read it, in their homely language, as it were a Book. In minds, the roughest and the most refined, it has alike found quick response; and will, and must, so long as it shall hold together.

For how can it be otherwise? Look up, upon the pressing throng who strive to win distinction from the Guardian Genius of all noble deeds and honourable renown: a gentle Spirit, holding her fair state

for their reward and recognition (do not be alarmed, my Lord Chamberlain; this is only in a picture); and say what young and ardent heart may not find one to beat in unison with it—beat high with generous aspiration like its own—in following their onward course, as it is traced by this great pencil! Is it the Love of Woman, in its truth and deep devotion, that inspires you? See it here! Is it Glory, as the world has learned to call the pomp and circumstance of arms? Behold it at the summit of its exaltation, with its mailed hand resting on the altar where the Spirit ministers. The Poet's laurel-crown, which they who sit on thrones can neither twine or wither—is *that* the aim of thy ambition? It is there, upon his brow; it wreathes his stately forehead, as he walks apart and holds communion with himself. The Palmer and the Bard are there; no solitary wayfarers, now; but two of a great company of pilgrims, climbing up to honour by the different paths that lead to the great end. And sure, amidst the gravity and beauty of them all—unseen in his own form, but shining in his spirit, out of every gallant shape and earnest thought—the Painter goes triumphant!

Or say that you who look upon this work, be old, and bring to it grey hairs, a head bowed down, a mind in which the day of life has spent itself, and the calm evening closes gently in. Is its appeal to you confined to its presentment of the Past? Have you no share in this, but while the grace of youth and the strong resolve of maturity are yours to aid you? Look up again. Look up where the spirit is enthroned; and see about her, reverend men, whose task is done; whose struggle is no more; who cluster round her as her train and council; who have lost no share or interest in that great rising up and progress, but, true in Autumn to the purposes of Spring, are there to stimulate the race who follow in their steps; to contemplate with hearts grown serious, not cold or sad, the striving in which they once had part; to die in that great Presence, which is Truth and Bravery, and Mercy to the Weak: beyond all power of separation.

It would be idle to observe of this last group that, both in execution and idea, they are of the very highest order of Art, and wonderfully serve the purpose of the picture. There is not one among its three and twenty heads of which the same remark might not be made. Neither will we treat of great effects produced by means quite powerless in other hands for such an end, or of the prodigious

force and *colour* which so separate this work from all the rest exhibited, that it would scarcely appear to be produced upon the same kind of surface by the same description of instrument. The bricks, and stones, and timbers of the Hall itself are not facts more indisputable than these.

It has been objected to this extraordinary work, that it is too elaborately finished: too complete in its several parts. And Heaven knows, if it be judged in this respect by any standard in the Hall about it, it will find no parallel, nor anything approaching it. But it is a design, intended to be afterwards copied and painted in fresco; and certain finish must be had at last, if not at first. It is very well to take it for granted in a Cartoon that a series of cross-lines, almost as rough and apart as the lattice-work of a garden summer-house, represents the texture of the human face; but the face cannot be *painted* so. A smear upon the paper may be understood, by virtue of the context gained from what surrounds it, to stand for a limb, or a body, or a cuirass, or a hat and feathers, or a flag, or a boot, or an angel. But when the time arrives for rendering these things in colours on a wall, they must be grappled with, and cannot be slurred over in this wise. Great misapprehension on this head seems to have been engendered in the minds of some observers, by the famous cartoons of Raphael; but they forget that these were never intended as designs for fresco painting. They were designed for tapestry-work, which is susceptible of only certain broad and general effects, as no one better knew than the Great Master. Utterly detestable and vile as the tapestry is, compared with the immortal Cartoons from which it is worked, it is impossible for any man who casts his eyes upon it where it hangs at Rome, not to see, immediately, the special adaptation of the drawings to that end, and for that purpose. The aim of these Cartoons being wholly different, Mr. Maclise's object, if we understand it, was to show precisely what he meant to do, and knew he could perform, in fresco, on a wall. And here his meaning is; worked out; without a compromise of any difficulty; without the avoidance of any disconcerting truth; expressed in all its beauty, strength, and power.

To what end? To be perpetuated hereafter in the high place of the chief Senate-House of England? To be wrought, as it were, into the very elements of which that Temple is composed; to co-endure with it, and still present, perhaps, some lingering traces

of its ancient Beauty, when London shall have sunk into a grave of grass-grown ruin; and the whole circle of the Arts, another revolution of the mighty wheel completed, shall be wrecked and broken?

Let us suppose no such reward in store for the great English artist who has set his genius on this English stake. Let us go further; and putting a hypothetical case founded on certain rumours, which have already made their way into print, or into pretty general discussion with some aspect of authority, endeavour to explain to two or three of the Commissioners our own idea of what the spirit of chivalry in *them*, would be. We do not exactly contemplate the likelihood of the manifestation of their own subject in all of them; that were mere midsummer madness as Commissioners go; but we have heard of there being among them men of letters: men devoted to pursuits and tastes not altogether removed from, nay, somewhat closely leading to, the just appreciation and the manly championship of such a Work; as Poets, Writers of History, Orators and Scholars, who have words enough at their command when they see fit to use them. Now we should deem it no inappropriate illustration of the Spirit of Chivalry in one of these, if, rising in his place among the rest, he told them a few wholesome truths, and, speaking after what flourish his nature would, shaped out this matter thus:

'What, my Lords and Gentlemen! Reserve for another, the Post of Honour, the conspicuous place behind the Throne; and offer to the man who has set this before you, an inferior place in an inferior room; an ante-chamber of the House of Commons, where he may try his hand like some poor journeyman in Art! Is this the true performance of your trust? Is this the British recognition of a claim which any little sovereign in Europe would have been proud to honour and reward? Hath not a commissioner eyes? hath not a commissioner hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Does he lose them all in the Commission Room, and dwindle down into a mere polite machine: a deferential and obsequious instrument?

'Oh your royal Highness, look upon this work again! Have some regard for its originality: its execution, its design, its combination of high qualities so rare, that any One of them has often furnished forth a Painter! I do not question the ability of the artist whom you raise above this lofty head: I have ever done it justice, and I do so now. Nor do I venture to dispute that it is natural and amiable in you to love the German school of art, even at second-

hand. But there is Justice to be done! The object of this competition was encouragement and exaltation of English art; and in this work, albeit done on paper which soon rots, the Art of England will survive, assert itself, and triumph, when the stronger seeming bones and sinews of your royal Highness and the rest, shall be but so much Dust. A breath from princely lungs may blow it, light as thistle-down, into a disregarded corner of the pile now rearing, but when that breath has been puffed out, and stopped for scores upon scores of years, the frail thing now discouraged, will wax strong against you!'

In the hypothetical case we have put, this is our notion of the Spirit of Chivalry in any one of the Commissioners. In the same hypothetical case, we will conclude by observing that anything short of this, is the exact realisation of our notion of the innermost Spirit of Meanness and Injustice.

CRIME AND EDUCATION

[Letter to the *Daily News*, February 4, 1846]

I offer no apology for entreating the attention of the readers of the *Daily News* to an effort which has been making for some three years and a half, and which is making now, to introduce among the most miserable and neglected outcasts in London, some knowledge of the commonest principles of morality and religion; to commence their recognition as immortal human creatures, before the Gaol Chaplain becomes their only schoolmaster; to suggest to Society that its duty to this wretched throng, foredoomed to crime and punishment, rightfully begins at some distance from the police office; and that the careless maintenance from year to year, in this the capital city of the world, of a vast hopeless nursery of ignorance, misery, and vice; a breeding place for the hulks and jails: is horrible to contemplate.

This attempt is being made, in certain of the most obscure and squalid parts of the Metropolis; where rooms are opened, at night, for the gratuitous instruction of all comers, children or adults, under the title of Ragged Schools. The name implies the purpose. They who are too ragged, wretched, filthy, and forlorn, to enter any other

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place: who could gain admission into no charity school, and who would be driven from any church door; are invited to come in here, and find some people not depraved, willing to teach them something, and show them some sympathy, and stretch a hand out, which is not the iron hand of Law, for their correction.

Before I describe a visit of my own to a Ragged School, and urge the readers of this letter for God's sake to visit one themselves, and think of it (which is my main object), let me say, that I know the prisons of London well. That I have visited the largest of them, more times than I could count; and that the children in them are enough to break the heart and hope of any man. I have never taken a foreigner or a stranger of any kind, to one of these establishments, but I have seen him so moved at sight of the child offenders, and so affected by the contemplation of their utter renouncement and desolation outside the prison walls, that he has been as little able to disguise his emotion, as if some great grief had suddenly burst upon him. Mr. Chesterton and Lieutenant Tracey (than whom more intelligent and humane Governors of Prisons it would be hard, if not impossible, to find, know, perfectly well, that these children pass and repass through the prisons all their lives; that they are never taught; that the first distinctions between right and wrong are, from their cradles, perfectly confounded and perverted in their minds; that they come of untaught parents, and will give birth to another untaught generation; that in exact proportion to their natural abilities, is the extent and scope of their depravity; and that there is no escape or chance for them in any ordinary revolution of human affairs. Happily, there are schools in these prisons now. If any readers doubt how ignorant the children are, let them visit those schools, and see them at their tasks, and hear how much they knew when they were sent there. If they would know the produce of this seed, let them see a class of men and boys together, at their books (as I have seen them in the House of Correction for this county of Middlesex), and mark how painfully the full grown felons toil at the very shape and form of letters; their ignorance being so confirmed and solid. The contrast of this labour in the men, with the less blunted quickness of the boys; the latent shame and sense of degradation struggling through their dull attempts at infant lessons; and the universal eagerness to learn, impress me, in this passing retrospect, more painfully than I can tell.

For the instruction, and as a first step in the reformation, of such unhappy beings, the Ragged Schools were founded. I was first attracted to the subject, and indeed was first made conscious of their existence, about two years ago, or more, by seeing an advertisement in the papers dated from West Street, Saffron Hill, stating 'That a room had been opened and supported in that wretched neighbourhood for upwards of twelve months, where religious instruction had been imparted to the poor,' and explaining in a few words what was meant by Ragged Schools as a generic term, including, then, four or five similar places of instruction. I wrote to the masters of this particular school to make some further inquiries, and went myself soon afterwards.

It was a hot summer night; and the air of Field Lane and Saffron Hill was not improved by such weather, nor were the people in those streets very sober or honest company. Being unacquainted with the exact locality of the school, I was fain to make some inquiries about it. These were very jocosely received in general; but everybody knew where it was, and gave the right direction to it. The prevailing idea among the loungers (the greater part of them the very sweepings of the streets and station houses) seemed to be, that the teachers were quixotic, and the school upon the whole 'a lark.' But there was certainly a kind of rough respect for the intention, and (as I have said) nobody denied the school or its whereabouts, or refused assistance in directing to it.

It consisted at that time of either two or three—I forget which—miserable rooms, upstairs in a miserable house. In the best of these, the pupils in the female school were being taught to read and write; and though there were among the number, many wretched creatures steeped in degradation to the lips, they were tolerably quiet, and listened with apparent earnestness and patience to their instructors. The appearance of this room was sad and melancholy, of course—how could it be otherwise!—but, on the whole, encouraging.

The close, low, chamber at the back, in which the boys were crowded, was so foul and stifling as to be, at first, almost insupportable. But its moral aspect was so far worse than its physical, that this was soon forgotten. Huddled together on a bench about the room, and shown out by some flaring candles stuck against the walls, were a crowd of boys, varying from mere infants to young men; sellers of fruit, herbs, lucifer-matches, flints; sleepers under

the dry arches of bridges; young thieves and beggars—with nothing natural to youth about them: with nothing frank, ingenuous, or pleasant in their faces; low-browed, vicious, cunning, wicked; abandoned of all help but this; speeding downward to destruction; and UNUTTERABLY IGNORANT.

This, Reader, was one room as full as it could hold; but these were only grains in sample of a Multitude that are perpetually sifting through these schools; in sample of a Multitude who had within them once, and perhaps have now, the elements of men as good as you or I, and maybe infinitely better; in sample of a Multitude among whose doomed and sinful ranks (oh, think of this, and think of them!) the child of any man upon this earth, however lofty his degree, must, as by Destiny and Fate, be found, if, at its birth, it were consigned to such an infancy and nurture, as these fallen creatures had!

This was the Class I saw at the Ragged School. They could not be trusted with books; they could only be instructed orally; they were difficult of reduction to anything like attention, obedience, or decent behaviour; their benighted ignorance in reference to the Deity, or to any social duty (how could they guess at any social duty, being so discarded by all social teachers but the gaoler and the hangman!) was terrible to see. Yet, even here, and among these, something had been done already. The Ragged School was of recent date and very poor; but it had inculcated some association with the name of the Almighty, which was not an oath, and had taught them to look forward in a hymn (they sang it) to another life, which would correct the miseries and woes of this.

The new exposition I found in this Ragged School, of the frightful neglect by the State of those whom it punishes so constantly, and whom it might, as easily and less expensively, instruct and save; together with the sight I had seen there, in the heart of London; haunted me, and finally impelled me to an endeavour to bring these Institutions under the notice of the Government; with some faint hope that the vastness of the question would supersede the Theology of the schools, and that the Bench of Bishops might adjust the latter question, after some small grant had been conceded. I made the attempt; and have heard no more of the subject, from that hour.

The perusal of an advertisement in yesterday's paper, announcing a lecture on the Ragged Schools last night, has led me into these

remarks. I might easily have given them another form; but I address this letter to you, in the hope that some few readers in whom I have awakened an interest, as a writer of fiction, may be, by that means, attracted to the subject, who might otherwise, unintentionally, pass it over.

I have no desire to praise the system pursued in the Ragged Schools; which is necessarily very imperfect, if indeed there be one. So far as I have any means of judging of what is taught there, I should individually object to it, as not being sufficiently secular, and as presenting too many religious mysteries and difficulties, to minds not sufficiently prepared for their reception. But I should very imperfectly discharge in myself the duty I wish to urge and impress on others, if I allowed any such doubt of mine to interfere with my appreciation of the efforts of these teachers, or my true wish to promote them by any slight means in my power. Irritating topics, of all kinds, are equally far removed from my purpose and intention. But, I adjure those excellent persons who aid, munificently, in the building of New Churches, to think of these Ragged Schools; to reflect whether some portion of their rich endowments might not be spared for such a purpose; to contemplate, calmly, the necessity of beginning at the beginning; to consider for themselves where the Christian Religion most needs and most suggests immediate help and illustration; and not to decide on any theory or hearsay, but to go themselves into the Prisons and the Ragged Schools, and form their own conclusions. They will be shocked, pained, and repelled, by much that they learn there; but nothing they can learn, will be one-thousandth part so shocking, painful, and repulsive, as the continuance for one year more of these things as they have been for too many years already.

Anticipating that some of the more prominent facts connected with the history of the Ragged Schools, may become known to the readers of the *Daily News* through your account of the lecture in question, I abstain (though in possession of some such information) from pursuing the question further, at this time. But if I should see occasion, I will take leave to return to it.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

[Three Letters to the *Daily News*, March 9, 13, and 16, 1846]

I

I will take for the subject of this letter, the effect of Capital Punishment on the commission of crime, or rather of murder; the only crime with one exception (and that a rare one) to which it is now applied. Its effect in preventing crime, I will reserve for another letter: and a few of the more striking illustrations of each aspect of the subject, for a concluding one.

The Effect of Capital Punishment on the Commission of Murder

Some murders are committed in hot blood and furious rage; some, in deliberate revenge; some, in terrible despair; some (but not many) for mere gain; some, for the removal of an object dangerous to the murderer's peace or good name; some, to win a monstrous notoriety.

On murders committed in rage, in the despair of strong affection (as when a starving child is murdered by its parent) or for gain, I believe the punishment of death to have no effect in the least. In the two first cases, the impulse is a blind and wild one, infinitely beyond the reach of any reference to the punishment. In the last, there is little calculation beyond the absorbing greed of the money to be got. Courvoisier, for example, might have robbed his master with greater safety and with fewer chances of detection, if he had not murdered him. But, his calculations going to the gain and not to the loss, he had no balance for the consequences of what he did. So, it would have been more safe and prudent in the woman who was hanged a few weeks since, for the murder in Westminster, to have simply robbed her old companion in an unguarded moment, as in her sleep. But, her calculation going to the gain of what she took to be a Bank note; and the poor old woman living between her and the gain; she murdered her.

On murders committed in deliberate revenge, or to remove a stumbling block in the murderer's path, or in an insatiate craving

for notoriety, is there reason to suppose that the punishment of death has the direct effect of an incentive and an impulse?

A murder is committed in deliberate revenge. The murderer is at no trouble to prepare his train of circumstances, takes little or no pains to escape, is quite cool and collected, perfectly content to deliver himself up to the Police, makes no secret of his guilt, but boldly says, 'I killed him. I'm glad of it. I meant to do it. I am ready to die.' There was such a case the other day. There was such another case not long ago. There are such cases frequently. It is the commonest first exclamation on being seized. Now, what is this but a false arguing of the question, announcing a foregone conclusion, expressly leading to the crime, and inseparably arising out of the Punishment of Death? 'I took his life. I give up mine to pay for it. Life for life; blood for blood. I have done the crime. I am ready with the atonement. I know all about it; it's a fair bargain between me and the law. Here am I to execute my part of it; and what more is to be said or done?' It is the very essence of the maintenance of this punishment for murder, that it *does* set life against life. It is in the essence of a stupid, weak, or otherwise ill-regulated mind (of such a murderer's mind, in short), to recognise in this set off, a something that diminishes the base and coward character of murder. In a pitched battle, I, a common man, may kill my adversary, but he may kill me. In a duel, a gentleman may shoot his opponent through the head, but the opponent may shoot him too, and this makes it fair. Very well. I take this man's life for a reason I have, or choose to think I have, and the law takes mine. The law says, and the clergyman says, there must be blood for blood and life for life. Here it is. I pay the penalty.'

A mind incapable, or confounded in its perceptions—and you must argue with reference to such a mind, or you could not have such a murder—may not only establish on these grounds an idea of strict justice and fair reparation, but a stubborn and dogged fortitude and foresight that satisfy it hugely. Whether the fact be really so, or not, is a question I would be content to rest, alone, on the number of cases of revengeful murder in which this is well known, without dispute, to have been the prevailing demeanour of the criminal: and in which such speeches and such absurd reasoning have been constantly uppermost with him. 'Blood for blood,' and 'life for life,' and such like balanced jingles, have passed current in

people's mouths, from legislators downwards, until they have been corrupted into 'tit for tat,' and acted on.

Next, come the murders done, to sweep out of the way a dreaded or detested object. At the bottom of this class of crimes, there is a slow, corroding, growing hate. Violent quarrels are commonly found to have taken place between the murdered person and the murderer: usually of opposite sexes. There are witnesses to old scenes of reproach and recrimination, in which they were the actors; and the murderer has been heard to say, in this or that coarse phrase, 'that he wouldn't mind killing her, though he should be hanged for it'—in these cases, the commonest avowal.

It seems to me, that in this well-known scrap of evidence, there is a deeper meaning than is usually attached to it. I do not know, but it may be—I have a strong suspicion that it is—a clue to the slow growth of the crime, and its gradual development in the mind. More than this; a clue to the mental connection of the deed, with the punishment to which the doer of that deed is liable, until the two, conjoined, give birth to monstrous and mis-shapen Murder.

The idea of murder, in such a case, like that of self-destruction in the great majority of instances, is not a new one. It may have presented itself to the disturbed mind in a dim shape and afar off; but it has been there. After a quarrel, or with some strong sense upon him of irritation or discomfort arising out of the continuance of this life in his path, the man has brooded over the unformed desire to take it. 'Though he should be hanged for it.' With the entrance of the Punishment into his thoughts, the shadow of the fatal beam begins to attend—not on himself, but on the object of his hate. At every new temptation, it is there, stronger and blacker yet, trying to terrify him. When she defies or threatens him, the scaffold seems to be her strength and 'vantage ground.' Let her not be too sure of that; 'though he should be hanged for it.'

Thus, he begins to raise up, in the contemplation of this death by hanging, a new and violent enemy to brave. The prospect of a slow and solitary expiation would have no congeniality with his wicked thoughts, but this throttling and strangling has. There is always before him, an ugly, bloody, scarecrow phantom, that champions her, as it were, and yet shows him, in a ghastly way, the example of murder. Is she very weak, or very trustful in him, or infirm, or old? It gives a hideous courage to what would be mere slaughter other-

wise; for there it is, a presence always about her, darkly menacing him with that penalty whose murky secret has a fascination for all secret and unwholesome thoughts. And when he struggles with his victim at the last, 'though he should be hanged for it,' it is a merciless wrestle, not with one weak life only, but with that ever-haunting, ever-beckoning shadow of the gallows, too; and with a fierce defiance to it, after their long survey of each other, to come on and do its worst.

Present this black idea of violence to a bad mind contemplating violence; hold up before a man remotely compassing the death of another person, the spectacle of his own ghastly and untimely death by man's hands; and out of the depths of his own nature you shall assuredly raise up that which lures and tempts him on. The laws which regulate those mysteries have not been studied or cared for, by the maintainers of this law; but they are paramount and will always assert their power.

Out of one hundred and sixty-seven persons under sentence of Death in England, questioned at different times, in the course of years, by an English clergyman in the performance of his duty, there were only three who had not been spectators of executions.

We come, now, to the consideration of those murders which are committed, or attempted, with no other object than the attainment of an infamous notoriety. That this class of crimes has its origin in the Punishment of Death, we cannot question; because (as we have already seen, and shall presently establish by another proof) great notoriety and interest attach, and are generally understood to attach, only to those criminals who are in danger of being executed.

One of the most remarkable instances of murder originating in mad self-conceit; and of the murderer's part in the repulsive drama, in which the law appears at such great disadvantage to itself and to society, being acted almost to the last with a self-complacency that would be horribly ludicrous if it were not utterly revolting; is presented in the case of Hocker.

Here is an insolent, flippant, dissolute youth: aping the man of intrigue and levity: over-dressed, over-confident, inordinately vain of his personal appearance: distinguished as to his hair, cane, snuff-box, and singing-voice: and unhappily the son of a working shoemaker. Bent on loftier flights than such a poor house-swallow as a teacher in a Sunday-school can take; and having no truth, industry,

perseverance, or other dull work-a-day quality, to plume his wings withal; he casts about him, in his jaunty way, for some mode of distinguishing himself—some means of getting that head of hair into the print-shops; of having something like justice done to his singing-voice and fine intellect; of making the life and adventures of Thomas Hocker remarkable; and of getting up some excitement in connection with that slighted piece of biography. The Stage? No. Not feasible. There has always been a conspiracy against the Thomas Hockers, in that kind of effort. It has been the same with Authorship in prose and poetry. Is there nothing else? A Murder, now, would make a noise in the papers! There is the gallows to be sure; but without that, it would be nothing. Short of that, it wouldn't be fame. Well! We must all die at one time or other; and to die game, and have it in print, is just the thing for a man of spirit. They always die game at the Minor Theatres and the Saloons, and the people like it very much. Thurtell, too, died very game, and made a capital speech when he was tried. There's all about it in a book at the cigar-shop now. Come, Tom, get your name up! Let it be a dashing murder that shall keep the wood-engravers at it for the next two months. You are the boy to go through with it, and interest the town!

The miserable wretch, inflated by this lunatic conceit, arranges his whole plan for publication and effect. It is quite an epitome of his experience of the domestic melodrama or penny novel. There is the Victim Friend; the mysterious letter of the injured Female to the Victim Friend; the romantic spot for the Death-Struggle by night; the unexpected appearance of Thomas Hocker to the Policeman; the parlour of the Public House, with Thomas Hocker reading the paper to a strange gentleman; the Family Apartment, with a song by Thomas Hocker; the Inquest Room, with Thomas Hocker boldly looking on; the interior of the Marylebone Theatre, with Thomas Hocker taken into custody; the Police Office with Thomas Hocker 'affable' to the spectators; the interior of Newgate, with Thomas Hocker preparing his defence; the Court, where Thomas Hocker, with his dancing-master airs, is put upon his trial, and complimented by the Judge; the Prosecution, the Defence, the Verdict, the Black Cap, the Sentence—each of them a line in any Playbill, and how bold a line in Thomas Hocker's life!

It is worthy of remark, that the nearer he approaches to the

gallows—the great last scene to which the whole of these effects have been working up—the more the over-weening conceit of the poor wretch shows itself; the more he feels that he is the hero of the hour; the more audaciously and recklessly he lies, in supporting the character. In public—at the condemned sermon—he deports himself as becomes the man whose autographs are precious, whose portraits are innumerable; in memory of whom, whole fences and gates have been borne away, in splinters, from the scene of murder. He knows that the eyes of Europe are upon him; but he is not proud—only graceful. He bows, like the first gentleman in Europe, to the turnkey who brings him a glass of water; and composes his clothes and hassock, as carefully as good Madame Blaize could do. In private—within the walls of the condemned cell—every word and action of his waning life, is a lie. His whole time is divided between telling lies and writing them. If he ever have another thought, it is for his genteel appearance on the scaffold; as when he begs the barber 'not to cut his hair too short, or they won't know him when he comes out.' His last proceeding but one is to write two romantic love letters to women who have no existence. His last proceeding of all (but less characteristic, though the only true one) is to swoon away, miserably, in the arms of the attendants, and be hanged up like a craven dog.

Is not such a history, from first to last, a most revolting and disgraceful one; and can the student of it bring himself to believe that it ever could have place in any record of facts, or that the miserable chief-actor in it could have ever had a motive for his arrogant wickedness, but for the comment and the explanation which the Punishment of Death supplies!

It is not a solitary case, nor is it a prodigy, but a mere specimen of a class. The case of Oxford, who fired at Her Majesty in the Park, will be found, on examination, to resemble it very nearly, in the essential feature. There is no proved pretence whatever for regarding him as mad; other than that he was like this malefactor, brimful of conceit and a desire to become, even at the cost of the gallows (the only cost within his reach) the talk of the town. He had less invention than Hocker, and perhaps was not so deliberately bad; but his attempt was a branch of the same tree, and it has its root in the ground where the scaffold is erected.

Oxford had his imitators. Let it never be forgotten in the con-

sideration of this part of the subject, how they were stopped. So long as their attempts invested them with the distinction of being in danger of death at the hangman's hands, so long did they spring up. When the penalty of death was removed, and a mean and humiliating punishment substituted in its place, the race was at an end, and ceased to be.

II

We come, now, to consider the effect of Capital Punishment in the prevention of crime.

Does it prevent crime in those who attend executions?

There never is (and there never was) an execution at the Old Bailey in London, but the spectators include two large classes of thieves—one class who go there as they would go to a dog-fight, or any other brutal sport, for the attraction and excitement of the spectacle; the other who make it a dry matter of business, and mix with the crowd, solely to pick pockets. Add to these, the dissolute, the drunken, the most idle, profligate, and abandoned of both sexes —some moody, ill-conditioned minds, drawn thither by a fearful interest—and some impelled by curiosity; of whom the greater part are of an age and temperament rendering the gratification of that curiosity highly dangerous to themselves and to society—and the great elements of the concourse are stated.

Nor is this assemblage peculiar to London. It is the same in country towns, allowing for the different statistics of the population. It is the same in America. I was present at an execution in Rome, for a most treacherous and wicked murder, and not only saw the same kind of assemblage there, but, wearing what is called a shooting-coat, with a great many pockets in it, felt innumerable hands busy in every one of them, close to the scaffold.

I have already mentioned that out of one hundred and sixty-seven convicts under sentence of death, questioned at different times in the performance of his duty by an English clergyman, there were only three who had not been spectators of executions. Mr. Wakefield, in his *Facts relating to the Punishment of Death*, goes into the working, as it were, of this sum. His testimony is extremely valuable, because it is the evidence of an educated and observing man, who, before having personal knowledge of the subject and of Newgate, was quite satisfied that the Punishment of Death should continue,

but who, when he gained that experience, exerted himself to the utmost for its abolition, even at the pain of constant public reference in his own person to his own imprisonment. 'It cannot be egotism,' he reasonably observes, 'that prompts a man to speak of himself in connection with Newgate.'

'Whoever will undergo the pain,' says Mr. Wakefield, 'of witnessing the public destruction of a fellow-creature's life, in London, must be perfectly satisfied that in the great mass of spectators, the effect of the punishment is to excite sympathy for the criminal and hatred of the law. * * * I am inclined to believe that the criminals of London, spoken of as a class and allowing for exceptions, take the same sort of delight in witnessing executions, as the sportsman and soldier find in the dangers of hunting and war. * * * I am confident that few Old Bailey Sessions pass without the trial of a boy, whose first thought of crime occurred whilst he was witnessing an execution. * * * And one grown man, of great mental powers and superior education, who was acquitted of a charge of forgery, assured me that the first idea of committing a forgery occurred to him at the moment when he was accidentally witnessing the execution of Fauntleroy. To which it may be added, that Fauntleroy is said to have made precisely the same declaration in reference to the origin of his own criminality.

But one convict 'who was within an ace of being hanged,' among the many with whom Mr. Wakefield conversed, seems to me to have unconsciously put a question which the advocates of Capital Punishment would find it very difficult indeed to answer. 'Have you often seen an execution?' asked Mr. Wakefield. 'Yes, often.' 'Did it not frighten you?' 'No. *Why should it?*'

It is very easy and very natural to turn from this ruffian, shocked by the hardened retort; but answer his question, why should it? Should he be frightened by the sight of a dead man? We are born to die, he says, with a careless triumph. We are not born to the treadmill, or to servitude and slavery, or to banishment; but the executioner has done no more for that criminal than nature may do to-morrow for the judge, and will certainly do, in her own good time, for judge and jury, counsel and witnesses, turnkeys, hangman, and all. Should he be frightened by the manner of the death? It is horrible, truly, so horrible, that the law, afraid or ashamed of its own deed, hides the face of the struggling wretch it slays; but

does this fact naturally awaken in such a man, terror—or defiance? Let the same man speak. 'What did you think then?' asked Mr. Wakefield. 'Think? Why, I thought it was a—shame.'

Disgust and indignation, or recklessness and indifference, or a morbid tendency to brood over the sight until temptation is engendered by it, are the inevitable consequences of the spectacle, according to the difference of habit and disposition in those who behold it. Why should it frighten or deter? We know it does not. We know it from the police reports, and from the testimony of those who have experience of prisons and prisoners, and we may know it, on the occasion of an execution, by the evidence of our own senses; if we will be at the misery of using them for such a purpose. But why should it? Who would send his child or his apprentice, or what tutor would send his scholars, or what master would send his servants, to be deterred from vice by the spectacle of an execution? If it be an example to criminals, and to criminals only, why are not the prisoners in Newgate brought out to see the show before the debtors' door? Why, while they are made parties to the condemned sermon, are they rigidly excluded from the improving postscript of the gallows? Because an execution is well known to be an utterly useless, barbarous, and brutalising sight, and because the sympathy of all beholders, who have any sympathy at all, is certain to be always with the criminal, and never with the law.

I learn from the newspaper accounts of every execution, how Mr. So-and-so, and Mr. Somebody else, and Mr. So-forth shook hands with the culprit, but I never find them shaking hands with the hangman. All kinds of attention and consideration are lavished on the one; but the other is universally avoided, like a pestilence. I want to know why so much sympathy is expended on the man who kills another in the vehemence of his own bad passions, and why the man who kills him in the name of the law is shunned and fled from? Is it because the murderer is going to die? Then by no means put him to death. Is it because the hangman executes a law, which, when they once come near it face to face, all men instinctively revolt from? Then by all means change it. There is, there can be, no prevention in such a law.

It may be urged that Public Executions are not intended for the benefit of those dregs of society who habitually attend them. This is an absurdity, to which the obvious answer is, So much the worse.

If they be not considered with reference to that class of persons, comprehending a great host of criminals in various stages of development they ought to be, and must be. To lose sight of that consideration is to be irrational, unjust, and cruel. All other punishments are especially devised, with a reference to the rooted habits, propensities, and antipathies of criminals. And shall it be said, out of Bedlam, that this last punishment of all, is alone to be made an exception from the rule, even where it is shown to be a means of propagating vice and crime?

But there may be people who do not attend executions, to whom the general fame and rumour of such scenes is an example, and a means of deterring from crime.

Who are they? We have seen, that around Capital Punishment there lingers a fascination, urging weak and bad people towards it, and imparting an interest to details connected with it, and with malefactors awaiting it or suffering it, which even good and well-disposed people cannot withstand. We know that last dying speeches and Newgate calendars, are the favourite literature of very low intellects. The gallows is not appealed to, as an example in the instruction of youth (unless they are training for it); nor are there condensed accounts of celebrated executions for the use of national schools. There is a story in an old spelling-book, of a certain Don't Care, who was hanged at last, but it is not understood to have had any remarkable effect on crimes or executions in the generation to which it belonged, and with which it has passed away. Hogarth's idle apprentice is hanged; but the whole scene—with the unmistakeable stout lady, drunk and pious, in the cast; the quarrelling, blasphemy, lewdness, and uproar; Tiddy Doll vending his gingerbread, and the boys picking his pocket—is a bitter satire on the great example; as efficient then, as now.

Is it efficient to prevent crime? The parliamentary returns demonstrate that it is not. I was engaged in making some extracts from these documents, when I found them so well abstracted in one of the papers published by the committee on this subject established at Aylesbury last year, by the humane exertions of Lord Nugent, that I am glad to quote the general results from its pages:

'In 1843, a return was laid on the table of the House of the commitments and executions for murder in England and Wales, during the

thirty years ending with December 1842; divided into five periods of six years each. It shows that in the last six years, from 1836 to 1842, during which there were only 50 executions, the commitments for murder were fewer by 61 than in the six years preceding with 74 executions; fewer by 63 than in the six years ending 1830 with 75 executions; fewer by 56 than in the six years ending 1824 with 94 executions; and fewer by 93 than in the six years ending 1818, when there was no less a number of executions than 122. But it may be said, perhaps, that, in the inference we draw from this return, we are substituting cause for effect, and that, in each successive cycle, the number of murders decreased in consequence of the example of public executions in the cycle immediately preceding, and that it was for that reason there were fewer commitments. This might be said with some colour of truth, if the example had been taken from *two* successive cycles *only*. But when the comparative examples adduced are of no less than *five* successive cycles, and the result gradually and constantly progressive in the same direction, the relation of facts to each other is determined beyond all ground for dispute, namely, that the number of these crimes has diminished in consequence of the diminution of the number of executions. More especially when it is also remembered that it was *immediately after* the first of these cycles of five years, when there had been the greatest number of executions and the greatest number of murders, that the greatest number of persons were suddenly cast loose upon the country, without employ, by the reduction of the Army and Navy; that then came periods of great distress and great disturbance in the agricultural and manufacturing districts; and *above all*, that it was during the subsequent cycles that the most important mitigations were effected in the law, and that the Punishment of Death was taken away not only for crimes of stealth, such as cattle and horse stealing, and forgery, of which crimes corresponding statistics show likewise a corresponding decrease, but for the crimes of violence too, *tending to murder*, such as are many of the incendiary offences, and such as are highway robbery and burglary. But another return, laid before the House at the same time, bears upon our argument, if possible, still more conclusively. In table 11, we have *only* the years which have occurred since 1810, in which *all* persons convicted of murder suffered death; and, compared with these an *equal* number of years in which the *smallest* proportion of persons convicted were executed. In the first case there were 66 persons convicted, *all* of whom underwent the penalty of death; in the second 83 were convicted, of whom 31 only were executed. Now see how these two very different methods of

dealing with the crime of murder affected the commission of it *in the years immediately following*. The number of commitments for murder, in the four years immediately following those in which all persons convicted were executed, was 270.

'In the four years immediately following those in which little more than one third of the persons convicted were executed, there were but 222, being 48 less. If we compare the commitments in the following years with those in the first years, we shall find that immediately after the examples of unsparing execution, the crime *increased nearly 13 per cent.*, and that after commutation was the practice and capital punishment the exception, it *decreased* 17 *per cent.*

'In the same parliamentary return is an account of the commitments and executions in London and Middlesex, *spread over a space of thirty-two years*, ending in 1842, divided into two cycles of sixteen years each. In the first of these, 34 persons were *convicted* of murder, *all of whom were executed.* In the second, 27 were *convicted*, and only 17 executed. The *commitments* for murder during the latter *long* period, with 17 executions, were *more than one half* fewer than they had been in the former *long* period with *exactly double the number of executions.* This appears to us to be as conclusive upon our argument as any statistical illustration can be upon any argument professing to place successive events in the relation of cause and effect to each other. How justly then is it said in that able and useful periodical work, now in the course of publication at Glasgow, under the name of the *Magazine of Popular Information on Capital and Secondary Punishment*; "the greater the number of executions, the greater the number of murders; the smaller the number of executions, the smaller the number of murders. The lives of her Majesty's subjects are less safe with a hundred executions a year than with fifty; less safe with fifty than with twenty-five."'

Similar results have followed from rendering public executions more and more infrequent, in Tuscany, in Prussia, in France, in Belgium. Wherever capital punishments are diminished in their number, there, crimes diminish in their number too.

But the very same advocates of the Punishment of Death who contend, in the teeth of all facts and figures, that it does prevent crime, contend in the same breath against its abolition because it does not! 'There are so many bad murders,' say they, 'and they follow in such quick succession, that the Punishment must not be repealed.' Why, is not this a reason, among others, *for* repealing it? Does it not go to show that it is ineffective as an example;

that it fails to prevent crime; and that it is wholly inefficient to stay that imitation, or contagion, call it what you please, which brings one murder on the heels of another?

One forgery came crowding on another's heels in the same way, when the same punishment attached to that crime. Since it has been removed, forgeries have diminished in a most remarkable degree. Yet within five-and-thirty years, Lord Eldon, with tearful solemnity, imagined in the House of Lords as a possibility for their Lordships to shudder at, that the time might come when some visionary and morbid person might even propose the abolition of the punishment of Death for forgery. And when it *was* proposed, Lords Lyndhurst, Wynford, Tenterden,[1] and Eldon—all Law Lords—opposed it.

The same Lord Tenterden[1] manfully said, on another occasion and another question, that he was glad the subject of the amendment of the laws had been taken up by Mr. Peel, 'who had not been bred to the law; for those who were, were rendered dull, by habit, to many of its defects!' I would respectfully submit, in extension of this text, that a criminal judge is an excellent witness against the Punishment of Death, but a bad witness in its favour; and I will reserve this point for a few remarks in the next, concluding, Letter.

III

The last English Judge, I believe, who gave expression to a public and judicial opinion in favour of the Punishment of Death, is Mr. Justice Coleridge, who, in charging the Grand Jury at Hertford last year, took occasion to lament the presence of serious crimes in the calendar, and to say that he feared that they were referable to the comparative infrequency of Capital Punishment.

It is not incompatible with the utmost deference and respect for an authority so eminent, to say that, in this, Mr. Justice Coleridge was not supported by facts, but quite the reverse. He went out of his way to found a general assumption on certain very limited and partial grounds, and even on those grounds was wrong. For among the few crimes which he instanced, murder stood prominently forth. Now persons found guilty of murder are more certainly and unsparingly hanged at this time, as the Parliamentary Returns de-

[1] Printed 'Tenderden' in the *Daily News*, in error.

monstrate, than such criminals ever were. So how can the decline of public executions affect that class of crimes? As to persons committing murder, and yet not found guilty of it by juries, they escape solely because there *are* many public executions—not because there are none or few.

But when I submit that a criminal judge is an excellent witness against Capital Punishment, but a bad witness in its favour, I do so on more broad and general grounds than apply to this error in fact and deduction (so I presume to consider it) on the part of the distinguished judge in question. And they are grounds which do not apply offensively to judges, as a class; than whom there are no authorities in England so deserving of general respect and confidence, or so possessed of it; but which apply alike to all men in their several degrees and pursuits.

It is certain that men contract a general liking for those things which they have studied at great cost of time and intellect, and their proficiency in which has led to their becoming distinguished and successful. It is certain that out of this feeling arises, not only that passive blindness to their defects of which the example given by my Lord Tenterden was quoted in the last letter, but an active disposition to advocate and defend them. If it were otherwise; if it were not for this spirit of interest and partisanship; no single pursuit could have that attraction for its votaries which most pursuits in course of time establish. Thus legal authorities are usually jealous of innovations on legal principles. Thus it is described of the lawyer in the Introductory Discourse to the Description of Utopia, that he said of a proposal against Capital Punishment, '"this could never be so established in England but that it must needs bring the weal-public into great jeopardy and hazard," and as he was thus saying, he shaked his head, and made a wry mouth, and so he held his peace.' Thus the Recorder of London, in 1811, objected to 'the capital part being taken off' from the offence of picking pockets. Thus the Lord Chancellor, in 1813, objected to the removal of the penalty of death from the offence of stealing to the amount of five shillings from a shop. Thus, Lord Ellenborough, in 1820, anticipated the worst effects from there being no punishment of death for stealing five shillings' worth of wet linen from a bleaching ground. Thus the Solicitor General, in 1830, advocated the punishment of death for forgery, and 'the satisfaction of think-

ing' in the teeth of mountains of evidence from bankers and other injured parties (one thousand bankers alone !) 'that he was deterring persons from the commission of crime, by the severity of the law.' Thus, Mr. Justice Coleridge delivered his charge at Hertford in 1845. Thus there were in the criminal code of England, in 1790, one hundred and sixty crimes punishable with death. Thus the lawyer has said, again and again, in his generation, that any change in such a state of things 'must needs bring the weal-public into jeopardy and hazard.' And thus he has, all through the dismal history, 'shaked his head, and made a wry mouth, and held his peace.' Except — a glorious exception ! — when such lawyers as Bacon, More, Blackstone, Romilly, and — let us ever gratefully remember—in later times Mr. Basil Montagu, have striven, each in his day, within the utmost limits of the endurance of the mistaken feeling of the people or the legislature of the time, to champion and maintain the truth.

There is another and a stronger reason still, why a criminal judge is a bad witness in favour of the Punishment of Death. He is a chief actor in the terrible drama of a trial, where the life or death of a fellow creature is at issue. No one who has seen such a trial can fail to know, or can ever forget, its intense interest. I care not how painful this interest is, to the good, wise judge upon the bench. I admit its painful nature, and the judge's goodness and wisdom to the fullest extent—but I submit that his prominent share in the excitement of such a trial, and the dread mystery involved, has a tendency to bewilder and confuse the judge upon the general subject of that penalty. I know the solemn pause before the verdict, the hush and stilling of the fever in the court, the solitary figure brought back to the bar, and standing there, observed of all the outstretched heads and gleaming eyes, to be, next minute, stricken dead, as one may say, among them. I know the thrill that goes round when the black cap is put on, and how there will be shrieks among the women, and a taking out of some one in a swoon; and, when the judge's faltering voice delivers sentence, how awfully the prisoner and he confront each other; two mere men, destined one day, however far removed from one another at this time, to stand alike as suppliants at the bar of God. I know all this; I can imagine what the office of the judge costs, in this execution of it; but I say that in these strong sensations he is lost, and is unable to abstract the penalty as

a preventive or example, from an experience of it, and from associations surrounding it, which are and can be, only his, and his alone.

Not to contend that there is no amount of wig or ermine that can change the nature of the man inside; not to say that the nature of a judge may be, like the dyer's hand, subdued to what it works in, and may become too used to this punishment of death, to consider it quite dispassionately; not to say that it may possibly be inconsistent to have, deciding as calm authorities in favour of death, judges who have been constantly sentencing to death;—I contend that for the reasons I have stated, alone, a judge, and especially a criminal judge, is a bad witness for the punishment but an excellent witness against it, inasmuch as in the latter case his conviction of its inutility has been so strong and paramount as utterly to beat down and conquer these adverse incidents. I have no scruple in stating this position, because, for anything I know, the majority of excellent judges now on the bench may have overcome them, and may be opposed to the Punishment of Death under any circumstances.

I mentioned that I would devote a portion of this letter to a few prominent illustrations of each head of objection to the Punishment of Death. Those on record are so very numerous that selection is extremely difficult; but in reference to the possibility of mistake, and the impossibility of reparation, one case is as good (I should rather say as bad) as a hundred; and if there were none but Eliza Fenning's, that would be sufficient. Nay, if there were none at all, it would be enough to sustain this objection, that men of finite and limited judgment do inflict, on testimony which admits of doubt, an infinite and irreparable punishment. But there are on record numerous instances of mistake; many of them very generally known and immediately recognisable in the following summary, which I copy from the New York Report already referred to.

'There have been cases in which groans have been heard in the apartment of the crime, which have attracted the steps of those on whose testimony the case has turned—when, on proceeding to the spot, they have found a man bending over the murdered body, a lantern in the left hand, and the knife yet dripping with the warm current in the blood-stained right, with horror-stricken countenance, and lips which, in the presence of the dead, seem to refuse to deny the crime in the very act of which he is thus surprised—and yet the man has been, many years after, when his memory alone could be benefited by the discovery,

ascertained *not* to have been the real murderer![1] There have been cases in which, in a house in which were two persons alone, a murder has been committed on one of them—when many additional circumstances have fastened the imputation upon the other—and when, all apparent modes of access from without, being closed inward, the demonstration has seemed complete of the guilt for which that other has suffered the doom of the law—yet suffered *innocently*! There have been cases in which a father has been found murdered in an outhouse, the only person at home being a son, sworn by a sister to have been dissolute and undutiful, and anxious for the death of the father, and succession to the family property—when the track of his shoes in the snow is found from the house to the spot of the murder, and the hammer with which it was committed (known as his own), found, on a search, in the corner of one of his private drawers, with the bloody evidence of the deed only imperfectly effaced from it—and yet the son has been innocent!—the sister, years after, on her death-bed, confessing herself the fratricide as well as the parricide. There have been cases in which men have been hung on the most positive testimony to identity (aided by many suspicious circumstances), by persons familiar with their appearance, which have afterwards proved grievous mistakes, growing out of remarkable personal resemblance. There have been cases in which two men have been seen fighting in a field—an old enmity existing between them—the one found dead, killed by a stab from a pitch-fork, known as belonging to the other, and which that other had been carrying, the pitch-fork lying by the side of the murdered man—and yet its owner has been afterwards found not to have been the author of the murder of which it had been the instrument, the true murderer sitting on the jury that tried him. There have been cases in which an innkeeper has been charged by one of his servants with the murder of a traveller, the servant deposing to having seen his master on the stranger's bed, strangling him, and afterwards rifling his pockets — another servant deposing that she saw him come down at that time at a very early hour in the morning, steal into the garden, take gold from his pocket, and carefully wrapping it up bury it in a designated spot—on the search of which the ground is found loose and freshly dug, and a sum of thirty pounds in gold found buried according to the description—the master, who confessed the burying of the money, with many evidences of guilt in his hesitation and confusion, has been hung of course, and proved innocent only too late. There have been cases in which a traveller has been robbed on the highway, of twenty guineas which he had taken the

[1] Printed 'murdered' in the *Daily News*.

precaution to *mark*—one of these is found to have been paid away or changed by one of the servants of the inn which the traveller reaches the same evening—the servant is about the height of the robber, who had been cloaked and disguised—his master deposes to his having been recently unaccountably extravagant and flush of gold—and on his trunk being searched the other nineteen marked guineas and the traveller's purse are found there, the servant being asleep at the time, half-drunk —he is of course convicted and hung, for the crime of which his master was the author! There have been cases in which a father and daughter have been overheard in violent dispute—the words "*barbarity*," "*cruelty*," and "*death*" being heard frequently to proceed from the latter—the former goes out, locking the door behind him—groans are overheard, and the words, "*cruel father, thou art the cause of my death!*"—on the room being opened, she is found on the point of death from a wound in her side, and near her the knife with which it had been inflicted—and on being questioned as to her owing her death to her father, her last motion, before expiring, is an expression of assent—the father, on returning to the room exhibits the usual evidences of guilt—he, too, is of course hung—and it is not till nearly a year afterwards that, on the discovery of conclusive evidence that it was a suicide, the vain reparation is made to his memory by the public authorities, of—waving a pair of colours over his grave in token of the recognition of his innocence.'

More than a hundred such cases are known, it is said in this Report, in English criminal jurisprudence. The same Report contains three striking cases of supposed criminals being unjustly hanged in America; and also five more in which people whose innocence was not afterwards established were put to death on evidence as purely circumstantial and as doubtful, to say the least of it, as any that was held to be sufficient in this general summary of legal murders. Mr. O'Connell defended, in Ireland, within five-and-twenty years, three brothers who were hanged for a murder of which they were afterwards shown to have been innocent. I cannot find the reference at this moment, but I have seen it stated on good authority, that but for the exertions, I think of the present Lord Chief Baron, six or seven innocent men would certainly have been hanged. Such are the instances of wrong judgment which are known to us. How many more there may be, in which the real murderers never disclosed their guilt, or were never discovered, and where the odium of great crimes still rests on guiltless people long since resolved to dust in their untimely graves, no human power can tell.

The effect of public executions on those who witness them, requires no better illustration, and can have none, than the scene which any execution in itself presents, and the general Police-office knowledge of the offences arising out of them. I have stated my belief that the study of rude scenes leads to the disregard of human life, and to murder. Referring since that expression of opinion to the very last trial for murder in London, I have made inquiry, and am assured that the youth now under sentence of death in Newgate for the murder of his master in Drury Lane, was a vigilant spectator of the three last public executions in this City. What effects a daily increasing familiarity with the scaffold, and with death upon it, wrought in France in the Great Revolution, everybody knows. In reference to this very question of Capital Punishment, Robespierre himself, before he was

'in blood stept in so far,'

warned the National Assembly that in taking human life, and in displaying before the eyes of the people scenes of cruelty and the bodies of murdered men, the law awakened ferocious prejudices, which gave birth to a long and growing train of their own kind. With how much reason this was said, let his own detestable name bear witness! If we would know how callous and hardened society, even in a peaceful and settled state, becomes to public executions when they are frequent, let us recollect how few they were who made the last attempt to stay the dreadful Monday-morning spectacles of men and women strung up in a row for crimes as different in their degree as our whole social scheme is different in its component parts, which, within some fifteen years or so, made human shambles of the Old Bailey.

There is no better way of testing the effect of public executions on those who do not actually behold them, but who read of them and know of them, than by inquiring into their efficiency in preventing crime. In this respect they have always, and in all countries, failed. According to all facts and figures, failed. In Russia, in Spain, in France, in Italy, in Belgium, in Sweden, in England, there has been, one result. In Bombay, during the Recordership of Sir James Macintosh, there were fewer crimes in seven years without one execution, than in the preceding seven years with forty-seven executions; notwithstanding that in the seven years without capital

punishment, the population had greatly increased, and there had been a large accession to the numbers of the ignorant and licentious soldiery, with whom the more violent offences originated. During the four wickedest years of the Bank of England (from 1814 to 1817, inclusive), when the one-pound note capital prosecutions were most numerous and shocking, the number of forged one-pound notes discovered by the Bank steadily increased, from the gross amount in the first year of £10,342, to the gross amount in the last of £28,412. But in every branch of this part of the subject—the inefficiency of capital punishment to prevent crime, and its efficiency to produce it—the body of evidence (if there were space to quote or analyse it here) is overpowering and resistless.

I have purposely deferred until now any reference to one objection which is urged against the abolition of capital punishment: I mean that objection which claims to rest on Scriptural authority.

It was excellently well said by Lord Melbourne, that no class of persons can be shown to be very miserable and oppressed, but some supporters of things as they are will immediately rise up and assert —not that those persons are moderately well to do, or that their lot in life has a reasonably bright side—but that they are, of all sorts and conditions of men, the happiest. In like manner, when a certain proceeding or institution is shown to be very wrong indeed, there is a class of people who rush to the fountain-head at once, and will have no less an authority for it than the Bible, on any terms.

So, we have the Bible appealed to in behalf of Capital Punishment. So, we have the Bible produced as a distinct authority for Slavery. So, American representatives find the title of their country to the Oregon territory distinctly laid down in the Book of Genesis. So, in course of time, we shall find Repudiation, perhaps, expressly commanded in the Sacred Writings.

It is enough for me to be satisfied, on calm inquiry and with reason, that an Institution or Custom is wrong and bad; and thence to feel assured that IT CANNOT BE a part of the law laid down by the Divinity who walked the earth. Though every other man who wields a pen should turn himself into a commentator on the Scriptures—not all their united efforts, pursued through our united lives, could ever persuade me that Slavery is a Christian law; nor, with one of these objections to an execution in my certain knowledge, that Executions are a Christian law, my will is not concerned. I could

not, in my veneration for the life and lessons of Our Lord, believe it. If any text appeared to justify the claim, I would reject that limited appeal, and rest upon the character of the Redeemer, and the great scheme of His Religion, where, in its broad spirit, made so plain—and not this or that disputed letter—we all put our trust. But, happily, such doubts do not exist. The case is far too plain. The Rev. Henry Christmas, in a recent pamphlet on this subject, shows clearly that in five important versions of the Old Testament (to say nothing of versions of less note) the words, 'by man,' in the often-quoted text, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed,' do not appear at all. We know that the law of Moses was delivered to certain wandering tribes, in a peculiar and perfectly different social condition from that which prevails among us at this time. We know that the Christian Dispensation did distinctly repeal and annul certain portions of that law. We know that the doctrine of retributive justice or vengeance, was plainly disavowed by the Saviour. We know that on the only occasion of an offender, liable by the law to death, being brought before Him for His judgment, it was *not* death. We know that He said, 'Thou shalt not kill.' And if we are still to inflict capital punishment because of the Mosaic law (under which it was not the consequence of a legal proceeding, but an act of vengeance from the next of kin, which would surely be discouraged by our later laws if it were revived among the Jews just now), it would be equally reasonable to establish the lawfulness of a plurality of wives on the same authority.

Here I will leave this aspect of the question. I should not have treated of it at all, in the columns of a newspaper, but for the possibility of being unjustly supposed to have given it no consideration in my own mind.

In bringing to a close these letters on a subject, in connection with which there is happily very little that is new to be said or written, I beg to be understood as advocating the total abolition of the Punishment of Death, as a general principle, for the advantage of society, for the prevention of crime, and without the least reference to, or tenderness for any individual malefactor whomsoever. Indeed, in most cases of murder, my feeling towards the culprit is very strongly and violently the reverse. I am the more desirous to be so understood, after reading a speech made by Mr. Macaulay in the House of Commons last Tuesday night, in which that accom-

plished gentleman hardly seemed to recognise the possibility of anybody entertaining an honest conviction of the inutility and bad effects of Capital Punishment in the abstract, founded on inquiry and reflection, without being the victim of 'a kind of effeminate feeling.' Without staying to inquire what there may be that is especially manly and heroic in the advocacy of the gallows, or to express my admiration of Mr. Calcraft, the hangman, as doubtless one of the most manly specimens now in existence, I would simply hint a doubt, in all good humour, whether this be the true Macaulay way of meeting a great question? One of the instances of effeminacy of feeling quoted by Mr. Macaulay, I have reason to think was not quite fairly stated. I allude to the petition in Tawell's case. I had neither hand nor part in it myself; but, unless I am greatly mistaken, it did pretty clearly set forth that Tawell was a most abhorred villain, and that the House might conclude how strongly the petitioners were opposed to the Punishment of Death, when they prayed for its non-infliction even in such a case.

IN MEMORIAM: W. M. THACKERAY

[*The Cornhill Magazine*, February 1864]

It has been desired by some of the personal friends of the great English writer who established this magazine, that its brief record of his having been stricken from among men should be written by the old comrade and brother in arms who pens these lines, and of whom he often wrote himself, and always with the warmest generosity.

I saw him first, nearly twenty-eight years ago, when he proposed to become the illustrator of my earliest book. I saw him last, shortly before Christmas, at the Athenæum Club, when he told me that he had been in bed three days—that, after these attacks, he was troubled with cold shiverings, 'which quite took the power of work out of him'—and that he had it in his mind to try a new remedy which he laughingly described. He was very cheerful, and looked very bright. In the night of that day week, he died.

The long interval between those two periods is marked in my remembrance of him by many occasions when he was supremely

humorous, when he was irresistibly extravagant, when he was softened and serious, when he was charming with children. But, by none do I recall him more tenderly than by two or three that start out of the crowd, when he unexpectedly presented himself in my room, announcing how that some passage in a certain book had made him cry yesterday, and how that he had come to dinner, 'because he couldn't help it,' and must talk such passage over. No one can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh, and honestly impulsive, than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I, of the greatness and the goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself.

We had our differences of opinion. I thought that he too much feigned a want of earnestness, and that he made a pretence of undervaluing his art, which was not good for the art that he held in trust. But, when we fell upon these topics, it was never very gravely, and I have a lively image of him in my mind, twisting both his hands in his hair, and stamping about, laughing, to make an end of the discussion.

When we were associated in remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold, he delivered a public lecture in London, in the course of which, he read his very best contribution to *Punch*, describing the grown-up cares of a poor family of young children. No one hearing him could have doubted his natural gentleness, or his thoroughly unaffected manly sympathy with the weak and lowly. He read the paper most pathetically, and with a simplicity of tenderness that certainly moved one of his audience to tears. This was presently after his standing for Oxford, from which place he had dispatched his agent to me, with a droll note (to which he afterwards added a verbal postscript), urging me to 'come down and make a speech, and tell them who he was, for he doubted whether more than two of the electors had ever heard of him, and he thought there might be as many as six or eight who had heard of me.' He introduced the lecture just mentioned, with a reference to his late electioneering failure, which was full of good sense, good spirits, and good humour.

He had a particular delight in boys, and an excellent way with them. I remember his once asking me with fantastic gravity, when he had been to Eton where my eldest son then was, whether I felt as he did in regard of never seeing a boy without wanting instantly to give him a sovereign? I thought of this when I looked down

into his grave, after he was laid there, for I looked down into it over the shoulder of a boy to whom he had been kind.

These are slight remembrances; but it is to little familiar things suggestive of the voice, look, manner, never, never more to be encountered on this earth, that the mind first turns in a bereavement. And greater things that are known of him, in the way of his warm affections, his quiet endurance, his unselfish thoughtfulness for others, and his munificent hand, may not be told.

If, in the reckless vivacity of his youth, his satirical pen had ever gone astray or done amiss, he had caused it to prefer its own petition for forgiveness, long before:

> I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
> The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
> The idle word that he'd wish back again.

In no pages should I take it upon myself at this time to discourse of his books, of his refined knowledge of character, of his subtle acquaintance with the weaknesses of human nature, of his delightful playfulness as an essayist, of his quaint and touching ballads, of his mastery over the English language. Least of all, in these pages, enriched by his brilliant qualities from the first of the series, and beforehand accepted by the Public through the strength of his great name.

But, on the table before me, there lies all that he had written of his latest and last story. That it would be very sad to any one—that it is inexpressibly so to a writer—in its evidences of matured designs never to be accomplished, of intentions begun to be executed and destined never to be completed, of careful preparation for long roads of thought that he was never to traverse, and for shining goals that he was never to reach, will be readily believed. The pain, however, that I have felt in perusing it, has not been deeper than the conviction that he was in the healthiest vigour of his powers when he wrought on this last labour. In respect of earnest feeling, far-seeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain loving picturesqueness blending the whole, I believe it to be much the best of all his works. That he fully meant it to be so, that he had become strongly attached to it, and that he bestowed great pains upon it, I trace in almost every page. It contains one picture which must have cost him extreme distress, and which is a masterpiece. There

are two children in it, touched with a hand as loving and tender as ever a father caressed his little child with. There is some young love, as pure and innocent and pretty as the truth. And it is very remarkable that, by reason of the singular construction of the story, more than one main incident usually belonging to the end of such a fiction is anticipated in the beginning, and thus there is an approach to completeness in the fragment, as to the satisfaction of the reader's mind concerning the most interesting persons, which could hardly have been better attained if the writer's breaking-off had been foreseen.

The last line he wrote, and the last proof he corrected, are among these papers through which I have so sorrowfully made my way. The condition of the little pages of manuscript where Death stopped his hand, shows that he had carried them about, and often taken them out of his pocket here and there, for patient revision and interlineation. The last words he corrected in print, were, 'And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.' God grant that on that Christmas Eve when he laid his head back on his pillow and threw up his arms as he had been wont to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done and Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished, may have caused his own heart so to throb, when he passed away to his Redeemer's rest!

He was found peacefully lying as above described, composed, undisturbed, and to all appearance asleep, on the twenty-fourth of December, 1863. He was only in his fifty-third year; so young a man, that the mother who blessed him in his first sleep, blessed him in his last. Twenty years before, he had written, after being in a white squall:

> And when, its force expended,
> The harmless storm was ended,
> And, as the sunrise splendid
> Came blushing o'er the sea;
> I thought, as day was breaking,
> My little girls were waking,
> And smiling, and making
> A prayer at home for me.

Those little girls had grown to be women when the mournful day broke that saw their father lying dead. In those twenty years of companionship with him, they had learned much from him; and one of them has a literary course before her, worthy of her famous name.

On the bright wintry day, the last but one of the old year, he was laid in his grave at Kensal Green, there to mingle the dust to which the mortal part of him had returned, with that of a third child, lost in her infancy, years ago. The heads of a great concourse of his fellow-workers in the Arts, were bowed around his tomb.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

INTRODUCTION TO HER 'LEGENDS AND LYRICS'

[1866]

In the spring of the year 1853, I observed, as conductor of the Weekly Journal *Household Words*, a short poem among the proffered contributions, very different, as I thought, from the shoal of verses perpetually setting through the office of such a Periodical, and possessing much more merit. Its authoress was quite unknown to me. She was one Miss Mary Berwick, whom I had never heard of; and she was to be addressed by letter, if addressed at all, at a circulating library in the western district of London. Through this channel, Miss Berwick was informed that her poem was accepted, and was invited to send another. She complied, and became a regular and frequent contributor. Many letters passed between the Journal and Miss Berwick, but Miss Berwick herself was never seen.

How we came gradually to establish, at the office of *Household Words*, that we knew all about Miss Berwick, I have never discovered. But, we settled somehow, to our complete satisfaction, that she was governess in a family; that she went to Italy in that capacity, and returned; and that she had long been in the same family. We really knew nothing whatever of her, except that she was remarkably business-like, punctual, self-reliant, and reliable: so I suppose we insensibly invented the rest. For myself, my mother was not a more real personage to me, than Miss Berwick the governess became.

This went on until December, 1854, when the Christmas Number, entitled The Seven Poor Travellers, was sent to press. Happening to be going to dine that day with an old and dear friend, distinguished in literature as Barry Cornwall, I took with me an early proof of that Number, and remarked, as I laid it on the drawing-

room table, that it contained a very pretty poem, written by a certain Miss Berwick. Next day brought me the disclosure that I had so spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer, in its writer's presence; that I had no such correspondent in existence as Miss Berwick; and that the name had been assumed by Barry Cornwall's eldest daughter, Miss Adelaide Anne Procter.

The anecdote I have here noted down, besides serving to explain why the parents of the late Miss Procter have looked to me for these poor words of remembrance of their lamented child, strikingly illustrates the honesty, independence, and quiet dignity, of the lady's character. I had known her when she was very young; I had been honoured with her father's friendship when I was myself a young aspirant; and she had said at home, 'If I send him, in my own name, verses that he does not honestly like, either it will be very painful to him to return them, or he will print them for papa's sake, and not for their own. So I have made up my mind to take my chance fairly with the unknown volunteers.'

Perhaps it requires an Editor's experience of the profoundly unreasonable grounds on which he is often urged to accept unsuitable articles — such as having been to school with the writer's husband's brother-in-law, or having lent an alpenstock in Switzerland to the writer's wife's nephew, when that interesting stranger had broken his own—fully to appreciate the delicacy and the self-respect of this resolution.

Some verses by Miss Procter had been published in the *Book of Beauty*, ten years before she became Miss Berwick. With the exception of two poems in the *Cornhill Magazine*, two in *Good Words*, and others in a little book called *A Chaplet of Verses* (issued in 1862 for the benefit of a Night Refuge), her published writings first appeared in *Household Words*, or *All the Year Round*. The present Edition contains the whole of her Legends and Lyrics, and originates in the great favour with which they have been received by the public.

Miss Procter was born in Bedford Square, London, on the 30th of October, 1825. Her love of poetry was conspicuous at so early an age, that I have before me a tiny album made of small note-paper, into which our favourite passages were copied for her by her mother's hand before she herself could write. It looks as if she had carried it about, as another little girl might have carried a doll.

She soon displayed a remarkable memory, and great quickness of apprehension. When she was quite a young child, she learnt with facility several of the problems of Euclid. As she grew older, she acquired the French, Italian, and German languages; became a clever pianoforte player; and showed a true taste and sentiment in drawing. But, as soon as she had completely vanquished the difficulties of any one branch of study, it was her way to lose interest in it, and pass to another. While her mental resources were being trained, it was not at all suspected in her family that she had any gift of authorship, or any ambition to become a writer. Her father had no idea of her having ever attempted to turn a rhyme, until her first little poem saw the light in print.

When she attained to womanhood, she had read an extraordinary number of books, and throughout her life she was always largely adding to the number. In 1853 she went to Turin and its neighbourhood, on a visit to her aunt, a Roman Catholic lady. As Miss Procter had herself professed the Roman Catholic Faith two years before, she entered with the greater ardour on the study of the Piedmontese dialect, and the observation of the habits and manners of the peasantry. In the former, she soon became a proficient. On the latter head, I extract from her familiar letters written home to England at the time, two pleasant pieces of description.

A Betrothal

'We have been to a ball, of which I must give you a description. Last Tuesday we had just done dinner at about seven, and stepped out into the balcony to look at the remains of the sunset behind the mountains, when we heard very distinctly a band of music, which rather excited my astonishment, as a solitary organ is the utmost that toils up here. I went out of the room for a few minutes, and, on my returning, Emily said, "Oh! That band is playing at the farmer's near here. The daughter is *fiancée* to-day, and they have a ball." I said, "I wish I was going!" "Well," replied she, "the farmer's wife did call to invite us." "Then, I shall certainly go," I exclaimed. I applied to Madame B., who said she would like it very much, and we had better go, children and all. Some of the servants were already gone. We rushed away to put on some shawls, and put off any shred of black we might have about us (as the people would have been quite annoyed if we had appeared on such an occasion with any black), and we started.

When we reached the farmer's, which is a stone's throw above our house, we were received with great enthusiasm; the only drawback being, that no one spoke French, and we did not yet speak Piedmontese. We were placed on a bench against the wall, and the people went on dancing. The room was a large, whitewashed kitchen (I suppose), with several large pictures in black frames, and very smoky. I distinguished the Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian, and the others appeared equally lively and appropriate subjects. Whether they were Old Masters or not, and if so, by whom, I could not ascertain. The band were seated opposite us. Five men, with wind instruments, part of the band of the National Guard, to which the farmer's sons belong. They played really admirably, and I began to be afraid that some idea of our dignity would prevent my getting a partner; so, by Madame B.'s advice, I went up to the bride, and offered to dance with her. Such a handsome young woman! Like one of Uwins's pictures. Very dark, with a quantity of black hair, and on an immense scale. The children were already dancing, as well as the maids. After we came to an end of our dance, which was what they call a Polka-Mazourka, I saw the bride trying to screw up the courage of her *fiancé* to ask me to dance, which after a little hesitation he did. And admirably he danced, as indeed they all did—in excellent time, and with a little more spirit than one sees in a ball-room. In fact, they were very like one's ordinary partners, except that they wore earrings and were in their shirt-sleeves, and truth compels me to state that they decidedly smelt of garlic. Some of them had been smoking, but threw away their cigars when we came in. The only thing that did not look cheerful was, that the room was only lighted by two or three oil-lamps, and that there seemed to be no preparation for refreshments. Madame B., seeing this, whispered to her maid, who disengaged herself from her partner, and ran off to the house; she and the kitchenmaid presently returning with a large tray covered with all kinds of cakes (of which we are great consumers and always have a stock), and a large hamper full of bottles of wine, with coffee and sugar. This seemed all very acceptable. The *fiancée* was requested to distribute the eatables, and a bucket of water being produced to wash the glasses in, the wine disappeared very quickly—as fast as they could open the bottles. But, elated I suppose by this, the floor was sprinkled with water, and the musicians played a Monferrino, which is a Piedmontese dance. Madame B. danced with the farmer's son, and Emily with another distinguished member of the company. It was very fatiguing—something like a Scotch reel. My partner was a little man, like Perrot, and very proud of his dancing. He cut in the air and

twisted about, until I was out of breath, though my attempts to imitate him were feeble in the extreme. At last, after seven or eight dances, I was obliged to sit down. We stayed till nine, and I was so dead beat with the heat that I could hardly crawl about the house, and in an agony with the cramp, it is so long since I have danced.'

A Marriage

'The wedding of the farmer's daughter has taken place. We had hoped it would have been in the little chapel of our house, but it seems some special permission was necessary, and they applied for it too late. They all said, "This is the Constitution. There would have been no difficulty before!" the lower classes making the poor Constitution the scapegoat for everything they don't like. So as it was impossible for us to climb up to the church where the wedding was to be, we contented ourselves with seeing the procession pass. It was not a very large one, for, it requiring some activity to go up, all the old people remained at home. It is not etiquette for the bride's mother to go, and no unmarried woman can go to a wedding—I suppose for fear of its making her discontented with her own position. The procession stopped at our door, for the bride to receive our congratulations. She was dressed in a shot silk, with a yellow handkerchief, and rows of a large gold chain. In the afternoon they sent to request us to go there. On our arrival we found them dancing out of doors, and a most melancholy affair it was. All the bride's sisters were not to be recognised, they had cried so. The mother sat in the house, and could not appear. And the bride was sobbing so, she could hardly stand! The most melancholy spectacle of all to my mind was, that the bridegroom was decidedly tipsy. He seemed rather affronted at all the distress. We danced a Monferrino; I with the bridegroom; and the bride crying the whole time. The company did their utmost to enliven her by firing pistols, but without success, and at last they began a series of yells, which reminded me of a set of savages. But even this delicate method of consolation failed, and the wishing good-bye began. It was altogether so melancholy an affair that Madame B. dropped a few tears, and I was very near it, particularly when the poor mother came out to see the last of her daughter, who was finally dragged off between her brother and uncle, with a last explosion of pistols. As she lives quite near, makes an excellent match, and is one of nine children, it really was a most desirable marriage, in spite of all the show of distress. Albert was so discomfited by it, that he forgot to kiss the bride as he had intended to do, and therefore went to call upon her yesterday, and found her very smiling in her new house,

and supplied the omission. The cook came home from the wedding, declaring she was cured of any wish to marry—but I would not recommend any man to act upon that threat and make her an offer. In a couple of days we had some rolls of the bride's first baking, which they call Madonnas. The musicians, it seems, were in the same state as the bridegroom, for, in escorting her home, they all fell down in the mud. My wrath against the bridegroom is somewhat calmed by finding that it is considered bad luck if he does not get tipsy at his wedding.'

Those readers of Miss Procter's poems who should suppose from their tone that her mind was of a gloomy or despondent cast, would be curiously mistaken. She was exceedingly humorous, and had a great delight in humour. Cheerfulness was habitual with her, she was very ready at a sally or a reply, and in her laugh (as I remember well) there was an unusual vivacity, enjoyment, and sense of drollery. She was perfectly unconstrained and unaffected: as modestly silent about her productions, as she was generous with their pecuniary results. She was a friend who inspired the strongest attachments; she was a finely sympathetic woman, with a great accordant heart and a sterling noble nature. No claim can be set up for her, thank God, to the possession of any of the conventional poetical qualities. She never by any means held the opinion that she was among the greatest of human beings; she never suspected the existence of a conspiracy on the part of mankind against her; she never recognised in her best friends, her worst enemies; she never cultivated the luxury of being misunderstood and unappreciated; she would far rather have died without seeing a line of her composition in print, than that I should have maundered about her, here, as 'the Poet,' or 'the Poetess.'

With the recollection of Miss Procter as a mere child and as a woman, fresh upon me, it is natural that I should linger on my way to the close of this brief record, avoiding its end. But, even as the close came upon her, so must it come here.

Always impelled by an intense conviction that her life must not be dreamed away, and that her indulgence in her favourite pursuits must be balanced by action in the real world around her, she was indefatigable in her endeavours to do some good. Naturally enthusiastic, and conscientiously impressed with a deep sense of her Christian duty to her neighbour, she devoted herself to a variety of benevolent objects. Now, it was the visitation of the sick, that had possession

of her; now, it was the sheltering of the houseless; now, it was the elementary teaching of the densely ignorant; now, it was the raising up of those who had wandered and got trodden under foot; now, it was the wider employment of her own sex in the general business of life; now, it was all these things at once. Perfectly unselfish, swift to sympathise and eager to relieve, she wrought at such designs with a flushed earnestness that disregarded season, weather, time of day or night, food, rest. Under such a hurry of the spirits, and such incessant occupation, the strongest constitution will commonly go down. Hers, neither of the strongest nor the weakest, yielded to the burden, and began to sink.

To have saved her life, then, by taking action on the warning that shone in her eyes and sounded in her voice, would have been impossible, without changing her nature. As long as the power of moving about in the old way was left to her, she must exercise it, or be killed by the restraint. And so the time came when she could move about no longer, and took to her bed.

All the restlessness gone then, and all the sweet patience of her natural disposition purified by the resignation of her soul, she lay upon her bed through the whole round of changes of the seasons. She lay upon her bed through fifteen months. In all that time, her old cheerfulness never quitted her. In all that time, not an impatient or a querulous minute can be remembered.

At length, at midnight on the second of February, 1864, she turned down a leaf of a little book she was reading, and shut it up.

The ministering hand that had copied the verses into the tiny album was soon around her neck, and she quietly asked, as the clock was on the stroke of one:

'Do you think I am dying, mamma?'

'I think you are very, very ill to-night, my dear!'

'Send for my sister. My feet are so cold. Lift me up!'

Her sister entering as they raised her, she said: 'It has come at last!' And with a bright and happy smile, looked upward, and departed.

Well had she written:

> Why shouldst thou fear the beautiful angel, Death,
> Who waits thee at the portals of the skies,
> Ready to kiss away thy struggling breath,
> Ready with gentle hand to close thine eyes?

Oh what were life, if life were all? Thine eyes
Are blinded by their tears, or thou wouldst see
Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,
And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL WALKING-MATCH

[February 29, 1868]

Articles of Agreement entered into at Baltimore in the United States of America, this third day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, between George Dolby (British subject), *alias* the 'Man of Ross,' and James Ripley Osgood (American citizen), *alias* the 'Boston Bantam.'

Whereas some bounce having arisen between the above men in reference to feats of pedestrianism and agility, they have agreed to settle their differences and prove who is the better man by means of a walking match for two hats a side and the glory of their respective countries; and whereas they agree that the said match shall come off, whatsoever the weather, on the Mill Dam Road, outside Boston, on Saturday, the 29th of the present month, and whereas they agree that the personal attendants on themselves during the whole walk, and also the umpires and starters and declarers of victory in the match shall be James T. Fields of Boston, known in sporting circles as Massachusetts Jemmy, and Charles Dickens, of 'Falstaff's,' Gad's Hill, whose surprising performances (without the least variation), on that truly national instrument, the American Catarrh, have won for him the well-merited title of the Gad's Hill Gasper. Now these are to be the articles of the match:—

1. The men are to be started on the day appointed by Massachusetts Jemmy and the Gasper.

2. Jemmy and the Gasper are, on some previous day, to walk out at the rate of not less than four miles an hour by the Gasper's watch for one hour and a half. At the expiration of that one hour and a half they are to carefully note the place at which they halt. On the match coming off they are to station themselves in the middle of the

road at that precise point, and the men (keeping clear of them and of each other) are to turn round them, right shoulder inward, and walk back to the starting point. The man declared by them to pass the starting point first is to be the victor and the winner of the match.

3. No jostling or fouling allowed.

4. All cautions and orders issued to the men by the umpires, starters, and declarers of victory to be considered final and admitting of no appeal.

5. A sporting narrative of the match to be written by the Gasper within one week after its coming off, and the same to be duly printed (at the expense of the subscribers to these articles) on a broadside. The said broadside to be framed and glazed, and one copy of the same to be carefully preserved by each of the subscribers to these articles.

6. The men to show on the evening of the day of walking at six o'clock precisely at the Parker House, Boston, when and where a dinner will be given them by the Gasper. The Gasper to occupy the chair, faced by Massachusetts Jemmy. The latter promptly and formally to invite, as soon as may be after the date of these presents, the following guests to honour the said dinner with their presence, that is to say—

Mistress Annie Fields, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton and Mrs. Norton, Professor James Russell Lowell and Mrs. Lowell, and Miss Lowell, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. Howard Malcolm Ticknor and Mrs. Ticknor, Mr. Aldrich and Mrs. Aldrich, Mr. Schlesinger, and an obscure poet named Longfellow (if discoverable), and Miss Longfellow.

Now lastly. In token of their accepting the trusts and offices by these articles conferred upon them, these articles are solemnly and formally signed by Massachusetts Jemmy and by the Gad's Hill Gasper, as well as by the men themselves.

Signed by the *Man of Ross*, otherwise George Dolby.

Signed by the *Boston Bantam*, otherwise James R. Osgood.

Signed by *Massachusetts Jemmy*, otherwise James T. Fields.

Signed by the *Gad's Hill Gasper*, otherwise Charles Dickens.

Witness to the signatures, William S. Anthony.

THE SPORTING NARRATIVE

THE MEN

The Boston Bantam (*alias* Bright Chanticleer), is a young bird, though too old to be caught with chaff. He comes of a thorough game breed, and has a clear though modest crow. He pulls down the scale at ten stone and a half and add a pound or two. His previous performances in the pedestrian line have not been numerous. He once achieved a neat little match against time in two left boots at Philadelphia; but this must be considered as a pedestrian eccentricity, and cannot be accepted by the rigid chronicler as high art.

The old mower with the scythe and hour-glass has not yet laid his mawler heavily on the Bantam's frontispiece, but he has had a grip at the Bantam's top feathers, and in plucking out a handful was very near making him like the great Napoleon Buonaparte (with the exception of the victualling department), when the ancient one found himself too much occupied to carry out the idea, and had to give it up.

The Man of Ross (*alias* old Alick Pope, *alias* All-our-praises-why-should-lords, etc.), is a thought and a half too fleshy, and if he accidentally sat down upon his baby would do it to the tune of fourteen stone. This popular codger is of the rubicund and jovial sort, and has long been known as a piscatorial pedestrian on the banks of the Wye. But Izaak Walton hadn't pace—look at his book and you'll find it slow—and when that article comes into question, the fishing-rod may prove to some of his disciples a rod in pickle. Howbeit the Man of Ross is a lively ambler, and has a sweet stride of his own.

THE TRAINING

If vigorous attention to diet could have brought both men up to the post in tip-top feather, their condition would have left nothing to be desired. But both men might have had more daily practice in the poetry of motion. Their breathings were confined to an occasional Baltimore burst under the guidance of the Gasper, and to an amicable toddle between themselves at Washington.

INTERNATIONAL WALKING-MATCH

THE COURSE

Six miles and a half, good measure, from the first tree in the Mill Dam Road lies the little village (with no refreshments in it but five oranges and a bottle of blacking), of Newton Centre. Here Massachusetts Jemmy and the Gasper had established the turning-point. The road comprehended every variety of inconvenience to test the mettle of the men, and nearly the whole of it was covered with snow.

THE START

was effected beautifully. The men taking their stand in exact line at the starting-post, the first tree aforesaid, received from the Gasper the warning, 'Are you ready?' and then the signal, 'One, two, three—go!' They got away exactly together, and at a spinning speed, waited on by Massachusetts Jemmy and the Gasper.

THE RACE

In the teeth of an intensely cold and bitter wind, before which the snow flew fast and furious across the road from right to left, the Bantam slightly led. But the Man responded to the challenge, and soon breasted him. For the first three miles each led by a yard or so alternately, but the walking was very even. On four miles being called by the Gasper, the men were side by side, and then ensued one of the best periods of the race, the same splitting pace being held by both through a heavy snow wreath and up a dragging hill. At this point it was anybody's game, a dollar on Rossius and two half-dollars on the member of the feathery tribe. When five miles were called the men were still shoulder to shoulder. At about six miles the Gasper put on a tremendous spurt to leave the men behind and establish himself at the turning-point at the entrance of the village. He afterwards declared he had received a mental knock-downer in taking his station and facing about to find Bright Chanticleer close in upon him, and Rossius steaming up like a locomotive. The Bantam rounded first; Rossius rounded wide; and from that moment the Bantam steadily shot ahead. Though both were breathed at the turn, the Bantam quickly got his bellows into obedient condition, and blew away like an orderly blacksmith in full work. The forcing pumps of Rossius likewise proved themselves

tough and true, and warranted first-rate, but he fell off in pace; whereas the Bantam pegged away with his little drum-sticks as if he saw his wives and a peck of barley waiting for him at the family perch. Continually gaining upon him of Ross, Chanticleer gradually drew ahead within a few yards of half a mile, finally doing the whole distance in two hours and forty-eight minutes. Ross had ceased to compete three miles short of the winning-post, but bravely walked it out, and came in seven minutes later.

REMARKS

The difficulties under which this plucky match was walked can only be appreciated by those who were on the ground. To the excessive rigour of the icy blast and the depth and state of the snow, must be added the constant scattering of the latter into the air and into the eyes of the men, while heads of hair, beards, eyelashes, and eyebrows were frozen into icicles. To breathe at all in such a rarefied and disturbed atmosphere was not easy, but to breathe up to the required mark was genuine, slogging, ding-dong hard labour. That both competitors were game to the backbone, doing what they did under such conditions, was evident to all; but to his gameness the courageous Bantam added unexpected endurance, and (like the sailor's watch that did three hours to the cathedral clock's one) unexpected powers of going when wound up. The knowing eye could not fail to detect considerable disparity between the lads, Chanticleer being, as Mrs. Cratchit said of Tiny Tim, 'very light to carry,' and Rossius promising fair to attain the rotundity of the anonymous cove in the epigram—

> 'And when he walks the streets the paviors cry,
> "God bless you, sir!"—and lay their rammers by.'

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND

EXPLANATORY INTRODUCTION TO 'RELIGIOUS OPINIONS BY THE LATE REVEREND CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND

[1869]

Mr. Chauncy Hare Townshend died in London, on the 25th of February, 1868. His will contained the following passage:

'I appoint my friend Charles Dickens, of Gad's Hill Place, in the County of Kent, Esquire, my literary executor; and beg of him to publish without alteration as much of my notes and reflections as may make known my opinions on religious matters, they being such as I verily believe would be conducive to the happiness of mankind.'

In pursuance of the foregoing injunction, the Literary Executor so appointed (not previously aware that the publication of any Religious Opinions would be enjoined upon him), applied himself to the examination of the numerous papers left by his deceased friend. Some of these were in Lausanne, and some were in London. Considerable delay occurred before they could be got together, arising out of certain claims preferred, and formalities insisted on, by the authorities of the Canton de Vaud. When at length the whole of his late friend's papers passed into the Literary Executor's hands, it was found that *Religious Opinions* were scattered up and down through a variety of memoranda and note-books, the gradual accumulation of years and years. Many of the following pages were carefully transcribed, numbered, connected, and prepared for the press; but many more were dispersed fragments, originally written in pencil, afterwards inked over, the intended sequence of which, in the writer's mind, it was extremely difficult to follow. These again were intermixed with journals of travel, fragments of poems, critical essays, voluminous correspondence, and old school-exercises and college themes, having no kind of connection with them.

To publish such materials 'without alteration,' was simply impossible. But finding everywhere internal evidence that Mr. Townshend's *Religious Opinions* had been constantly meditated and

reconsidered with great pains and sincerity throughout his life, the Literary Executor carefully compiled them (always in the writer's exact words), and endeavoured in piecing them together to avoid needless repetition. He does not doubt that Mr. Townshend held the clue to a precise plan, which could have greatly simplified the presentation of these views; and he has devoted the first section of this volume to Mr. Townshend's own notes of his comprehensive intentions. Proofs of the devout spirit in which they were conceived, and of the sense of responsibility with which he worked at them, abound through the whole mass of papers. Mr. Townshend's varied attainments, delicate tastes, and amiable and gentle nature, caused him to be beloved through life by the variously distinguished men who were his compeers at Cambridge long ago. To his Literary Executor, he was always a warmly-attached and sympathetic friend. To the public, he has been a most generous benefactor, both in his munificent bequest of his collection of precious stones in the South Kensington Museum, and in the devotion of the bulk of his property to the education of poor children.

ON MR. FECHTER'S ACTING

[*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1869]

The distinguished artist whose name is prefixed to these remarks purposes to leave England for a professional tour in the United States. A few words from me, in reference to his merits as an actor, I hope may not be uninteresting to some readers, in advance of his publicly proving them before an American audience, and I know will not be unacceptable to my intimate friend. I state at once that Mr. Fechter holds that relation towards me; not only because it is the fact, but also because our friendship originated in my public appreciation of him. I had studied his acting closely, and had admired it highly, both in Paris and in London, years before we exchanged a word. Consequently, my appreciation is not the result of personal regard, but personal regard has sprung out of my appreciation.

The first quality observable in Mr. Fechter's acting is, that it is in the highest degree romantic. However elaborated in minute

details, there is always a peculiar dash and vigour in it, like the fresh atmosphere of the story whereof it is a part. When he is on the stage, it seems to me as though the story were transpiring before me for the first and last time. Thus there is a fervour in his love-making—a suffusion of his whole being with the rapture of his passion—that sheds a glory on its object, and raises her, before the eyes of the audience, into the light in which he sees her. It was this remarkable power that took Paris by storm when he became famous in the lover's part in the *Dame aux Camélias*. It is a short part, really comprised in two scenes, but, as he acted it (he was its original representative), it left its poetic and exalting influence on the heroine throughout the play. A woman who could be so loved —who could be so devotedly and romantically adored—had a hold upon the general sympathy with which nothing less absorbing and complete could have invested her. When I first saw this play and this actor, I could not, in forming my lenient judgment of the heroine, forget that she had been the inspiration of a passion of which I had beheld such profound and affecting marks. I said to myself, as a child might have said: 'A bad woman could not have been the object of that wonderful tenderness, could not have so subdued that worshipping heart, could not have drawn such tears from such a lover.' I am persuaded that the same effect was wrought upon the Parisian audiences, both consciously and unconsciously, to a very great extent, and that what was morally disagreeable in the *Dame aux Camélias* first got lost in this brilliant halo of romance. I have seen the same play with the same part otherwise acted, and in exact degree as the love became dull and earthy, the heroine descended from her pedestal.

In *Ruy Blas*, in the *Master of Ravenswood*, and in the *Lady of Lyons*,—three dramas in which Mr. Fechter especially shines as a lover, but notably in the first,—this remarkable power of surrounding the beloved creature, in the eyes of the audience, with the fascination that she has for him, is strikingly displayed. That observer must be cold indeed who does not feel, when Ruy Blas stands in the presence of the young unwedded Queen of Spain, that the air is enchanted; or, when she bends over him, laying her tender touch upon his bloody breast, that it is better so to die than to live apart from her, and that she is worthy to be so died for. When the Master of Ravenswood declares his love to Lucy Ashton, and she

hers to him, and when in a burst of rapture, he kisses the skirt of her dress, we feel as though we touched it with our lips to stay our goddess from soaring away into the very heavens. And when they plight their troth and break the piece of gold, it is we—not Edgar—who quickly exchange our half for the half she was about to hang about her neck, solely because the latter has for an instant touched the bosom we so dearly love. Again, in the *Lady of Lyons*: the picture on the easel in the poor cottage studio is not the unfinished portrait of a vain and arrogant girl, but becomes the sketch of a Soul's high ambition and aspiration here and hereafter.

Picturesqueness is a quality above all others pervading Mr. Fechter's assumptions. Himself a skilled painter and sculptor, learned in the history of costume, and informing those accomplishments and that knowledge with a similar infusion of romance (for romance is inseparable from the man), he is always a picture,—always a picture in its right place in the group, always in true composition with the background of the scene. For picturesqueness of manner, note so trivial a thing as the turn of his hand in beckoning from a window, in *Ruy Blas*, to a personage down in an outer courtyard to come up; or his assumption of the Duke's livery in the same scene; or his writing a letter from dictation. In the last scene of Victor Hugo's noble drama, his bearing becomes positively inspired; and his sudden assumption of the attitude of the headsman, in his denunciation of the Duke and threat to be his executioner, is, so far as I know, one of the most ferociously picturesque things conceivable on the stage.

The foregoing use of the word 'ferociously' reminds me to remark that this artist is a master of passionate vehemence; in which aspect he appears to me to represent, perhaps more than in any other, an interesting union of characteristics of two great nations,—the French and the Anglo-Saxon. Born in London of a French mother, by a German father, but reared entirely in England and in France, there is, in his fury, a combination of French suddenness and impressibility with our more slowly demonstrative Anglo-Saxon way when we get, as we say, 'our blood up,' that produces an intensely fiery result. The fusion of two races is in it, and one cannot decidedly say that it belongs to either; but one can most decidedly say that it belongs to a powerful concentration of human passion and emotion, and to human nature.

ON MR. FECHTER'S ACTING

Mr. Fechter has been in the main more accustomed to speak French than to speak English, and therefore he speaks our language with a French accent. But whosoever should suppose that he does not speak English fluently, plainly, distinctly, and with a perfect understanding of the meaning, weight, and value of every word, would be greatly mistaken. Not only is his knowledge of English—extending to the most subtle idiom, or the most recondite cant phrase—more extensive than that of many of us who have English for our mother-tongue, but his delivery of Shakespeare's blank verse is remarkably facile, musical, and intelligent. To be in a sort of pain for him, as one sometimes is for a foreigner speaking English, or to be in any doubt of his having twenty synonymes at his tongue's end if he should want one, is out of the question after having been of his audience.

A few words on two of his Shakespearian impersonations, and I shall have indicated enough, in advance of Mr. Fechter's presentation of himself. That quality of picturesqueness, on which I have already laid stress, is strikingly developed in his Iago, and yet it is so judiciously governed that his Iago is not in the least picturesque according to the conventional ways of frowning, sneering, diabolically grinning, and elaborately doing everything else that would induce Othello to run him through the body very early in the play. Mr. Fechter's is the Iago who could, and did, make friends; who could dissect his master's soul, without flourishing his scalpel as if it were a walking-stick; who could overpower Emilia by other arts than a sign-of-the-Saracen's-Head grimness; who could be a boon companion without *ipso facto* warning all beholders off by the portentous phenomenon; who could sing a song and clink a can naturally enough, and stab men really in the dark,—not in a transparent notification of himself as going about seeking whom to stab. Mr. Fechter's Iago is no more in the conventional psychological mode than in the coventional hussar pantaloons and boots; and you shall see the picturesqueness of his wearing borne out in his bearing all through the tragedy down to the moment when he becomes invincibly and consistently dumb.

Perhaps no innovation in Art was ever accepted with so much favour by so many intellectual persons pre-committed to, and pre-occupied by, another system, as Mr. Fechter's Hamlet. I take this to have been the case (as it unquestionably was in London), not because of its picturesqueness, not because of its novelty, not because

of its many scattered beauties, but because of its perfect consistency with itself. As the animal-painter said of his favourite picture of rabbits that there was more nature about those rabbits than you usually found in rabbits, so it may be said of Mr. Fechter's Hamlet, that there was more consistency about that Hamlet than you usually found in Hamlets. Its great and satisfying originality was in its possessing the merit of a distinctly conceived and executed idea. From the first appearance of the broken glass of fashion and mould of form, pale and worn with weeping for his father's death, and remotely suspicious of its cause, to his final struggle with Horatio for the fatal cup, there were cohesion and coherence in Mr. Fechter's view of the character. Devrient, the German actor, had, some years before in London, fluttered the theatrical doves considerably, by such changes as being seated when instructing the players, and like mild departures from established usage; but he had worn, in the main, the old nondescript dress, and had held forth, in the main, in the old way, hovering between sanity and madness. I do not remember whether he wore his hair crisply curled short, as if he were going to an everlasting dancing-master's party at the Danish court; but I do remember that most other Hamlets since the great Kemble had been bound to do so. Mr. Fechter's Hamlet, a pale, woe-begone Norseman with long flaxen hair, wearing a strange garb never associated with the part upon the English stage (if ever seen there at all) and making a piratical swoop upon the whole fleet of little theatrical prescriptions without meaning, or, like Dr. Johnson's celebrated friend, with only one idea in them, and that a wrong one, never could have achieved its extraordinary success but for its animation by one pervading purpose, to which all changes were made intelligently subservient. The bearing of this purpose on the treatment of Ophelia, on the death of Polonius, and on the old student fellowship between Hamlet and Horatio, was exceedingly striking; and the difference between picturesqueness of stage arrangement for mere stage effect, and for the elucidation of a meaning, was well displayed in there having been a gallery of musicians at the Play, and in one of them passing on his way out, with his instrument in his hand, when Hamlet, seeing it, took it from him to point his talk with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

This leads me to the observation with which I have all along desired to conclude: that Mr. Fechter's romance and picturesqueness

are always united to a true artist's intelligence, and a true artist's training in a true artist's spirit. He became one of the company of the Théâtre Français when he was a very young man, and he has cultivated his natural gifts in the best schools. I cannot wish my friend a better audience than he will have in the American people, and I cannot wish them a better actor than they will have in my friend.

MISCELLANIES

FROM

'THE EXAMINER'

1838-1849

THE RESTORATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S 'LEAR' TO THE STAGE

[February 4, 1838]

What we ventured to anticipate when Mr. Macready assumed the management of Covent Garden Theatre, has been every way realised. But the last of his well-directed efforts to vindicate the higher objects and uses of the drama has proved the most brilliant and the most successful. He has restored to the stage Shakespeare's true *Lear*, banished from it, by impudent ignorance, for upwards of a hundred and fifty years.

A person of the name of Boteler has the infamous repute of having recommended to a notorious poet-laureate, Mr. Nahum Tate, the 'new modelling' of *Lear*. 'I found the whole,' quoth Mr. Tate, addressing the aforesaid Boteler in his dedication, 'to answer your account of it; a heap of jewels unstrung and unpolished, yet so dazzling in their disorder, that I soon perceived I had seized a treasure.' And accordingly to work set Nahum very busily indeed: strung the jewels and polished them with a vengeance; omitted the grandest things, the *Fool* among them; polished all that remained into commonplace; interlarded love-scenes; sent *Cordelia* into a comfortable cave with her lover, to dry her clothes and get warm, while her distracted and homeless old father was still left wandering without, amid all the pelting of the pitiless storm; and finally, rewarded the poor old man in his turn, and repaid him for all his suffering, by giving him back again his gilt robes and tinsel sceptre!

Betterton was the last great actor who played *Lear* before the commission of this outrage. His performances of it between the years 1663 and 1671 are recorded to have been the greatest efforts of his genius. Ten years after the latter date, Mr. Tate published his disgusting version, and this was adopted successively by Boheme,

Quin, Booth, Barry, Garrick, Henderson, Kemble, Kean. Mr. Macready has now, to his lasting honour, restored the text of Shakespeare, and we shall be glad to hear of the actor foolhardy enough to attempt another restoration of the text of Mr. Tate! Mr. Macready's success has banished that disgrace from the stage for ever.

The *Fool* in the tragedy of *Lear* is one of the most wonderful creations of Shakespeare's genius. The picture of his quick and pregnant sarcasm, of his loving devotion, of his acute sensibility, of his despairing mirth, of his heartbroken silence—contrasted with the rigid sublimity of *Lear's* suffering, with the huge desolation of *Lear's* sorrow, with the vast and outraged image of *Lear's* madness—is the noblest thought that ever entered into the heart and mind of man. Nor is it a noble thought alone. Three crowded houses in Covent Garden Theatre have now proved by something better than even the deepest attention that it is for action, for representation; that it is necessary to an audience as tears are to an overcharged heart; and necessary to *Lear* himself as the recollections of his kingdom, or as the worn and faded garments of his power. We predicted some years since that this would be felt, and we have the better right to repeat it now. We take leave again to say that Shakespeare would have as soon consented to the banishment of *Lear* from the tragedy as to the banishment of his *Fool*. We may fancy him, while planning his immortal work, feeling suddenly, with an instinct of divinest genius, that its gigantic sorrows could never be presented on the stage without a suffering too frightful, a sublimity too remote, a grandeur too terrible—unless relieved by quiet pathos, and in some way brought home to the apprehensions of the audience by homely and familiar illustration. At such a moment that *Fool* rose to his mind, and not till then could he have contemplated his marvellous work in the greatness and beauty of its final completion.

The *Fool* in *Lear* is the solitary instance of such a character, in all the writings of Shakespeare, being identified with the pathos and passion of the scene. He is interwoven with *Lear*, he is the link that still associates him with *Cordelia's* love, and the presence of the regal estate he has surrendered. The rage of the wolf *Goneril* is first stirred by a report that her favourite gentleman had been struck by her father 'for chiding of his fool,'—and the first impatient questions we hear from the dethroned old man are: 'Where's my knave—my fool? Go you and call my fool hither.'—'Where's my fool? Ho!

I think the world 's asleep.'—'But where 's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.'—'Go you and call hither my fool,'—all which prepare us for that affecting answer stammered forth at last by the knight in attendance: 'Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.' Mr. Macready's manner of turning off at this with an expression of half impatience, half ill-repressed emotion—'No more of that, I *have noted it well*'—was inexpressibly touching. We saw him, in the secret corner of his heart, still clinging to the memory of her who was used to be his best object, the argument of his praise, balm of his age, 'most best, most dearest.' And in the same noble and affecting spirit was his manner of fondling the *Fool* when he sees him first, and asks him with earnest care, 'How now, my pretty knave? *How dost thou?*' Can there be a doubt, after this, that his love for the *Fool* is associated with *Cordelia*, who had been kind to the poor boy, and for the loss of whom he pines away? And are we not even then prepared for the sublime pathos of the close, when *Lear*, bending over the dead body of all he had left to love upon the earth, connects with her the memory of that other gentle, faithful, and loving being who had passed from his side—unites, in that moment of final agony, the two hearts that had been broken in his service, and exclaims, 'And my poor fool is hanged!'

Mr. Macready's *Lear*, remarkable before for a masterly completeness of conception, is heightened by this introduction of the *Fool* to a surprising degree. It accords exactly with the view he seeks to present of *Lear's* character. The passages we have named, for instance, had even received illustration in the first scene, where something beyond the turbulent greatness or royal impatience of *Lear* had been presented—something to redeem him from his treatment of *Cordelia*. The bewildered pause after giving his 'father's heart' away—the hurry yet hesitation of his manner as he orders *France* to be called—'Who stirs? Call *Burgundy*'—had told us at once how much consideration he needed, how much pity, of how little of himself he was indeed the master, how crushing and irrepressible was the strength of his sharp impatience. We saw no material change in his style of playing the first great scene with *Goneril*, which fills the stage with true and appalling touches of nature. In that scene he ascends indeed with the heights of *Lear's* passion; through all its changes of agony, of anger, of impatience,

of turbulent assertion, of despair, and mighty grief, till on his knees, with arms upraised and head thrown back, the tremendous Curse bursts from him amid heaving and reluctant throes of suffering and anguish. The great scene of the second act had also its great passages of power and beauty: his self-persuading utterance of 'hysterias passio'—his anxious and fearful tenderness to *Regan*—the elevated grandeur of his appeal to the heavens—his terrible suppressed efforts, his pauses, his reluctant pangs of passion, in the speech 'I will not trouble thee, my child,'—and surpassing the whole, as we think, in deep simplicity as well as agony of pathos, that noble conception of shame as he *hides his face* on the arm of *Goneril* and says—

> 'I'll go with thee;
> Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
> And thou art twice her love!'

The *Fool's* presence then enabled him to give an effect, unattempted before, to those little words which close the scene, when, in the effort of bewildering passion with which he strives to burst through the phalanx of amazed horrors that have closed him round, he feels that his intellect is shaking, and suddenly exclaims, 'O *Fool!* I shall go mad!' This is better than hitting the forehead and ranting out a self-reproach.

But the presence of the *Fool* in the storm-scene! The reader must witness this to judge its power and observe the deep impression with which it affects the audience. Every resource that the art of the painter and the mechanist can afford is called in aid of this scene—every illustration is thrown on it of which the great actor of *Lear* is capable, but these are nothing to that simple presence of the *Fool*! He has changed his character there. So long as hope existed he had sought by his hectic merriment and sarcasms to win *Lear* back to love and reason, but that half of his work is now over, and all that remains for him is to soothe and lessen the certainty of the worst. *Kent* asks who is with *Lear* in the storm, and is answered—

> 'None but the *Fool*, who labours to outjest
> His heart-struck injuries!'

When all his attempts have failed, either to soothe or to outjest these injuries, he sings, in the shivering cold, about the necessity of

'going to bed at noon.' He leaves the stage to die in his youth, and we hear of him no more till we hear the sublime touch of pathos over the dead body of the hanged *Cordelia*.

The finest passage of Mr. Macready's scenes upon the heath is his remembrance of the 'poor naked wretches,' wherein a new world seems indeed to have broken upon his mind. Other parts of these scenes wanted more of tumultuous extravagance, more of a preternatural cast of wildness. We should always be made to feel something beyond physical distress predominant here. His colloquy with *Mad Tom*, however, was touching in the last degree, and so were the two last scenes, the recognition of *Cordelia* and the death, which elicited from the audience the truest and best of all tributes to their beauty and pathos. Mr. Macready's representation of the father at the end, broken down to his last despairing struggle, his heart swelling gradually upwards till it bursts in its closing sigh, completed the only perfect picture that we have had of *Lear* since the age of Betterton.

We never saw any tragedy, in so far as we could judge, affect an audience more deeply than the manner of the whole management of this tragedy of *Lear*. It was, indeed, a triumph for the stage, in an assertion of its highest uses. The performers generally exerted themselves to the utmost. Mr. Bartley's *Kent* was every way masterly, and Miss P. Horton's *Fool* as exquisite a performance as the stage has ever boasted. Mr. Elton's *Edgar* is the best we have seen, excepting that of Mr. Charles Kemble; Miss Huddart's *Regan* contributed much to the general effect; and Mr. Anderson's *Edmund* was energetic and graceful. Of the other resources called in aid with such knowledge, taste, and care, we cannot do better than speak in the language of an excellent critic in the *John Bull*.

[Here follows a somewhat lengthy extract from *John Bull* dealing only with the scenery and staging of the piece.]

SCOTT AND HIS PUBLISHERS

I

[March 31, 1839]

When the *Refutation*, to which this pamphlet[1] is a reply, was put forth, we took occasion to examine into the nature of the charges of misstatement and misrepresentation which were therein brought against Mr. Lockhart, to point out how very slight and unimportant they appeared to be, even upon the refuter's own showing, and to express our opinion that the refutation originated in the overweening vanity of the Ballantyne family, who, confounding their own importance with that of the great man who condescended (to his cost) to patronise them, sought to magnify and exalt themselves with a degree of presumption and conceit which leaves the fly on the wheel, the organ bellows-blower, and the aspiring frog of the fable, all at an immeasurable distance behind.

Much as we may wonder, after an attentive perusal of the pamphlet before us, how the lad, James Ballantyne's son, can have been permitted by those who must have known from the commencement what facts were in reserve, to force on this exposure of the most culpable negligence and recklessness on the part of the men who have been paraded as the victims of erring and ambitious genius, it is impossible to regard the circumstance in any other light than as a most fortunate and happy one for the memory of Sir Walter Scott. If ever engineer were 'hoist with his own petard,' if ever accusations recoiled upon the heads of those who made them, if ever the parties in the witness-box and the dock changed places, it is in this case of the Ballantynes and Sir Walter Scott. And the proof, be it remembered, is to be found—not in the unsupported assertions of Mr. Lockhart or his ingenious reasoning from assumed facts, but in the letters, accounts, and statements of the Ballantynes themselves.

Premising that Mr. Lockhart, in glancing at the 'unanswerable

[1] The Ballantyne Humbug Handled; in a letter to Sir Adam Fergusson. By the Author of *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott.* Cadell, Edinburgh; Murray, London.

refutation' and 'the overwhelming exposure' notices of the Ballantyne pamphlet in other journals, might fairly and justly have noticed this journal[1] as an exception (in whose columns more than one head of his reply was anticipated long ago), we will proceed to quote—first, Mr. Lockhart's statement of his reasons for introducing in the biography detailed descriptions of the habits and manners of the Ballantynes, which we take to have been the head and front of his offence; and secondly, such scraps of evidence bearing upon the allegation that the Ballantynes were ruined by the improvidence and lavish expenditure of Scott, as we can afford space for, in a very brief analysis of the whole.

With regard to the first point, Mr. Lockhart writes thus:—

'The most curious problem in the life of Scott could receive no fair attempt at solution, unless the inquirer were made acquainted, in as far as the biographer could make him so, with the nature, and habits, and manners of Scott's partners and agents. Had the reader been left to take his ideas of those men from the eloquence of epitaphs—to conceive of them as having been capitalists instead of penniless adventurers—men regularly and fitly trained for the callings in which they were employed by Scott, in place of being the one and the other entirely unacquainted with the prime requisites for success in such callings—men exact and diligent in their proper business, careful and moderate in their personal expenditure, instead of the reverse; had such hallucinations been left undisturbed, where was the clue of extrication from the mysterious labyrinth of Sir Walter's fatal entanglements in commerce? It was necessary, in truth and justice, to show—not that he was without blame in the conduct of his pecuniary affairs—(I surely made no such ridiculous attempt)—but that he could not have been ruined by commerce, had his partners been good men of business. It was necessary to show that he was in the main the victim of his own blind overconfidence in the management of the two Ballantynes. In order to show how excessive was the kindness that prompted such over-confidence, it was necessary to bring out the follies and foibles, as well as the better qualities, of the men.'

Does any reasonable and dispassionate man doubt this? Is there any man who does not know that the titles of a hundred biographies might be jotted down in half an hour, in each and every of which

[1] *The Examiner.*

there shall be found a hundred personal sketches of a hundred men, a hundred times more important, clever, excellent, and worthy, than Mr. James Ballantyne, the Printer of Edinburgh, and whilom of Kelso, regarding which the world has never heard one syllable of remonstrance or complaint?

Of Mr. John Ballantyne, the less said the better. If he were an honest, upright, honourable man, it is a comfort to know that there are plentiful store of such characters living at this moment in the rules of our Debtors' Prison, and passing through the Insolvent Court by dozens every day. As an instance of Mr. Lockhart's easy mode of assertion, we were given to understand in the *Refutation* that Mr. John Ballantyne had never been a banker's clerk. Mr. Cadell and another gentleman bear testimony that he used to *say* he had been (which seems by no means conclusive evidence that he ever was), and if he were, as Mr. Lockhart tells us he has since learnt, a tailor, or superintendent of the tailoring department of the father's general shop at Kelso, a previously unintelligible fragment in one of Scott's letters becomes susceptible of a very startling and simple solution. 'If it takes nine tailors to make a man, how many will it take to ruin one?'

The descendants of Mr. James Ballantyne charge Sir Walter Scott with having ruined him by his profuse expenditure, and the tremendous responsibilities which he cast upon the printing concern. Mr. Lockhart charges Mr. James Ballantyne with having ruined the business by his own negligence, extravagance, and inattention. Let us see which of these charges is the best supported by facts.

Scott entered into partnership with James Ballantyne in May 1805. James Ballantyne's brother John (being then the bookkeeper) enters the amount of capital which James had invested in the concern, at £3694, 16s. 11d.; but of these figures no less than £2090 represents 'stock in trade,' which it appears from other statements that the same John Ballantyne was in the habit of valuing at most preposterous and exaggerated sums; and the balance of £1604, 16s. 11d. is represented by 'book debts' to that amount. Scott came in as the monied partner—as the man to prop up the concern; even then his patrimonial fortune was £10,000 or £12,000; he possessed at the time, independently of all literary exertions, an income of £1000 per annum; he advanced for the business £2008, 'including in the said advance the sum of £500 contained in

Mr. Ballantyne's promissory note, dated 1st February last'—from which it would seem pretty clear that the affluent Mr. James Ballantyne ran rather short of money about this time—and £40 more, also advanced to Mr. Ballantyne previous to the execution of the deed. Scott, in consideration of this payment, was to have one-third of the business, and James Ballantyne two; his extra third being specially in consideration of his undertaking those duties of management, for the neglect and omission of which, throughout the long correspondence of a long term of years, we find him apologising to Scott himself in every variety of humble, maudlin, abject, and whining prostration.

The very first entry in the very first 'State,' or statement of the partnership accounts, is a payment on behalf of James Ballantyne for 'an acceptance *at Kelso*,'—at Kelso, observe, in his original obscurity and small way of business—'£200.' There are advances to his father to the amount of £270, 19s. 5d., there are his own drafts during the first year of the partnership to the enormous amount of £2378, 4s. 9d., *his share of the profits being only* £786, 10s. 3d.; Scott's drafts for the same period being £100 and *his* share £393, 5s. 1d.! At the expiration of five years and a half, the injured and oppressed Mr. James Ballantyne had *overdrawn* his share of the profits to the amount of £2027, 2s. 5d., while Scott had *underdrawn* his share by the sum of £577, 2s. 8d. Now let any man of common practical sense, from Mr. Rothschild's successor, whoever he may be, down to the commonest light-porter and warehouseman who can read and write and cast accounts, say, upon such a statement of figures as this, who was the gainer by the partnership, who may be supposed to have had objects and designs of his own to serve in forming it, and in what pecuniary situation Mr. James Ballantyne—the needy and embarrassed printer of Kelso—must have been placed, when Scott first shed upon him the light of his countenance.

'Scott, in those days,' says Mr. Lockhart, 'had neither bought land, nor indulged in any private habits likely to hamper his pecuniary condition. He had a handsome income, nowise derived from commerce. He was already a highly popular author, and had received from the booksellers copy-monies of then unprecedented magnitude. With him the only speculation and the only source of embarrassment was this printing concern; and how, had the other

partner conducted himself in reference to it as Scott did, could it have been any source of embarrassment at all? He was, I cannot but think, imperfectly acquainted with James Ballantyne's pecuniary means, as well as with his habits and tastes, when the firm was set up. He was deeply injured by his partner's want of skill and care in the conduct of the concern, and not less so by that partner's irreclaimable personal extravagance; and he was systematically mystified by the States, etc., prepared by Mr. John. In fact, every balance-sheet that has been preserved, or made accessible to me, seems to be fallacious. They are not of the company's entire affairs, but of one particular account in their books only—viz. the expenditure on the printing work done, and the produce of that work. This delusive system appears to have continued till the end of 1823, after which date the books are not even *added* or *written* up.'

In 1809 the bookselling firm started, Scott having one moiety for his share, and the two brothers the remaining moiety for theirs. He put down £1000 for his share, and LENT Mr. James Ballantyne £500 for his (!), and by the month of June 1810 he had embarked £9000 in the two concerns. Mr. James Ballantyne, even now, had no capital; he borrowed capital from Scott to form the bookselling establishment; he rendered the system of accommodation bills necessary by so egregiously overdrawing so small a capital as they started with; and not satisfied with this, he grossly neglected and mismanaged the business (by his own confession) during the whole time of its superintendence being entrusted to him.

In 1815 (the year of Mr. James Ballantyne's marriage) the bookselling business was abandoned; there were no resources with which to meet its obligations but those of the printing company, and Scott, in January 1816, writes thus to him—

'The burthen must be upon you and me—that is, on the printing office. If you will agree to conduct this business henceforth with steadiness and care, and to content yourself with £400 a year from it for your private purposes, its profits will ultimately set us free. I agree that we should grant mutual discharges as booksellers, and consider the whole debt as attaching to you and me as printers. I agree, farther, that the responsibility of the whole debt should be assumed by myself alone for the present—provided you, on your part, never interfere with the printing profits, beyond your allowance, until the debt has been obliterated, or put into such a train of

liquidation that you see your way clear, and voluntarily reassume your station as my partner, instead of continuing to be, as you now must consider yourself, merely my steward, book-keeper, and manager in the Canongate.'

Now, could the dullest and most addle-headed man alive be brought to believe—is it in human nature, in common sense, or common reason—that if Mr. James Ballantyne had the smallest ground of just complaint against Scott at this time, he would have listened to such a proposition? But he *did* listen to it, and eagerly embraced it; and in the October of that very year this same Mr. James Ballantyne, whose besotted trustees have dragged the circumstance to light from the concealment in which Mr. Lockhart mercifully left it—this same Mr. James Ballantyne, the plundered and deluded victim of Scott, announces to him that, being pressed by a younger brother at Kelso for a personal debt—not a partnership liability—a personal debt of £500, he had paid away to him a bill of the company, and, but for this bill being dishonoured by an accidental circumstance, Scott would, in all human probability, have never heard one word of the matter down to the day of his death.

Does Mr. James Ballantyne brazen this proceeding out, and retort upon Scott, 'I have been your tool and instrument. But for you I should have been by this time a man in affluent circumstances, and well able to pay this money. You brought me to this pass by your misconduct; it was your bounden duty to extricate me, and I had a right to extricate myself by the use of your name for my own purposes, when you have so often used mine for yours'? Judge from the following extracts from his letters on the subject:—

'It is needless for me to dwell on my deep regret at the *discreditable incident* which has taken place. . . . *I was not aware of the terrible consequences arising from one acting partner's using the copartnery signature for his personal purposes. I assure you, Sir, I should very nearly as soon* FORGE *your own signature as use one which implicated your credit and property for what belonged to me personally.*'

And then he goes on in a tone of great humility, endeavouring to excuse himself thus:—

'I respectfully beg leave to call to your recollection a very long

and not very pleasant correspondence two years ago, on the subject of the debts due to my brother Alexander, and I may now shortly re-state, that the money advanced by him went into the funds of the business, and at periods when it was imperiously wanted. No doubt it went in *in my name, to help up my share of stock equal to yours*; but I honestly confess to you, that this consideration never went into my calculation, and that when I agreed that the name of James B. and Co. should be given to the bills for that money, I had no other idea than that it was an *easy mode of procuring money*, at a very serious crisis, when money was greatly wanted; nor did I see that I should refuse it because the lender was my brother. His cash was as good as another's. *Personally*, I never received a sixpence of it.'

Personally he never received a sixpence of it! Oh, certainly not. That is to say, Mr. James Ballantyne paid the money to the partnership banking account towards his share of the joint capital, and immediately set about drawing private cheques as fast as he could draw for three times the sum.

In 1821 Mr. John Ballantyne died, and Mr. James Ballantyne, petitioning Scott that a termination might be put to his stewardship, and that he might be admitted to a new share in the business, he becomes, under a deed bearing date on the 1st of April 1822 (the missive letter, in Scott's handwriting, laying down the heads of which, is given by Mr. Lockhart at length), once more a partner in the business. The circumstances under which his stewardship had been undertaken—and this request for a new partnership was conceded by Scott—are thus stated by Mr. Lockhart; and the statement is, in every respect in which we have been able to examine it, borne out by facts:—

'For the preparation of the formal contract of 1822, Sir Walter selected Mrs. James Ballantyne's brother. We have seen that this Mr. George Hogarth, a man of business, a Writer to the Signet, a gentleman whose ability and intelligence no one can dispute, was privy to all the transactions between Scott and James, whereupon the matrimonial negotiation proceeded to its close;—and that Mr. Hogarth approved of, and Mr. Ballantyne expressed deep gratitude for, the arrangements then dictated by Sir Walter Scott. Must not these Trustees themselves, when confronted with the evidence now given, admit that these arrangements were most liberal and

generous? Scott, "the business being in difficulties," takes the whole of these difficulties upon himself. He assumes, for a prospective series of five or six years, the whole responsibility of its debts and its expenditure, including a liberal salary to James as manager. In order to provide him with the means of paying a *personal* debt of £3000 due to himself—and wholly distinct from copartnery debts—Scott agrees to secure for him a certain part of the proceeds of every novel that shall be written during the continuance of this arrangement. With the publishing of these novels James was to have no trouble—there was no risk about them—the gain on each was clear and certain,—and of every sum thus produced by the exertion of Scott's genius and industry, James Ballantyne was to have a sixth, as a mere bonus to help him in paying off his debt of £3000, upon which debt, moreover, no interest was to be charged. In what respect did this differ from drawing the pen, every five or six months, through a very considerable portion of the debt? Scott was undertaking neither more nor less than to take the money out of his own pocket, and pay it regularly into James's, who had no more risk or trouble in the publication of those immortal works than any printer in Westminster. The Pamphleteers must admit that James, pending this arrangement, was not the partner, but literally the paid servant of his benefactor, and that while "the total responsibility of the debts and expenditure of the business" lay on Scott, Scott had the perfect right to make any use he pleased of its profits and credit. They must admit, that after the arrangement had continued for five years, James examined the state of the concern, and petitioned Scott to replace him as a partner; that so far from finding any reason to complain of what Scott had done with the business while it was solely his, without one word of complaint as to this large amount of floating bills so boldly averred in the Pamphlet to have been drawn for Scott's personal accommodation, James, in praying for readmission, acknowledged that down to the close of that period (June 1821) he had grossly neglected *the most important parts* of the business whereof he had had charge as Scott's stipendiary servant;—acknowledged, that notwithstanding his salary as manager of the printing-office, another salary of £200 a year as editor of a newspaper, and the large sums he derived from novel-copyrights given to him *ex merâ gratiâ*,—he had so

misconducted his own private affairs, that having begun his stewardship as debtor to Scott for £3000, he, when he wished the stewardship to terminate, owed Scott much more than £3000; but that, acknowledging all this, he made at the same time such solemn promises of amendment for the future, that Scott consented to do as he prayed; only stipulating, that until the whole affairs of the printing business should be reduced to perfect order, *debts discharged*, its stock and disposable funds increased, each partner should limit himself to drawing £500 per annum for his personal use. They must admit that James made all these acknowledgments and promises; that Scott accepted them graciously; and that the moment before the final copartnership was signed, James Ballantyne was Sir Walter Scott's debtor, entirely at his mercy; that down to that moment, by James's own clear confession, Scott, as connected with this printing establishment, had been sinned against, not sinning.

'The contract prepared and written by Mr. Hogarth was signed on the 1st of April 1822. It bears express reference to the "missive letter dated the 15th and 22nd of June last," by which the parties had "concluded an agreement for the settlement of the accounts and transactions subsisting between them, and also for the terms of the said new copartnery, and agreed to execute a regular deed in implement of said agreement"; and "therefore and for the reasons more particularly specified in the said missive letters, which are here specially referred to, and held as repeated, they have agreed, and hereby agree, to the following articles." Then follow the articles of agreement, embodying the substance of the missive. Scott is to draw the whole profits of the business prior to Whitsunday 1822, in respect of the responsibility he had undertaken. Ballantyne acknowledges a personal debt of £1800 as at Whitsunday 1821, which was to be paid out of the funds specified in the missives, no interest being due until after Whitsunday 1822. Sir Walter having advanced £2575 for buildings in the Canongate, new types, etc., James is to grant a bond for the half of that sum. It further appears by the only cashbook exhibited to me, that James, notwithstanding his *frugal* mode of living, had quietly drawn £1629 more than his allowance between 1816 and 1822, but of *this*, as it is stated, as *a balance of cash*, due by James at Whitsunday 1822, Scott could not have been aware when with

his own hand he wrote the missive letter. Sir Walter, I have said, was to be liable for all the debts contracted between 1816 and 1822, but to have the exclusive right of property in all the current funds, to enable him to pay off these debts, and as the deed bears, "to indemnify him for his advances on account of the copartnery"—*i.e.* from 1816 to 1822. Finally, JAMES BECOMES BOUND TO KEEP REGULAR AND DISTINCT BOOKS, WHICH ARE TO BE BALANCED ANNUALLY. Now, on looking at the import of this legal instrument, as well as the missive which it corroborated, and the prior communications between the parties, whom would an unbiassed reader suppose to have been the partner most benefited by this concern in time past,—whom to be the person most likely to have trespassed upon its credit, and embarrassed its resources?'

How did Mr. James Ballantyne perform his part of *this* contract? From January 1822 to May 1826, when the affairs were wound up, he was entitled to have drawn in all about £1750. He drew in all £7581, 15s. 5d. Of whose money? Assuredly not his own.

For Mr. Lockhart's explanation of the *Vidimus*, and of the refuter's construction and distortion of certain important items which go a long way towards accounting for the great increase in the accommodation bills, and show how improperly, and with what an appearance of wilful error, certain receipts and charges have been fixed upon Scott, which might with as much justice have been fixed upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or the Bank of Scotland, we must refer our readers to the pamphlet itself, and merely state these general results: That in 1823, the accommodations of James Ballantyne and Co. amounted to £36,000; that there is no shadow or scrap of evidence to show that any of these accommodation bills had been issued for Scott's private purposes; that it is made a matter of charge in the *Refutation* pamphlet that in 1826 they had increased to £46,000; that we now find that of this additional £10,000 Mr. James Ballantyne himself pocketed (calculating interest) more than £8000, and that all the expenses of stamps and renewals have to be charged against the remaining £2000; finally, that Scott, who is asserted to have ruined these Ballantynes by his ambition to become a landed proprietor, invested in all, up to June 1821, £29,083 in the purchase of land, having received since 1811 an official income of £1600 per annum, and gained, as an author, £80,000. Let any plain, unprejudiced man, who has learnt that

two and two make four, and who has moved in the world in the ordinary pursuits of life, put these facts together, read this correspondence with acknowledgments of error and misconduct on the part of the Messrs. Ballantyne repeated from day to day and urged from year to year—let him examine these transactions, and find that in every one which is capable of explanation now the parties are in their graves, the extravagance, thoughtlessness, recklessness, and wrong have been upon the part of these pigmies, and the truest magnanimity and forbearance on the side of the giant who upheld them, and under the shadow of whose protection they gradually came to lose sight of their own stature, and to imagine themselves as great as he—let any man divest himself of that lurking desire to carp and cavil over the actions of men who have raised themselves high above their fellows, which unhappily seems inherent in human nature, and bring to this subject but the calmest and most plodding consideration of facts and probabilities—and say whether it is possible to arrive at any conclusion but that Messrs. Ballantyne and the Messrs. Ballantyne's descendants owe a deep and lasting debt of gratitude to Sir Walter Scott as the originator of all the name, fame, and fortune they may possess, or to which they can ever aspire—and that this attempt to blacken the memory of the dead benefactor of their house would be an act of the basest and most despicable ingratitude, were it not one of the most puling and drivelling folly.

That Mr. James Ballantyne did not know at what time Abbotsford had ceased to stand 'between him and ruin,'—that he did not know, and well know, that Sir Walter Scott had made the settlement of it which he did upon his son's marriage, is next to impossible. All Edinburgh rung with it for days; the topic was canvassed in every bookseller's shop and discussed at every street corner; gossips carried it from door to door; advocates discoursed upon it in loquacious groups in the outer house; and the very boys at the High School bandied it from mouth to mouth. To Professor Wilson, Mr. Sheriff Cay, Mr. Peter Robertson, all the known men and women of Edinburgh, and all the unknown men and women also, it was notorious as the existence of Arthur's Seat or Holyrood. Is it to be believed that Mr. James Ballantyne alone, shut up in his printing-office in solitary admiration of his old critiques on Mrs. Siddons or his improvements in Scott's romances, was in ignorance of the fact while

it resounded through the city from end to end, or that he could have remained so for the space of nine long months? The insinuations put forth by the trustees and son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne respecting his marriage, and his throwing his wife's portion into the partnership fund at Scott's command, are no less monstrous. How stands this fact? Why, that but for Scott's kindness and goodness he never could have contracted it.—'I fear I am in debt for more than all I possess—to a lenient creditor, no doubt; but still the debt exists.'—'I am, *de jure et de facto*, wholly dependent on you.'—'All, and more than all, belonging ostensibly to me, is, I presume, yours.'—'God be praised *that, after all your cruel vexations, you know the extent of your loss. It has been great, but few men have such resources.*' Such are the terms in which Mr. James Ballantyne addresses his 'dear friend and benefactor' when, being deep in love as well as in debt, he solicits that aid from his lenient creditor, which, after all the cruel loss and vexation, the latter did not withhold.

Ruin! ruin brought upon the Ballantynes by Scott—by Scott, who aided and assisted them at every turn, from the first hour when he found Mr. James Ballantyne, a poor and struggling tradesman in a small Scotch town, down to those later days when the same patronage and notice enabled him to affect criticism and taste, Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses, and to get a good business—which would have been a better one if he had minded it—and to leave it to this very son, who is made to talk about his father having cast his bread upon the waters, and so forth, in a style not unworthy of Mr. James Ballantyne's own extravagant solemnity! Ruin! Where are the signs and tokens of this ruin? Are they discernible in the position of Mr. James Ballantyne at any one time after he had fluttered, butterfly-like, into Edinburgh notoriety through the influence of Scott, but for whom he would have lived and died a grub at Kelso? Are they manifest in the present condition of his son, who has acquired and inherited an honourable trade which he will do well to stick to, disregarding the promptings of weak and foolish friends? Good God! How much of the profits of the last edition of the Waverley Novels has gone to the schooling, apprenticing, boarding, lodging, washing, clothing, and feeding of this very young man, and in how different a manner would he have been schooled, apprenticed, boarded, lodged, washed, clothed, and fed, without them!

There is nothing in the whole of these transactions, which, to our mind, casts the smallest doubt or suspicion upon Sir Walter Scott, save in one single particular. His repeated forgiveness of his careless partners, and his constant and familiar association with persons so much beneath a man of his transcendent abilities and elevated station, lead us to fear that he turned a readier ear than became him to a little knot of toad-eaters and flatterers.

II

[September 29, 1839]

It is not our intention to administer to the diseased craving after notoriety so conspicuous in 'the trustees and son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne,' by noticing this pamphlet[1] of theirs at any length, or entering into a minute examination of its details. Its general character may be described in a very few words.

From first to last there is visible throughout it, the same want of understanding of their own position, the same confounding of Mr. James Ballantyne with Sir Walter Scott, the same preposterous and inflated notions that the Ballantynes are great public characters, the same stilted imitation of the man who played the cock to Garrick's *Hamlet*, which these gentlemen have before displayed, and upon which we have already had occasion to observe. The major part of the contradictions which are given to Mr. Lockhart are founded upon partial statements of documents to which the contradicting parties *only* have access, and which may very possibly be susceptible of different or wider construction; other contradictions are based upon mere inferences and assumptions, than which none of Mr. Lockhart's are less probable, while many are more so; on other points loose denials are hazarded, or pretended indifference

[1] *Reply to Mr. Lockhart's Pamphlet, entitled 'The Ballantyne Humbug Handled.'* By the authors of a 'Refutation of the Misstatements and Calumnies contained in Mr. Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*, respecting the Messrs. Ballantyne.' Longman and Co.

shown, when there are, both living and accessible, parties whose evidence might be of great importance, and who—carefully sought out and canvassed when they have a word to say or write which will tell in favour of the pamphleteers—are kept most scrupulously at a distance when their testimony might prove unfavourable.

It still remains, untouched and unquestioned by any of the lengthy and grandiloquent statements of this bulky pamphlet, a clear and indisputable fact that Sir Walter Scott was the architect of the Ballantyne fortunes; that he raised Messrs. James and John from obscurity, brought them into notice and established for them good connexions; and finally, that Mr. James did at last and after all his alleged misfortunes leave to his son, for a sufficient support and maintenance, that creditable business to which he has succeeded, and which was founded and altogether made by Sir Walter Scott. He left to his children beside what this very lofty and aspiring young gentleman, the son of Mr. James aforesaid, calls 'an inheritance of four or five thousand pounds,' and which we—taking into consideration that Mr. James had always lived pretty gaily and close upon his means—would humbly suggest was rather more than they might have expected, and quite enough to have made all his sons, heirs, trustees, and descendants, contented and grateful.

We should not have bestowed so many words upon this 'reply' but for certain documents which appear in the appendix; and we have sufficient faith in the manly feeling of the deceased Mr. James Ballantyne — who, notwithstanding his solemn conceit and very laughable exaggeration of his intellectual and social position, seems to have been on the whole an estimable person—we place credit enough in his love and reverence for Sir Walter Scott, in his gratitude and esteem for that true benefactor and most condescending friend, to believe he would rather have submitted to be burnt alive than have his name disgraced, and every feeling of honourable confidence violated, by their publication.

In this appendix there are set forth—wholly unconnected with the text of the reply—not referred to—not called for in any way—the following, among other letters from Sir Walter Scott to Mr. James Ballantyne; printed and published now, to show Mr. James Ballantyne the printer as the great patron of Sir Walter Scott the author, the dispenser to him and his family of bread and cheese and clothing while he worked at his death!

Dear Sir,—Please to settle the enclosed accompt, Falkner and Co., for £94 odds, and place the same to my debit in accompt.—Your obedient Servant, Walter Scott.

Edinburgh, 29th *June*.
Mr. James Ballantyne, Printer,
Edinburgh, Canongate.

Dear James,—I will be obliged to you *for twenty-four pounds sterling, being for a fortnight's support for my family*.—Yours truly,
Walter Scott.

Castle Street, 23rd *January*.
Mr. James Ballantyne.

October 15, 1820.

Sir,—You will find beneath an order on Mr. James Ballantyne to settle your account by payment or acceptance, which will be the same as if I did so myself. I could wish to be furnished with these bills before they exceed £50, for your convenience as well as mine.—I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant, Walter Scott.

Abbotsford, 13th *October*.
Mr. Blackwood, *etc.*

Sir,—Be pleased to settle with Messrs. Blackwood, mercers, etc., Edinburgh, an accompt due by my family to them, amounting in sum to £218 sterling, and this by payment, or a bill at short date, as most convenient, and place the amount to my debit in accompting.—I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant, Walter Scott.

Abbotsford, 13th *October* 1820.

If Mr. Thompson will take the trouble to call on Mr. James Ballantyne, printer, Paul's Work, Canongate, and show Mr. Ballantyne this note, he will receive payment of his accompt of thirty-three pounds odds, for hay and corn due by Sir Walter Scott. Walter Scott.

Castle Street, 8th *July*.

July 13, 1825.

Lady Scott, with best compliments to Mr. Ballantyne, takes the liberty of enclosing him two of Miss Scott's bills, which have been omitted being added with her own, and might occasion some difficulty in the settling of them, as Misses Jollie and Brown are giving up business. Lady Scott has many apologies to make for giving all this trouble, and having also to request that, when he is so obliging to settle her account with Mr. Pringle the butcher, that he would also settle her last account with him, that she may be quite clear with him. Lady Scott thinks that her second account will amount nearly to £40.

Castle Street, *Saturday morning*.

Now, we ask all those who have been cheered and delighted by the labours of this great man, who have hearts to feel or heads to understand his works, and in whose mouths the creations of his brain are familiar as household words—we ask all those who, in the ordinary transactions of common life, have respect for delicacy and honour,—What sympathy are they prepared to show to the trustees and son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne, who, unable sufficiently to revenge their quarrel with Mr. Lockhart upon Mr. Lockhart himself, presume to turn upon the subjects of his biography, and seek a retaliation in means so pitiful and disgusting as these?

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT[1]

[July 16, 1842]

You may perhaps be aware that during my stay in America I lost no opportunity of endeavouring to awaken the public mind to a sense of the unjust and iniquitous state of the law in that country, in reference to the wholesale piracy of British works.

Having been successful in making the subject one of general discussion in the United States, I carried to Washington, for presentation to Congress by Mr. Clay, a petition from the whole body of American authors, earnestly praying for the enactment of an international copyright law. It was signed by Mr. Washington Irving, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Cooper, and every man who has distinguished himself in the literature of America; and has since been referred to a select committee of the House of Representatives.

To counteract any effect which might be produced by that petition, a meeting was held in Boston—which, you will remember, is the seat and stronghold of learning in the United States—at which a memorial against any change in the existing state of things in this respect was agreed to, with but one dissentient voice. This document, which, incredible as it may appear to you, was actually forwarded to Congress, and received, deliberately stated that if English authors were invested with any control over the republication of their own books, it would be no longer possible for American editors to alter and adapt them (as they do now) to the American taste!

[1] Appeared also in the *Athenæum* and other papers.

This memorial was, without loss of time, replied to by Mr. Prescott, who commented, with the natural indignation of a gentleman and a man of letters, upon its extraordinary dishonesty. I am satisfied that this brief mention of its tone and spirit is sufficient to impress you with the conviction, that it becomes all those who are in any way connected with the literature of England to take that high stand to which the nature of their pursuits and the extent of their sphere and usefulness justly entitle them; to discourage the upholders of such doctrines by every means in their power, and to hold themselves aloof from the remotest participation in a system, from which the moral sense and honourable feeling of all just men must instinctively recoil.

For myself, I have resolved that I will never from this time enter into any negotiation with any person for the transmission, across the Atlantic, of early proofs of anything I may write, and that I will forego all profit derivable from such a source. I do not venture to urge this line of proceeding upon you, but I would beg to suggest, and to lay great stress upon the necessity of observing, one other course of action, to which I cannot too emphatically call your attention.

The persons who exert themselves to mislead the American public on this question, to put down its discussion, and to suppress and distort the truth in reference to it in every possible way, are (as you may easily suppose) those who have a strong interest in the existing system of piracy and plunder; inasmuch as, so long as it continues, they can gain a very comfortable living out of the brains of other men, while they would find it very difficult to earn bread by the exercise of their own. These are the editors and proprietors of newspapers almost exclusively devoted to the republication of popular English works. They are, for the most part, men of very low attainments, and of more than indifferent reputation; and I have frequently seen them, in the same sheet in which they boast of the rapid sale of many thousand copies of an English reprint, coarsely and insolently attacking the author of that very book, and heaping scurrility and slander upon his head.

I would therefore entreat you, in the name of the honourable pursuit with which you are so intimately connected, never to hold correspondence with any of these men, and never to negotiate with them for the sale of early proofs of any work over which you have

control; but to treat, on all occasions, with some respectable American publishing house, and with such an establishment only.

Our common interest in this subject, and my advocacy of it, single-handed, on every occasion that has presented itself during my absence from Europe, form my excuse for addressing you.

And I am, faithfully yours.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate,
Regent's Park,
7th July 1842.

MACREADY AS 'BENEDICK'

[March 4, 1843]

Much Ado about Nothing and *Comus* were repeated on Tuesday to a crowded house.[1] They were received with no less enthusiasm than on the night of Mr. Macready's benefit, and are announced for repetition twice a week.

We are desirous to say a few words of Mr. Macready's performance of *Benedick*; not because its striking merits require any commendation to those who witness it—as is sufficiently shown by its reception—but because justice is scarcely done to his impersonation of the character, as we think, by some of those who have reported upon it for the nobility and gentry (not quite so limited a one as could be desired, perhaps), who seldom enter a theatre unless it be a foreign one; or who, when they do repair to an English temple of the drama, would seem to be attracted thither solely by an amiable desire to purify, by their presence, a scene of vice and indecorum; and who select their place of entertainment accordingly.

There are many reasons why a tragic actor incurs considerable risk of failing to enlist the sympathies of his audience when he appears in comedy. In the first place, some people are rather disposed to take it ill that he should make them laugh who has so often made them cry. In the second, he has not only to make the impression which he seeks to produce in that particular character, but has to render it, at once, so obvious and distinct, as to cast into

[1] Drury Lane Theatre.

oblivion for the time all the host of grave associations with which he is identified. Lastly, there is a very general feeling abroad in reference to all the arts, and every phase of public life, that the path which a man has trodden for many years—even though it should be the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire—must be of necessity his allotted one, and that it is, as a matter of course, the only one in which he is qualified to walk.

First impressions, too, even with persons of a cultivated understanding, have an immense effect in settling their notions of a character; and it is no heresy to say that many people unconsciously form their opinion of such a creation as *Benedick*, not so much from the exercise of their own judgment in reading the play, as from what they have seen bodily presented to them on the stage. Thus, when they call to mind that in such a place Mr. A. or Mr. B. used to stick his arms akimbo and shake his head knowingly; or that in such another place he gave the pit to understand, by certain confidential nods and winks, that in good time they should see what they should see; or in such another place, swaggered; or in such another place, with one hand clasping each of his sides, heaved his shoulders as with laughter; they recall his image, not as the Mr. A. or B. aforesaid, but as Shakespeare's *Benedick*—the real *Benedick* of the book, not the conventional *Benedick* of the boards—and missing any familiar action, miss, as it were, something of right belonging to the part.

Against all these difficulties Mr. Macready has had to contend, as any such man must, in his performance of *Benedick*, and yet before his very first scene was over on the first night of the revival, the whole house felt that there was before them a presentment of the character so fresh, distinct, vigorous, and enjoyable, as they could not choose but relish, and go along with, delightedly, to the fall of the curtain.

If it be beyond the province of what we call genteel comedy—a term which Shakespeare would have had some difficulty in understanding, perhaps — to make people laugh, then, assuredly, Mr. Macready is far from being a genteelly comic *Benedick*. But as we find him—*Signior Benedick* of Padua, that is, not the *Benedick* of this or that theatrical company—the constant occasion of merriment among the persons represented in *Much Ado about Nothing*, 'all mirth,' as *Don Pedro* has it, 'from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot'; and as we find him, in particular, constantly moving to

laughter both the *Prince* and *Claudio*, who may be reasonably supposed to possess their share of refined and courtier-like behaviour; we venture to think that those who sit below the salt, or t' other side the lamps, should laugh also. And that they did and do, both loud and long, let the ringing walls of Drury Lane bear witness.

Judging of it by analogy; by comparison with anything we know in nature, literature, art; by any test we can apply to it, from within us or without, we can imagine no purer or higher piece of genuine comedy than Mr. Macready's performance of the scene in the orchard after emerging from the arbour. As he sat, uneasily cross-legged, on the garden chair, with that face of grave bewilderment and puzzled contemplation, we seemed to be looking on a picture by Leslie. It was just such a figure as that excellent artist, in his fine appreciation of the finest humour, might have delighted to produce. Those who consider it broad, or farcical, or overstrained, cannot surely have considered all the train and course of circumstances leading up to that place. If they take them into reasonable account, and try to imagine for a moment how any master of fiction would have described *Benedick's* behaviour at that crisis—supposing it had been impossible to contemplate the appearance of a living man in the part, and therefore necessary to describe it at all—can they arrive at any other conclusion than that such ideas as are here presented by Mr. Macready would have been written down? Refer to any passage in any play of Shakespeare's, where it has been necessary to describe, as occurring beyond the scene, the behaviour of a man in a situation of ludicrous perplexity; and by that standard alone (to say nothing of any mistaken notion of natural behaviour that may have suggested itself at any time to Goldsmith, Swift, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Scott, or other such unenlightened journeymen) criticise, if you please, this portion of Mr. Macready's admirable performance.

The nice distinction between such an aspect of the character as this, and the after love scenes with *Beatrice*, the challenging of *Claudio*, or the gay endurance and return of the *Prince's* jests at last, was such as none but a master could have expressed, though the veriest tyro in the house might feel its truth when presented to him. It occurred to us that Mr. Macready's avoidance of *Beatrice* in the second act was a little too earnest and real; but it is hard dealing to find so slight a blemish in such a finished and exquisite per-

formance. For such, in calm reflection, and not in the excitement of having recently witnessed it, we unaffectedly and impartially believe it to be.

The other characters are, for the most part, exceedingly well played. *Claudio*, in the gay and gallant scenes, has an efficient representative in Mr. Anderson; but his perfect indifference to *Hero's* supposed death is an imputation on his good sense, and a disagreeable circumstance in the representation of the play, which we should be heartily glad to see removed. Mr. Compton has glimpses of *Dogberry*, though iron was never harder than he. If he could but derive a little oil from his contact with Keeley (whose utter absorption in his learned neighbour is amazing), he would become an infinitely better leader of the *Prince's* Watch. Mrs. Nisbett is no less charming than at first, and Miss Fortescue is more so, from having a greater share of confidence in her bearing, and a somewhat smaller nosegay in her breast. Both Mr. Phelps and Mr. W. Bennett deserve especial notice, as acting at once with great spirit and great discretion.

Let those who still cling to the opinion that the Senate of ancient Rome represented by five-shillings' worth of supernumerary assistance huddled together at a rickety table, with togas above the cloth and corduroys below, is more gratifying and instructive to behold than the living Truth presented to them in *Coriolanus* during Mr. Macready's management of Covent Garden,—let such admirers of the theatre track the mazes of the wild wood in *Comus*, as it is now produced; let them look upon the stage, what time

> 'He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,
> Like stabbed wolves, or tigers at their prey,
> Doing abhorred rights to Hecate
> In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers,'

—and reconcile their previous notions with any principle of human reason, if they can.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED TO INQUIRE INTO THE CONDITION OF THE PERSONS VARIOUSLY ENGAGED IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

[June 3, 1843]

It can scarcely be necessary for us to remind our readers that a Commission under the Great Seal was appointed some months since, to inquire into the deplorable amount of ignorance and superstition alleged to prevail in the University of Oxford; concerning which, the representatives of that learned body in the Commons' House of Parliament, had then, and have since, at divers times, publicly volunteered the most alarming and astounding evidence. The Commission was addressed to those gentlemen who had investigated the moral condition of the Children and Young Persons employed in Mines and Manufactories; it being wisely considered that their opportunities of reporting on the darkness of Colleges as compared with Mines, and on the prejudicial atmosphere of Seats of Learning as compared with Seats of Labour, would be highly advantageous to the public interest, and might possibly open the public eyes.

The Commissioners have ever since been actively engaged in pursuing their inquiries into this subject, and deducing from the mass of evidence such conclusions as appeared to them to be warranted by the facts. Their Report is now before us, and though it has not yet been presented to Parliament, we venture to give it entire.

The Commissioners find:

First, with regard to Employment—

That the intellectual works in the University of Oxford are, in all essential particulars, precisely what they were when it was first established for the Manufacture of Clergymen. That they alone have stood still (or, in the very few instances in which they have moved at all, have moved backward), when all other works have

advanced and improved. That the nature of the employment in which the young persons are engaged is, by reason of its excessive dust and rust, extremely pernicious and destructive. That they all become short-sighted in a most remarkable degree; that, for the most part, they lose the use of their reason at a very early age, and are seldom known to recover it. That the most hopeless and painful extremes of deafness and blindness are frequent among them. That they are reduced to such a melancholy state of apathy and indifference as to be willing to sign anything, without asking what it is, or knowing what it means; which is a common custom with these unhappy persons, even to the extent of nine-and-thirty articles at once. That, from the monotonous nature of their employment, and the dull routine of their unvarying drudgery (which requires no exercise of original intellectual power, but is a mere parrot-like performance), they become painfully uniform in character and perception, and are reduced to one dead level (a very dead one, as your Commissioners believe) of mental imbecility. That cramps and paralysis of all the higher faculties of the brain are the ordinary results of this system of labour. And your Commissioners can truly add, that they found nothing in the avocations of the miners of Scotland, the knife-grinders of Sheffield, or the workers in iron of Wolverhampton, one-half so prejudicial to the persons engaged therein, or one-half so injurious to society, as this fatal system of employment in the University of Oxford.

Secondly, with regard to the Prevailing Ignorance—

That the condition of the University of Oxford, under this head, is of the most appalling kind; insomuch that your Commissioners are firmly of opinion that, taking all the attendant circumstances into consideration, the Young Persons employed in Mines and Manufactories are enlightened beings, radiant with intelligence, and overflowing with the best results of knowledge, when compared with the persons, young and old, employed in the Manufacture of Clergymen at Oxford. And your Commissioners have been led to this conclusion: not so much by the perusal of prize poems, and a due regard to the very small number of Young Persons accustomed to University Employment who distinguish themselves in after life, or become in any way healthy and wholesome; as by immediate reference to the evidence taken on the two Commissions, and an impartial consideration of the two classes of testimony, side by side.

That it is unquestionably true that a boy was examined under the Children's Employment Commission, at Brinsley, in Derbyshire, who had been three years at school, and could not spell 'Church'; whereas there is no doubt that the persons employed in the University of Oxford can all spell Church with great readiness, and, indeed, very seldom spell anything else. But, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that, in the minds of the persons employed in the University of Oxford, such comprehensive words as justice, mercy, charity, kindness, brotherly love, forbearance, gentleness, and Good Works, awaken no ideas whatever; while the evidence shows that the most preposterous notions are attached to the mere terms Priest and Faith. One young person, employed in a Mine, had no other idea of a Supreme Being than 'that he had heard him constantly damned at'; but use the verb to damn, in this horrible connection, with the Fountain Head of Mercy, in the active sense, instead of in the passive one; and make the Deity the nominative case instead of the objective; and how many persons employed in the University of Oxford have their whole faith in, and whole knowledge of, the Maker of the World, presented in a worse and far more impious sentence!

That the answers of persons employed in the said University, to questions put to them by the Sub-Commissioners in the progress of this inquiry, bespoke a moral degradation infinitely lower than any brought to light in Mines and Factories, as may be gathered from the following examples. A vast number of witnesses being interrogated as to what they understood by the words Religion and Salvation, answered Lighted Candles. Some said water; some, bread; others, little boys; others mixed the water, lighted candles, bread, and little boys all up together, and called the compound, Faith. Others again, being asked if they deemed it to be matter of great interest in Heaven, and of high moment in the vast scale of creation, whether a poor human priest should put on, at a certain time, a white robe or a black one; or should turn his face to the East or to the West; or should bend his knees of clay; or stand, or worm on end upon the earth, said 'Yes, they did': and being further questioned, whether a man could hold such mummeries in his contempt, and pass to everlasting rest, said boldly, 'No.' (*See evidence of Pusey and others.*)

And one boy (quite an old boy, too, who might have known

better) being interrogated in a public class, as to whether it was his opinion that a man who professed to go to church was of necessity a better man than one who went to chapel, also answered 'Yes'; which your Commissioners submit, is an example of ignorance, besotted dulness, and obstinacy, wholly without precedent in the inquiry limited to Mines and Factories; and is such as the system of labour adopted in the University of Oxford could alone produce. (*See evidence of Inglis.*) In the former Commission, one boy anticipated all examination by volunteering the remark, 'that he warn't no judge of nuffin'; but the persons employed in the University of Oxford, almost to a man, concur in saying 'that they ain't no judges of nuffin' (with the unimportant exception of other men's souls); and that, believing in the divine ordination of any minister to whom they may take a fancy, 'they ain't answerable for nuffin to nobody'; which your Commissioners again submit is an infinitely worse case, and is fraught with much greater mischief to the general welfare. (*See the evidence in general.*)

We humbly represent to your Majesty that the persons who give these answers, and hold these opinions, and are in this alarming state of ignorance and bigotry, have it in their power to do much more evil than the other ill-qualified teachers of Young Persons employed in Mines and Factories, inasmuch as those were voluntary instructors of youth, who can be removed at will, and as the public improvement demands, whereas these are the appointed Sunday teachers of the empire, forced by law upon your Majesty's subjects, and not removable for incompetence or misconduct otherwise than by certain overseers called Bishops, who are, in general, more incompetent and worse conducted than themselves. Wherefore it is our loyal duty to recommend to your Majesty that the pecuniary, social, and political privileges now arising from the degradation and debasement of the minds and morals of your Majesty's subjects, be no longer granted to these persons; or at least that if they continue to exercise an exclusive power of conferring Learned degrees and distinctions, the titles of the same be so changed and altered, that they may in some degree express the tenets in right of which they are bestowed. And this, we suggest to your Majesty, may be done without any great violation of the true Conservative principle: inasmuch as the initial letters of the present degrees (not by any means the least important parts of them) may still be retained as

Bachelor of Absurdity, Master of Arrogance, Doctor of Church Lunacy, and the like.

All which we humbly certify to your Majesty.

THOMAS TOOKE (L.S.)
T. SOUTHWOOD SMITH (L.S.)
LEONARD HORNER (L.S.)
ROBT. J. SAUNDERS (L.S.)

WESTMINSTER, *June* 1, 1843.

IGNORANCE AND CRIME [1]

[APRIL 22, 1848]

A REMARKABLE document, and one suggesting many weighty considerations and supplying much important evidence in reference to the alliance of crime with ignorance, has been recently published by the Government. It is a statement of the number of persons taken into custody by the Metropolitan Police, summarily disposed of, and tried and convicted in the year 1847; to which are appended certain comparative statements from the years 1831 to 1847 inclusive.

In one part of this return the various trades and professions of the various persons taken into custody in the course of the year, are set forth in detail. Although this information is necessarily imperfect, in the absence of an accurate statistical return, set forth side by side with it, of the gross number of persons pursuing each of such trades or professions in the metropolis, it is very curious. Out of a total of between forty-one and forty-two thousand male offenders distributed over seventy-nine trades, twelve thousand four hundred and ten are labourers, of whom one-twelfth offended against the vagrant laws. Next in point of number come sailors, who exceed eighteen hundred. Next, the carpenters, who are about a hundred below the sailors. Next, the shoemakers, who muster some six hundred weaker than the carpenters. Next, the tailors, who are about a hundred in the rear of the shoemakers. Next, the bricklayers, who are again about a hundred below the tailors. And so on down to four sheriff's officers, three clergymen, and one umbrella-

[1] The Manuscript of this article is in the Dyce and Forster Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and bears the title of 'London Crime.' It is here printed from the MS.

maker. Nor are the offences of each class less notable. Thus, of the three clergymen, one is drunk, one disorderly, and one pugilistic; which is exactly the case with the sheriff's officers. The solitary umbrella-maker figures as a murderer. Of five parish officers, one is a suspicious character, one a horse stealer, and three commit assaults. Of sixteen postmen, seven steal money from letters, and six get drunk. Butchers are more disposed to common assaults than to any other class of offence. The chief weakness of carpenters is drunkenness; after that, a disposition to assault the lieges; after that, a tendency to petty larceny. Tailors, as we all know, are disorderly in their drink, and pot-valiant. Female servants are greatly tempted into theft. Ill-paid milliners and dressmakers would seem to lapse the most into such offences as may be supposed to arise from, or to lead to, prostitution.

One extraordinary feature of the tables, is the immense number of persons who have no trade or occupation, which may be stated, in round numbers, as amounting to eleven thousand one hundred out of forty-one thousand men, and to seventeen thousand one hundred out of twenty thousand five hundred women. Of this last-mentioned number of women, nine thousand can neither read nor write, eleven thousand can only read, or read and write imperfectly, and only fourteen can read and write well! The proportion of total ignorance, among the men, is as thirteen thousand out of forty-one thousand; only one hundred and fifty out of all that forty-one thousand can read and write well; and no more knowledge than the mere ability to blunder over a book like a little child, or to read and write imperfectly, is possessed by the rest. This state of mental comparison is what has been commonly called 'education' in England for a good many years. And that ill-used word might, quite as reasonably, be employed to express a teapot.

It should be remembered that the very best aspect of this widely diffused ignorance among criminals, is presented through the medium of these returns, and that they are probably unduly favourable to the attainments of these wretched persons. It is one of the properties of ignorance to believe itself wiser than it is. Striking instances are within our knowledge in which this alleged ability to read well, and write a little—appearing to be claimed by offenders in perfect good faith—has proved, on examination, scarcely to include the lowest rudiments of a child's first primer. Of this vast

number of women who have no trade or occupation—seventeen thousand out of twenty thousand—it is pretty certain that an immense majority have never been instructed in the commonest household duties, or the plainest use of needle and thread. Every day's experience in our great prisons shows the prevailing ignorance in these respects among the women who are constantly passing and repassing through them, to be scarcely less than their real ignorance of the arts of reading and writing and the moral ends to which they conduce. And in the face of such prodigious facts, sects and denominations of Christians quarrel with each other and leave the prisons full up and ever filling with people who begin to be educated within the prison walls!

The notion that education for the general people is comprised in the faculty of tumbling over words, letter by letter, and syllable by syllable, like the learned pig, or of making staggering pothooks and hangers inclining to the right, has surely had its day by this time, and a long day too. The comfortable conviction that a parrot acquaintance with the Church Catechism and the Commandments is enough shoe-leather for poor pilgrims by the Slough of Despond, sufficient armour against the Giants Slay-Good and Despair, and a sort of Parliamentary train for third-class passengers to the beautiful Gate of the City, must be pulled up by the roots, as its growth will overshadow this land. Side by side with Crime, Disease, and Misery in England, Ignorance is always brooding, and is always certain to be found. The union of Night with Darkness is not more certain and indisputable. Schools of Industry, schools where the simple knowledge learned from books is made pointedly *useful*, and immediately applicable to the duties and business of life, directly conducive to order, cleanliness, punctuality, and economy—schools where the sublime lessons of the New Testament are made the superstructure to be reared, enduringly, on such foundations; not frittered away piece-meal into harassing intelligibilities, and associated with weariness, languor, and distaste, by the use of the Gospel as a dog's-eared spelling-book, than which nothing in what is called instruction is more common, and nothing more to be condemned—schools on such principles, deep as the lowest depth of Society, and leaving none of its dregs untouched, are the only means of removing the scandal and the danger that beset us in this nineteenth century of our Lord. Their motto they may take from More: 'Let the

State prevent vices, and take away the occasions for offences by well ordering its subjects, and not by suffering wickedness to increase, afterward to be punished.'

Old Sir Peter Laurie's sagacity does not appear by these returns to have quite 'put down' suicide yet. It has remained almost as steady, indeed, as if the world rejoiced in no such magnate. Four years ago, the number of metropolitan suicides committed in a twelvemonth was one hundred and fifty-five; last year it was one hundred and fifty-two: not to mention two thousand persons reported last year to the police as lost or missing, of whom only half were found again.

THE CHINESE JUNK

[June 24, 1848]

The shortest road to the Celestial Empire is by the Blackwall railway. You may take a ticket, through and back, for a matter of eighteen pence. With every carriage that is cast off on the road—at Stepney, Limehouse, Poplar, West India docks—thousands of miles of space are cast off too, the flying dream of tiles and chimney-pots, backs of squalid houses, frowzy pieces of waste ground, narrow courts and streets, swamps, ditches, masts of ships, gardens of dock-weed, and unwholesome little bowers of scarlet beans, whirls away in half a score of minutes. Nothing is left but China.

How the flowery region ever got, in the form of the junk *Keying*, into the latitude and longitude where it is now to be found, is not the least part of the marvel. The crew of Chinamen aboard the *Keying* devoutly believed that their good ship would arrive quite safe, at the desired port, if they only tied red rags enough upon the mast, rudder, and cable. Perhaps they ran short of rag, through bad provision of stores; certain it is, that they had not enough on board to keep them from the bottom, and would most indubitably have gone there, but for such poor aid as could be rendered by the skill and coolness of a dozen English sailors, who brought this extraordinary craft in safety over the wide ocean.

THE CHINESE JUNK

If there be any one thing in the world that it is not at all like, that thing is a ship of any kind. So narrow, so long, so grotesque, so low in the middle, so high at each end (like a China pen-tray), with no rigging, with nowhere to go to aloft, with mats for sails, great warped cigars for masts, gaudy dragons and sea monsters disporting themselves from stem to stern, and, on the stern, a gigantic cock of impossible aspect, defying the world (as well he may) to produce his equal—it would look more at home at the top of a public building, at the top of a mountain, in an avenue of trees, or down in a mine, than afloat on the water. Of all unlikely callings with which imagination could connect the Chinese lounging on the deck, the most unlikely and the last would be the mariner's craft. Imagine a ship's crew, without a profile among them, in gauze pinafores and plaited hair; wearing stiff clogs, a quarter of a foot thick in the sole; and lying at night in little scented boxes, like backgammon men or chess pieces, or mother of pearl counters!

The most perplexing considerations obtrude themselves on your mind when you go down in the cabin. As, what became of all those lanterns hanging to the roof, when the junk was out at sea? Whether they dangled there, banging and beating against each other, like so many jesters' baubles? Whether the idol, Chin Tee, of the eighteen arms, enshrined in a celestial Puppet Show, in the place of honour, ever tumbled out in heavy weather? Whether the incense and the joss-stick still burnt before her with a faint perfume and a little thread of smoke, while the mighty waves were roaring all around? Whether that preposterous umbrella in the corner was always spread, as being a convenient maritime instrument for walking about the decks with, in a storm? Whether all the cool and shiny little chairs and tables were continually sliding about and bruising each other, and if not, why not? Whether anybody, on the voyage, ever read those two books printed in characters like bird-cages and fly-traps? Whether the Mandarin passenger, He Sing, who had never been ten miles from home in his life before, lying sick on a bamboo couch in a private China closet of his own (where he is now perpetually writing autographs for inquisitive barbarians), ever began to doubt the potency of the goddess of the sea, whose counterfeit presentment, like a flowery monthly nurse, occupies the sailors' joss-house in the second

gallery? Whether it is possible that the said Mandarin, or the artist of the ship, Sam Sing, Esquire, R.A., of Canton, *can* ever go ashore without a walking staff of cinnamon, agreeably to the usage of their likenesses in British tea-shops? Above all, whether the hoarse old ocean can ever have been seriously in earnest with this floating toy shop, or merely played with it in lightness of spirit —roughly, but meaning no harm—as the bull did with the china-shop, on St. Patrick's day in the morning?

Here, at any rate, is the doctrine of finality beautifully worked out, and shut up in a corner of a dock near the Whitebait-house at Blackwall, for the edification of men. Thousands of years have passed away since the first Chinese junk was constructed on this model; and the last Chinese junk that was ever launched was none the better for that waste and desert of time. In all that interval, through all the immense extent of the strange kingdom of China—in the midst of its patient and ingenious, but never advancing art, and its diligent agricultural cultivation—not one new twist or curve has been given to a ball of ivory; not one blade of experience has been grown.

The general eye has opened no wider, and seen no farther, than the mimic eye upon this vessel's prow, by means of which she is supposed to find her way; or has been set in the flowery-head to as little purpose, for thousands of years. Sir Robert Inglis, member for the University of Oxford, ought to become Ty Kong or managing man of the *Keying*, and nail the red rag of his party to the mast for ever.

There is no doubt, it appears, that if any alteration took place, in this junk or any other, the Chinese form of government would be destroyed. It has been clearly ascertained by the wise men and lawgivers that to make the cock upon the stern (the Grand Falcon of China) by a feather's breadth a less startling phenomenon, or to bring him within the remotest verge of ornithological possibility, would be to endanger the noblest institutions of the country. For it is a remarkable circumstance in China (which is found to obtain nowhere else) that although its institutions are the perfection of human wisdom, and are the wonder and envy of the world by reason of their stability, they are constantly imperilled in the last degree by very slight occurrences. So, such wonderful contradictions as the neatness of the *Keying's* cups and saucers, and the ridiculous

rudeness of her guns and rudder, continue to exist. If any Chinese maritime generation were the wiser for the wisdom of the generation gone before, it is agreed upon by all the Ty Kongs in the navy that the Chinese constitution would immediately go by the board, and that the church of the Chinese Bonzes would be effectually done for.

It is pleasant, coming out from behind the wooden screen that encloses this interesting and remarkable sight (which all who can, should see), to glance upon the mighty signs of life, enterprise, and progress that the great river and its busy banks present. It is pleasant, coming back from China by the Blackwall railway, to think that WE trust no red rags in storms, and burn no joss-sticks before idols; that WE never grope our way by the aid of conventional eyes which have no sight in them; and that, in our civilisation, we sacrifice absurd forms to substantial facts. The ignorant crew of the *Keying* refused to enter on the ship's books, until 'a considerable amount of silvered paper, tinfoil, and joss-sticks' had been laid in, by the owners, for the purposes of their worship; but OUR seamen —far less our bishops, priests, and deacons—never stand out upon points of silvered paper and tinfoil, or the lighting up of joss-sticks upon altars! Christianity is not Chin-Teeism; and therein all insignificant quarrels as to means, are lost sight of in remembrance of the end.

There is matter for reflection aboard the *Keying* to last the voyage home to England again.

CRUIKSHANK'S 'THE DRUNKARD'S CHILDREN'

[JULY 8, 1848]

A 'SEQUEL TO THE BOTTLE'[1] seems to us to demand a few words by way of gentle protest. Few men have a better right to erect themselves into teachers of the people than Mr. George Cruikshank. Few men have observed the people as he has done, or know them

[1] The Drunkard's Children. A Sequel to the Bottle. In eight Plates. By George Cruikshank.

better; few are more earnestly and honestly disposed to teach them for their good; and there are very, very few artists, in England or abroad, who can approach him in his peculiar and remarkable power.

But this teaching, to last, must be fairly conducted. It must not be all on one side. When Mr. Cruikshank shows us, and shows us so forcibly and vigorously, that side of the medal on which the people in their crimes and faults are stamped, he is bound to help us to a glance at that other side on which the government that forms the people, with all *its* faults and vices, is no less plainly impressed. Drunkenness, as a national horror, is the effect of many causes. Foul smells, disgusting habitations, bad workshops and workshop customs, want of light, air, and water, the absence of all easy means of decency and health, are commonest among its common, everyday, physical causes. The mental weariness and languor so induced, the want of wholesome relaxation, the craving for *some* stimulus and excitement, which is as much a part of such lives as the sun is; and, last and inclusive of all the rest, ignorance, and the need there is amongst the English people of reasonable, rational training, in lieu of mere parrot-education, or none at all; are its most obvious moral causes. It would be as sound philosophy to issue a series of plates under the title of The Physic Bottle, or the Saline Mixture, and, tracing the history of typhus fever by such means, to refer it all to the gin-shop, as it is to refer Drunkenness thither and to stop there. Drunkenness does not begin there. It has a teeming and reproachful history anterior to that stage; and at the remediable evil in that history, it is the duty of the moralist, if he strikes at all, to strike deep and spare not.

Hogarth avoided the Drunkard's Progress, we conceive, precisely because the causes of drunkenness among the poor were so numerous and widely spread, and lurked so sorrowfully deep and far down in all human misery, neglect, and despair, that even *his* pencil could not bring them fairly and justly into the light. That he was never contented with beginning at the effect, witness the Miser (his shoe new-soled with the binding of his Bible) dead before the Young Rake begins his career; the worldly father, listless daughter, impoverished nobleman, and crafty lawyer in the first plate of the *Mariage à la Mode*; the detestable advances in the Stages of Cruelty; and the progress downward of Thomas Idle! That he did not spare that

kind of drunkenness which was of more 'respectable' engenderment, his midnight modern conversation, the election plates, and a crowd of stupid aldermen and other guzzlers, amply testify. But after one immortal journey down Gin Lane, he turned away in grief and sorrow—perhaps in hope of better things one day, from better laws, and schools, and poor men's homes—and went back no more. It is remarkable of that picture, that while it exhibits drunkenness in its most appalling forms, it forces on the attention of the spectator a most neglected, wretched neighbourhood (the same that is only just now cleared away for the extension of Oxford Street) and an unwholesome, indecent, abject condition of life, worthy to be a Frontispiece to the late Report of the Sanitary Commissioners, made nearly one hundred years afterwards. We have always been inclined to think the purpose of this piece not adequately stated, even by Charles Lamb. 'The very houses seem absolutely reeling,' it is true; but they quite as powerfully indicate some of the more prominent causes of intoxication among the neglected orders of society, as any of its effects. There is no evidence that any of the actors in the dreary scene have ever been much better off than we find them. The best are pawning the commonest necessaries, and tools of their trades, and the worst are homeless vagrants who give us no clue to their having been otherwise in bygone days. All are living and dying miserably. Nobody is interfering for prevention or for cure in the generation going out before us, or the generation coming in. The beadle (the only sober man in the composition except the pawnbroker) is mightily indifferent to the orphan-child crying beside its parent's coffin. The little charity-girls are not so well taught or looked after, but that they can take to dram-drinking already. The church is very prominent and handsome, but coldly surveys these things, in progress underneath the shadow of its tower (it was in the year of grace eighteen hundred and forty-eight that a Bishop of London first came out respecting something wrong in poor men's social accommodations), and is passive in the picture. We take all this to have a meaning, and to the best of our knowledge it has not grown obsolete in a century.

Whereas, to all such considerations Mr. Cruikshank gives the go-by. The hero of the Bottle, and father of these children, lived in undoubted comfort and good esteem until he was some five-and-thirty years of age, when, happening, unluckily, to have a goose for

dinner one day, in the bosom of his thriving family, he jocularly sent out for a bottle of gin, and persuaded his wife (until then a pattern of neatness and good housewifery) to take a little drop, after the stuffing, from which moment the family never left off drinking gin, and rushed downhill to destruction, very fast.

Entertaining the highest respect for Mr. Cruikshank's great genius, and no less respect for his motives in these publications, we deem it right on the appearance of a sequel to the Bottle, to protest against this. First, because it is a compromising of a very serious and pressing truth; secondly, because it will, in time, defeat the end these pictures are designed to bring about. There is no class of society so certain to find out their weak place, as the class to which they are especially addressed. It is particularly within their knowledge and experience.

In the present series we trace the brother and sister whom we left in that terrible representation of the father's madness with which the first series closed, through the career of vice and crime then lowering before them. The gin-shop, beer-shop, and dancing-rooms receive them in turn. They are tried for a robbery. The boy is convicted, and sentenced to transportation; the girl acquitted. He dies, prematurely, on board the hulks; and she, desolate and mad, flings herself from London Bridge into the night-darkened river.

The power of this closing scene is extraordinary. It haunts the remembrance, like an awful reality. It is full of passion and terror, and we question whether any other hand could so have rendered it. Nor, although far exceeding all that has gone before, as such a catastrophe should, is it without the strongest support all through the story. The death-bed scene on board the hulks—the convict who is composing the face—and the other who is drawing the screen round the bed's head—are masterpieces, worthy of the greatest painter. The reality of the place, and the fidelity with which every minute object illustrative of it is presented, are quite surprising. But the same feature is remarkable throughout. In the trial scene at the Old Bailey the eye may wander round the court, and observe everything that is a part of the place. The very light and atmosphere of the reality are reproduced with astonishing truth. So in the gin-shop and the beer-shop; no fragment of the fact is indicated and slurred over, but every shred of it is honestly made out. It is curious, in closing the book, to recall the number of faces we have

THE WRETCHED CONVICT DROOPS AND DIES.

seen that have as much individual character and identity in our remembrance as if we had been looking at so many living people of flesh and blood. The man behind the bar in the gin-shop, the barristers round the table in court, the convicts already mentioned, will be, like the figures in the pictures of which the Spanish Friar spoke to Wilkie, realities, when thousands of living shadows shall have passed away. May Mr. Cruikshank linger long behind to give us many more of such realities, and to do with simple means, such as are used here, what the whole paraphernalia and resources of Art could not effect, without a master hand!

The Sequel to the Bottle is published at the same price as its predecessor. The eight large plates may be bought for a shilling!

THE NIGER EXPEDITION

[August 19, 1848]

It might be laid down as a very good general rule of social and political guidance, that whatever Exeter Hall champions, is the thing by no means to be done. If it were harmless on a cursory view, if it even appeared to have some latent grain of common-sense at the bottom of it—which is a very rare ingredient in any of the varieties of gruel that are made thick and slab by the weird old women who go about, and exceedingly roundabout, on the Exeter Hall platform—such advocacy might be held to be a final and fatal objection to it, and to any project capable of origination in the wisdom or folly of man.

The African Expedition, of which these volumes[1] contain the melancholy history, is in no respect an exception to the rule. Exeter Hall was hot in its behalf, and it failed. Exeter Hall was hottest on its weakest and most hopeless objects, and in those it failed (of course) most signally. Not, as Captain Allen justly claims

[1] 'Narrative of the Expedition sent by Her Majesty's Government to the River Niger in 1841, under the command of Captain H. D. Trotter, R.N.' By Captain William Allen, R.N., Commander of H.M.S. *Wilberforce*, and T. R. H. Thomson, M.D., one of the medical officers of the Expedition. Published with the sanction of the Colonial Office and the Admiralty. Two vols. Bentley.

for himself and his gallant comrades, not through any want of courage and self-devotion on the part of those to whom it was entrusted—the sufferings of all, the deaths of many, the dismal wear and tear of stout frames and brave spirits, sadly attest the fact;—but because, if the ends sought to be attained are to be won, they must be won by other means than the exposure of inestimable British lives to certain destruction by an enemy against which no gallantry can contend, and the enactment of a few broad farces for the entertainment of a King Obi, King Boy, and other such potentates, whose respect for the British force is, doubtless, likely to be very much enhanced by their relishing experience of British credulity in such representations, and our perfect impotency in opposition to their climate, their falsehood, and deceit.

The main ends to be attained by the Expedition were these: The abolition, in great part, of the Slave-Trade, by means of treaties with native chiefs, to whom were to be explained the immense advantages of general unrestricted commerce with Great Britain in lieu thereof; the substitution of free for slave labour in the dominions of those chiefs; the introduction into Africa of an improved system of agricultural cultivation; the abolition of human sacrifices; the diffusion among those Pagans of the true doctrines of Christianity; and a few other trifling points, no less easy of attainment. A glance at this short list, and a retrospective glance at the great number of generations during which they have all been comfortably settled in our own civilised land, never more to be the subjects of dispute, will tend to materially remove any aspect of slight difficulty they may present. To make the treaties, certain officers of the Expedition were constituted her Majesty's Commissioners. To render them attractive to the native chiefs, a store of presents was provided. And to enforce them, 'one or more small forts' were to be built, on land to be bought for the purpose on the banks of the Niger; which forts were 'to assist in the abolition of the Slave-Trade, and further the innocent trade of her Majesty's subjects.' The Niger was to be explored, the resources and productions of the country were to be inquired into and reported on, and various important and scientific observations, astronomical, geographical, and otherwise, were to be made; but these were by the way. A Model Farm was to be established by an agricultural society at home; and besides allowing stowage-room on board the

ship for its various stores, implements, etc., the Admiralty granted a free passage to Mr. Alfred Carr, a West Indian gentleman of colour, engaged as its superintendent. By all these means combined, as Dr. Lushington and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton wrote to Lord John Russell, who was then Colonial Secretary, the people of Africa were 'to be awakened to a proper sense of their own degradation.'

On this awakening mission three vessels were appointed. They were flat-bottomed iron steam vessels, built for the purpose. The *Albert* and the *Wilberforce*, each 139 feet 4 inches in length, and 27 feet in breadth of beam, and drawing 6 feet water, were in all respects exactly alike. The *Soudan*, intended for detached service, was much smaller, and drew a foot and a half less water. They were very ingeniously conceived, with certain rudder-tails and sliding keels for sea service; but they performed most unaccountable antics in bad weather, and had a perverse tendency to go to leeward, which nothing would conquer. Dr. Reid fitted them up with what 'My Lords' describe as an ingenious and costly ventilating apparatus, the preparation of which occasioned a loss of much valuable time, and the practical effect of which was to suffocate the crews. 'That truly amiable Prince,' the Prince Consort, came on board at Woolwich, and gave a handsome gold chronometer to each of the three captains. The African Civilisation Society came down with a thousand pounds. The Church of England Missionary Society provided a missionary and a catechist. Exeter Hall, in a ferment, was for ever blocking up the gangway. At last, on the 12th of May 1841, at half-past six in the morning, the line of battleships anchored in Plymouth Sound gave three cheers to the Expedition as it steamed away, unknowing, for 'the Gate of the Cemetery.' Such was the sailors' name, thereafter, for the entrance to the fatal river whither they were bound.

At Sierra Leone, in the middle of June following, the interpreters were taken on board, together with some liberated Africans, their wives and children, who were engaged there by Mr. Carr, as labourers on the Model Farm. Also a large gang of Krumen to assist in working the vessels, and to save the white men as much as possible from exposure to the sun and heavy rains. Of these negroes —a faithful, cheerful, active, affectionate race—a very interesting account is given; which seems to render it clear that they, under

civilised direction, are the only hopeful human agents to whom recourse can ultimately be had for aid in working out the slow and gradual raising up of Africa. Those eminent Krumen, Jack Frying Pan, King George, Prince Albert, Jack Sprat, Bottle-of-Beer, Tom Tea Kettle, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and some four-score others, enrolled themselves on the ships' books, here, under Jack Andrews, their head man; and these being joined, at Cape Palmas, by Jack Smoke, Captain Allen's faithful servant and attendant in sickness in his former African expedition, the complement was complete. Thence the Expedition made for Cape Coast Castle, where much valuable assistance was derived from Governor MacLean; and thence for the Nun branch of the Niger —the Gate of the Cemetery.[1]

After a fortnight's voyage up the river the royal residence of King Obi was reached. A solemn conference with this sovereign was soon afterwards held on board the *Albert*. His Majesty was dressed in a sergeant-major's coat, given him by Lander, and a loose pair of scarlet trousers, presented to him on the same occasion,

[1] Most English readers will be as unwilling as the manly writers of these volumes, to leave one spot at Cape Coast Castle without a word of remembrance.

'In passing across the square within the walls, an object of deep interest presents itself in the little space containing all that was mortal of the late Mrs. McLean; the once well-known, amiable, and accomplished L. E. L. A plain marble slab, bearing the following inscription, is placed over the spot:

Hic jacet sepultum,
Omne quod mortale fuit
Letitiæ Elizabethæ McLean,
Quam egregia ornatam indole, Musis
Unice amatam. Omniumque amores
Secum trahentem; in ipso etatis flore,
Mors immatura rapuit.
Die Octobris xv., mdcccxxxviii. Ætatis xxxvi.
Quod spectas viator marmor vanum
Heu doloris monumentum
Conjux mærens erexit.

'The beams of the setting sun throw a rich but subdued colouring over the place, and as we stood in sad reflection on the fate of the gifted poetess, some fine specimens of the *Hirundo Senegalensis*, or African swallow, fluttered gracefully about, as if to keep watch over a spot sacred indeed to the Muses; while the noise of the surf, breaking on the not distant shore, seemed to murmur a requiem over departed genius.'

and a conical black velvet cap was stuck on his head in a slanting manner. The following extracts describe the process of

Treaty-making with Obi.

On being shown to the after-part of the quarter-deck, where seats were provided for himself and the Commissioners, he sat down to collect his scattered ideas, which appeared to be somewhat bewildered; and after a few complimentary remarks from Captain Trotter and the other Commissioners, the conference was opened.

Captain Trotter, Senior Commissioner, explained to Obi Osaï, that her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain had sent him and the three other gentlemen composing the Commission, to endeavour to enter into treaties with African chiefs for the abolition of the trade in human beings, which her Majesty and all the British nation held to be an injustice to their fellow-creatures, and repugnant to the laws of God; that the vessels which he saw were not trading-ships, but belonging to our Queen, and were sent, at great expense, expressly to convey the Commissioners appointed by her Majesty, for the purpose of carrying out her benevolent intentions, for the benefit of Africa. Captain Trotter therefore requested the King to give a patient hearing to what the Commissioners had to say to him on the subject.

Obi expressed himself through his interpreter, or 'mouth,' much gratified at our visit; that he understood what was said, and would pay attention.

The Commissioners then explained that the principal object in inviting him to a conference was, to point out the injurious effects to himself and to his people of the practice of selling their slaves, thus depriving themselves of their services for ever, for a trifling sum; whereas, if these slaves were kept at home, and employed in the cultivation of the land, in collecting palm oil, or other productions of the country for commerce, they would prove a permanent source of revenue. Obi replied, that he was very willing to do away with the slave-trade *if a better traffic could be substituted.*

Commissioners.—Does Obi sell slaves from his own dominions?

Obi.—No; they come from countries far away.

Commissioners.—Does Obi make war to procure slaves?

Obi.—When other chiefs quarrel with me and make war, I take all I can as slaves.

Commissioners.—What articles of trade are best suited to your people, or what would you like to be brought to your country?

OBI.—Cowries, cloth, muskets, powder, handkerchiefs, coral beads, hats—anything from the white man's country will please.

COMMISSIONERS.—You are the King of this country, as our Queen is the sovereign of Great Britain; but she does not wish to trade with you; she only desires that her subjects may trade fairly with yours. Would they buy salt?

OBI.—Yes.

COMMISSIONERS.—The Queen of England's subjects would be glad to trade for raw cotton, indigo, ivory, gums, camwood. Now have your people these things to offer in return for English trade goods?

OBI.—Yes.

COMMISSIONERS.—Englishmen will bring everything to trade but rum or spirits, which are injurious. If you induce your subjects to cultivate the ground, you will all become rich; but if you sell slaves, the land will not be cultivated, and you will become poorer by the traffic. If you do all these things which we advise you for your own benefit, our Queen will grant you, for your own profit and revenue, one out of every twenty articles sold by British subjects in the Abòh territory; so that the more you persuade your people to exchange native produce for British goods, the richer you will become. You will then have a regular profit, enforced by treaty, instead of trusting to a 'dash' or present, which depends on the willingness of the traders.

OBI.—I will agree to discontinue the slave-trade, but I expect the English to bring goods for traffic.

COMMISSIONERS.—The Queen's subjects cannot come here to trade, unless they are certain of a proper supply of your produce.

OBI.—I have plenty of palm oil.

COMMISSIONERS.—Mr. Schön, missionary, will explain to you in the Ibu language what the Queen wishes, and if you do not understand, it shall be repeated.

Mr. Schön began to read the address drawn up for the purpose of showing the different tribes what the views of the Expedition were; but Obi soon appeared to be tired of a palaver which lasted so much longer than those to which he was accustomed. He manifested some impatience, and at last said: 'I have made you a promise to drop this slave-trade, and do not wish to hear anything more about it.'

COMMISSIONERS.—Our Queen will be much pleased if you do, and you will receive the presents which she sent for you. When people in the white man's country sign a treaty or agreement, they always abide by it. The Queen cannot come to speak to you, Obi Osaï, but she sends us to make the treaty for her.

OBI.—I can only engage my word for my own country.

COMMISSIONERS.—You cannot sell your slaves if you wish, for our Queen has many warships at the mouth of the river, and Spaniards are afraid to come and buy there.

OBI.—I understand.

He seemed to be highly amused on our describing the difficulties the slave-dealers have to encounter in the prosecution of the trade; and on one occasion he laughed immoderately when told that our cruisers often captured slave-ships, with the cargo on board. We suspected, however, that much of his amusement arose from his knowing that slaves were shipped off at parts of the coast little thought of by us. The abundance of Brazilian rum in Abòh showed that they often traded with nations who have avowedly no other object.

It is not difficult to imagine that Obi was 'highly amused' with the whole 'palaver,' except when the recollection of its interposing between him and the presents made him restless. For nobody knew better than Obi what a joke it all was, as the result very plainly showed.

Some of the presents were now brought in, which Obi looked at with evident pleasure. His anxiety to examine them completed his inattention to the rest of the palaver.

COMMISSIONERS.—These are not all the presents that will be given to you. We wish to know if you are willing to stop boats carrying slaves through the waters of your dominions?

OBI.—Yes, very willing; except those I do not see.

COMMISSIONERS.—Also to prevent slaves being carried over your land?

OBI.—Certainly; but the English must furnish me and my people with arms, as my doing so will involve me in war with my neighbours.

Obi then retired for a short time to consult with his headmen.

COMMISSIONERS (*on his return*).—Have you power to make an agreement with the Commissioners in the name of all your subjects?

OBI.—I am the King. What I say is law. Are there two Kings in England? There is only one here.

COMMISSIONERS.—Understanding you have sovereign power, can you seize slaves on the river?

OBI.—Yes.

COMMISSIONERS.—You must set them free.

OBI.—Yes (*snapping his fingers several times*).

COMMISSIONERS.—The boats must be destroyed.

OBI.—I will break the canoe, but kill no one.

COMMISSIONERS.—Suppose a man of war takes a canoe, and it is proved to be a slaver, the officer's word must be taken by the King. You, Obi, or some one for you, can be present to see justice done.

OBI.—I understand.

COMMISSIONERS.—Any new men coming henceforth to Abòh are not to be made slaves.

OBI.—Very good.

COMMISSIONERS.—If any King, or other person, sends down slaves, Obi must not buy them.

OBI.—I will not go to market to sell slaves.

COMMISSIONERS.—Any white men that are enslaved are to be made free.

The Commissioners here alluded to the case of the Landers, and asked Obi if he did not remember the circumstance of their being detained some time as slaves. Obi, turning round to his sons and headmen, appealed to them, and then denied all knowledge of Lander's detention.

COMMISSIONERS.—British people who settle in Abòh must be treated as friends, in the same way as Obi's subjects would be if they were in England.

OBI.—What you say to me I will hold fast and perform.

COMMISSIONERS.—People may come here, and follow their own religion without annoyance? Our countrymen will be happy to teach our religion, without which blessing we should not be prosperous as a nation as we now are.

OBI.—Yes, let them come; we shall be glad to hear them.

COMMISSIONERS.—British people may trade with your people; but whenever it may be in Abòh, one-twentieth part of the goods sold is to be given to the King. Are you pleased with this?

OBI.—Yes—'makka.'—It is good (*snapping his fingers*).

COMMISSIONERS.—Is there any road from Abòh to Benìn?

OBI.—Yes.

COMMISSIONERS.—They must all be open to the English.

OBI.—Yes.

COMMISSIONERS.—All the roads in England are open alike to all foreigners.

OBI.—In this way of trade I am agreeable.

COMMISSIONERS.—Will Obi let the English build, cultivate, buy and sell, without annoyance?

OBI.—Certainly.

COMMISSIONERS.—If your people do wrong to them, will you punish them?

OBI.—They shall be judged, and if guilty, punished.

COMMISSIONERS.—When the English do wrong, Obi must send word to an English officer, who will come and hold a palaver. You must not punish white people.

OBI.—I assent to this. (*He now became restless and impatient.*)

COMMISSIONERS.—If your people contract debts with the English, they must be made to pay them.

OBI.—They shall be punished if they do not.

COMMISSIONERS.—The Queen may send an agent?

OBI.—If any Englishman comes to reside, I will show him the best place to build a house and render him every assistance.

. . . . . .

COMMISSIONERS.—Obi must also give every facility for forwarding letters, etc., down the river, so that the English officer who receives them may give a receipt, and also a reward for sending them.

OBI.—Very good (*snapping his fingers*).

COMMISSIONERS.—Have you any opportunity of sending to Bonny?

OBI.—I have some misunderstanding with the people intermediate between Abòh and Bonny; but I can do it through the Brass people.

COMMISSIONERS.—Will you agree to supply men of war with firewood, provisions, etc. etc., at a fair and reasonable price?

OBI.—Yes, certainly.

The Commissioners requested Mr. Schön, the respected missionary, *to state to King Obi, in a concise manner, the difference between the Christian religion and heathenism,* together with some description of the settlement at Sierra Leone.

MR. SCHÖN.—There is but one God.

OBI.—*I always understood there were two.*[1]

Mr. Schön recapitulated the Decalogue and the leading truths of the Christian faith, and then asked Obi if this was not a good religion, to which he replied, with a snap of his fingers, 'Yes, very good' (makka).

Obi concluded the conference by remarking very emphatically 'that he wanted this palaver settled; that he was tired of so much talking, and that he wished to go on shore.' He finally said, with great impatience, 'that this Slave Palaver was all over now, and he didn't wish to hear anything more of it.'

[1] Some former traveller—Lander, perhaps—had possibly bewildered Obi with the Athanasian Creed.

The upshot of the Slave Palaver was, that Obi agreed to every article of the proposed treaty, and plighted his troth to it then and there amidst a prodigious beating of tom-toms, which lasted all night. Of course he broke the treaty on the first opportunity (being one of the falsest rascals in Africa), and went on slave-dealing vigorously. When the expedition became helpless and disabled, newly captured slaves, chained down to the bottoms of canoes, were seen passing along the river in the heart of this same Obi's dominions.

The following is curious:—

OBI ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

28*th*. Agreeably to his promise, Obi Osaï went on board the *Albert* this morning, where he was received by Captain Trotter and the Commissioners, with whom he breakfasted. His dress was not so gay as on his visit of yesterday, being merely a cotton jacket and trousers, much in want of a laundress, a red cap on his head, and some strings of coral, and teeth of wild beasts, round his neck, wrists, and ankles. He entered frankly into the views previously explained to him, and assented unhesitatingly to all required from him. It was, however, necessary that the Treaty, which had been drawn upon the basis of the draft furnished by Lord John Russell, with the addition of some articles relating especially to the free navigation of the river, should be again read and explained to Obi and his principal headmen, especially the heir-presumptive and the chief Ju-juman, much to their annoyance; and as all this occupied a long while, apparently to very little purpose, he completely turned against ourselves the charge we made against the black people—of not knowing the value of time. In agreeing to the additional article, binding the Chief and his people to the discontinuance of the horrid custom of sacrificing human beings, Obi very reasonably inquired what should be done with those who might deserve death as punishment for the commission of great crimes.

Something very like this question of Obi's has been asked, once or twice, by the very Government which sent out these 'devil-ships,' or steamers, to remodel his affairs for him; and the point has not been settled yet.

Now let us review this Diplomacy for a moment. Obi, though a savage in a sergeant-major's coat, may claim with Master Slender,

and perhaps with better reason, to be not altogether an ass. Obi knows, to begin with, that the English Government maintains a blockade, the object of which is to prevent the exportation of slaves from his native coasts, and which is inefficient and absurd. The very mention of it sets him a-laughing. Obi, sitting on the quarter-deck of the *Albert*, looking slyly out from under his savage forehead and his conical cap, sees before him her Majesty's white Commissioners from the distant blockade-country gravely propounding, at one sitting, a change in the character of his people (formed, essentially, in the inscrutable wisdom of God, by the soil they work on and the air they breathe)—the substitution of a religion it is utterly impossible he can appreciate or understand, be the mutual interpretation never so exact and never so miraculously free from confusion, for that in which he has been bred, and with which his priest and jugglers subdue his subjects, the entire subversion of his whole barbarous system of trade and revenue—and the uprooting, in a word, of all his, and his nation's, preconceived ideas, methods, and customs. In return for this, the white men are to trade with him by means of ships that are to come there one day or other; and are to quell infractions of the treaty by means of other white men, who are to learn how to draw the breath of life there, by some strong charm they certainly have not discovered yet. Can it be supposed that on this earth there lives a man who better knows than Obi, leering round upon the river's banks, the dull dead mangrove trees, the slimy and decaying earth, the rotting vegetation, that these are shadowy promises and shadowy threats, which he may give to the hot winds? In any breast in the white group about him, is there a dark presentiment of death (the pestilential air is heavier already with such whispers, to some noble hearts) half so certain as this savage's foreknowledge of the fate fast closing in? In the mind's eye of any officer or seaman looking on, is there a picture of the bones of white men bleaching in a pestilential land, and of the timbers of their poor, abandoned, pillaged ships, showing, on the shore, like gigantic skeletons, half so vivid as Obi's? 'Too much palaver,' says Obi, with good reason. 'Give me the presents and let me go home, and beat my tom-toms all night long, for joy!'

Yet these were the means by which the African people were to be awakened to a proper sense of their own degradation. For the

conclusion of such treaties with such powers, the useful lives of scholars, students, mariners, and officers—more precious than a wilderness of Africans—were thrown away!

There was another monarch at another place on the Niger, a certain Attàh of Iddàh, 'whose feet, enclosed in very large red leather boots, surrounded with little bells, dangled carelessly over the side of the throne,' who spoke through a State functionary, called the King's mouth, and who had this very orthodox notion of the Divine right: 'God made me after His image; I am all the same as God; and He appointed me a King.' With this good old sovereign a similar scene was enacted; and he, too, promised everything that was asked, and was particularly importunate to see the presents. He also was very much amused by the missionary's spectacles, it was supposed; and as royalty in these parts must not smile in public, the fan-bearers found it necessary to hide his face very often. The Attàh dines alone—like the Pope—and is equally infallible. Some land for the Model Farm was purchased of him, and the settlement established. The reading of the deed was very patiently attended to, 'unless,' say the writers of these volumes, with the frankness which distinguishes them—'unless we mistook apathy for such a laudable bearing.'

So much is done towards the great awakening of the African people. By this time the Expedition has been in the river five weeks; fever has appeared on board of all the ships in the river; for the last three days especially it has progressed with terrible rapidity. On board the *Soudan* only six persons can move about. On board the *Albert* the assistant surgeon lies at the point of death. On board the *Wilberforce* several are nearly at the same pass. Another day, and sixty in all are sick, and thirteen dead. 'Nothing but muttering delirium or suppressed groans are heard on every side on board the vessels.' Energy of character and strength of hope are lost, even among those not yet attacked. One officer, remarkable for fortitude and resignation, burst into tears on being addressed, and being asked the reason, replies that it is involuntary weakness produced by the climate; though it afterwards appears that, 'in addition to this cause, he has been disheartened, during a little repose snatched from his duties, by a feverish dream of home and family.' An anxious consultation is held. Captain Trotter decides to send the sick back to the sea, in the *Soudan*, but Captain

Allen knows the river will begin to fall straightway, and that the most unhealthy season will set in, and places his opinion on record that the ships had better all return, and make no further effort at that time to ascend the river.

Departure of the Sick

The *Soudan* was accordingly got ready with the utmost possible despatch to receive her melancholy cargo, and Commander W. Allen was directed to send his sick on board. That officer, however, feeling perfectly convinced from his former experience of the river, that in a very short time H.M.S. *Wilberforce* would be reduced to the necessity of following the *Soudan*, requested permission to send such only of the sick as might desire to go; especially as he considered—in which his surgeon, Dr. Pritchett, concurred—that the removal of the men in the state in which they were would be attended with great risk. Only six expressed a wish to leave; the others, sixteen in number, preferred to remain by their ship. One man, on being asked whether he would like to go, said he thought we had got into a very bad place, and the sooner we were out of it the better, but he would stay by his ship.

In order to have as much air as possible for the sufferers, and to keep them from the other men, Commander W. Allen had a large screened berth fitted on the upper deck, in the middle of the vessel, well protected from the sun and the dews at night, by thick awnings, from which was suspended a large punkah.

Sunday, 19th.—The *Soudan* came alongside the *Wilberforce* to receive our invalids, who took a melancholy farewell of their officers and messmates.

Prayers were read to the crews of both vessels. It was an affecting scene. The whole of one side of the little vessel was covered with invalids, and the cabins were full of officers; there was, indeed, no room for more.

The separation from so many of our companions under such circumstances could not be otherwise than painful to all;—the only cheering feature was in the hope that the attenuated beings who now departed would soon be within the influence of a more favourable climate, and that we might meet under happier auspices.

In a short time the steam was got up, and our little consort—watched by many commiserating eyes—rapidly glided out of view.

Only two or three days have elapsed since this change was

effected, and now the *Wilberforce* has thirty-two men sick of the fever, leaving only thirteen, officers and seamen, capable of duty. She, too, returns to the sea, on Captain Allen's renewed protest and another council; and the *Albert* goes on up the melancholy river alone.

THE 'WILBERFORCE ON HER RETURN

We proceeded through these narrow and winding reaches with feelings very different to those we experienced in ascending the river. Then the elasticity of health and hope gave to the scenery a colouring of exceeding loveliness. The very silence and solitude had a soothing influence which invited to meditation and pleasing anticipations for the future. Now it was the stillness of death,—broken only by the strokes and echoes of our paddle-wheels and the melancholy song of the leadsmen, which seemed the knell and dirge of our dying comrades. The palm-trees, erst so graceful in their drooping leaves, were now gigantic hearse-like plumes.

So she drops down to Fernando Po, where the *Soudan* is lying, on whose small and crowded decks death has been, and is still, busy. Commanding-officer, surgeons, seamen, engineers, marines, all sick, many dead. Captain Allen, with the sick on board the *Wilberforce*, sails for Ascension, as a last hope of restoring the sick; and the *Soudan* is sent back to assist the *Albert*. She meets her coming out of the Gate of the Cemetery; thus:

THE 'ALBERT' ON HER RETURN

It was a lovely morning, and the scenery about the river looked very beautiful, affording a sad contrast to the dingy and deserted look of the *Albert*.

Many were, of course, the painful surmises as to the fate of those on board. On approaching, however, the melancholy truth was soon told. The fever had been doing its direst work; several were dead, many dying, and of all the officers, but two, Drs. McWilliam and Stanger, were able to move about. The former presented himself and waved his hand, and one emaciated figure was seen to be raised up for a second. This was Captain Trotter, who in his anxiety to look at the *Soudan* again, had been lifted out of his cot.

A spectacle more full of painful contemplation could scarcely have been witnessed. Slowly and portentously, like a plague-ship filled with

its dead and dying, onwards she moved in charge of her generous pilot, Mr. Beecroft. Who would have thought that little more than two months previously she had entered that same river with an enterprising crew, full of life, and buoyant with bright hopes of accomplishing the objects on which all had so ardently entered?

The narrative of the *Albert's* solitary voyage, which occupied about a month, is given from the journal of Dr. McWilliam, and furnishes, to our thinking, one of the most remarkable instances of quiet courage and unflinching constancy of purpose that is to be found in any book of travel ever written. The sickness spreading, Captain Trotter falling very ill, officers, engineers, and men lying alike disabled, and the *Albert's* head turned, in the necessity of despair, once more towards the sea, the two doctors on board, Dr. McWilliam and Dr. Stanger—names that should ever be memorable and honoured in the history of truly heroic enterprise—took upon themselves, in addition to the duty of attending the sick, the task of navigating the ship down the river. The former took charge of her, the latter worked the engines, and, both persevering by day and night —through all the horrors of such a voyage, with their friends raving and dying around them, and some, in the madness of the fever, leaping overboard—brought her in safety to the sea. We would fain hope this feat would live, in Dr. McWilliam's few, plain, and modest words; and, better yet, in the grateful remembrance handed down by the survivors of this fatal expedition; when the desperate and cruel of whole generations of the world shall have fallen into oblivion.

Calling at the Model Farm as they came down the Niger, they found the superintendent, Mr. Carr, and the schoolmaster and gardener — both Europeans — lying prostrate with fever. These were taken on board the *Albert* and brought away for the restoration of their health; and the settlement—now mustering about forty natives, in addition to the people brought from Sierra Leone—was left in the charge of one Ralph Moore, an American negro emigrant.

The rest of the sad story is soon told. The sea-breeze blew too late on many wasted forms, to shed its freshness on them for their restoration, and Death, Death, Death was aboard the *Albert* day and night. Captain Trotter, as the only means of saving his life,

was with difficulty prevailed on to return to England; and after a long delay at Ascension and in the Bay of Amboises (in the absence of instructions from the Colonial Office), and when the Expedition, under Captain Allen, was on the eve of another hopeless attempt to ascend the Niger, it was ordered home. It being necessary to revisit the Model Farm, in obedience to orders, Lieutenant Webb, Captain Allen's first officer, immediately volunteered for that service; and with the requisite number of officers, and a black crew, took command of the *Wilberforce*, and once again went boldly up the fatal Niger. Disunion and dismay were rife at the Model Farm, on their arrival there; Mr. Carr, who had returned from Fernando Po when restored to health, had been murdered—by direction of 'King Boy,' it would appear, and not without strong suspicion of co-operation on the part of our friend Obi—and the settlement was abandoned. Obi (though he is somewhat unaccountably complimented by Dr. McWilliam) came out in his true colours on the *Wilberforce's* return, and, not being by any means awakened to a proper sense of his own degradation, appears to have evinced an amiable intention of destroying the crew and seizing the ship. Being baffled in this design, however, by the coolness and promptitude of Lieutenant Webb and his officers, the white men happily left him behind in his own country, where he is no doubt ready at this moment, if still alive, to enter into any treaty that may be proposed to him, with presents to follow; and to be highly amused again on the subject of the slave-trade, and to beat his tom-toms all night long for joy.

The fever, which wrought such terrible desolation in this and the preceding Expedition, becomes a subject of painful interest to the readers of these volumes. The length to which our notice has already extended, prevents our extracting, as we had purposed, the account of it which is given in the present narrative. Of the predisposing causes, little can be positively stated; for the most delicate chemical tests failed to detect, in the air or water, the presence of those deleterious gases which were very confidently supposed to exist in both. It is preceded either by a state of great prostration, or great excitement, and unnatural indifference; it develops itself on board ship about the fifteenth day after the ascent of the river is commenced; a close and sultry atmosphere without any breeze stirring, is the atmosphere most unfavourable to it; it appears to yield to calomel in the first instance, and strong doses of quinine afterwards,

more than to any other remedies; and it is remarkable that in cases of 'total abstinence' patients, it seems from the first to be hopelessly and surely fatal.

The history of this Expedition is the history of the Past, in reference to the heated visions of philanthropists for the railroad Christianisation of Africa and the abolition of the Slave-Trade. May no popular cry, from Exeter Hall or elsewhere, ever make it, as to one single ship, the history of the Future! Such means are useless, futile, and we will venture to add—in despite of hats broad-brimmed or shovel-shaped, and coats of drab or black, with collars or without—wicked. No amount of philanthropy has a right to waste such valuable life as was squandered here, in the teeth of all experience and feasible pretence of hope. Between the civilised European and the barbarous African there is a great gulf set.

The air that brings life to the latter brings death to the former. In the mighty revolutions of the wheel of time, some change in this regard may come about; but in this age of the world, all the white armies and white missionaries of the world would fall, as withered reeds, before the rolling of one African river. To change the customs even of civilised and educated men, and impress them with new ideas, is—we have good need to know it—a most difficult and slow proceeding; but to do this by ignorant and savage races, is a work which, like the progressive changes of the globe itself, requires a stretch of years that dazzles in the looking at. It is not, we conceive, within the likely providence of God, that Christianity shall start to the banks of the Niger, until it shall have overflowed all intervening space. The stone that is dropped into the ocean of ignorance at Exeter Hall, must make its widening circles, one beyond another, until they reach the negro's country in their natural expansion. There is a broad, dark sea between the Strand in London and the Niger, where those rings are not yet shining; and through all that space they must appear, before the last one breaks upon the shore of Africa. Gently and imperceptibly the widening circle of enlightenment must stretch and stretch, from man to man, from people on to people, until there is a girdle round the earth; but no convulsive effort, or far-off aim, can make the last great outer circle first, and then come home at leisure to trace out the inner one. Believe it, African Civilisation, Church of England Missionary, and all other Missionary Societies! The work at home must be com-

pleted thoroughly, or there is no hope abroad. To your tents, O Israel! but see they are your own tents! Set *them* in order; leave nothing to be done *there*; and outpost will convey your lesson on to outpost, until the naked armies of King Obi and King Boy are reached and taught. Let a knowledge of the duty that man owes to man, and to his God, spread thus, by natural degrees and growth of example, to the outer shores of Africa, and it will float in safety up the rivers, never fear!

We will not do injustice to Captain Allen's scheme of future operations, by reproducing it, shorn of its fair proportions. As a most distinguished officer and a highly accomplished gentleman, than whom there is no one living so well entitled to be heard on all that relates to Africa, it merits, and assuredly will receive, great attention. We are not, on the ground we have just now indicated, so sanguine as he; but there is sound wisdom in his idea of approaching the black man through the black man, and in his conviction that he can only be successfully approached by a studied reference to the current of his own opinions and customs instead of ours. So true is this, that it is doubtful whether any European save Bruce—who had a perfectly marvellous genius for accommodating himself, not only to the African character, but to every variety of character with which he came in contact—has ever truly won to himself a mingled sentiment of confidence, respect, and fear in that country. So little has our Government profited by his example, that one of the foremost objects of this very Expedition is to repeat the self-same mistake with which Clapperton so astonished the King Boy and King Obi of his time, by running head foremost at the abolition of the Slave-Trade; which, of all possible objects, is the most inconceivable, unpalatable, and astounding to these barbarians!

Captain Allen need be under no apprehension that the failure of the Expedition will involve his readers in any confusion as to the sufferings and deserts of those who sacrificed themselves to achieve its unattainable objects. No generous mind can peruse this narrative without a glow of admiration and sympathy for himself and all concerned. The quiet spot by Lander's tomb, lying beyond the paths of guava and the dark-leaved trees, where old companions dear to his heart lie buried side by side beneath the sombre and almost impenetrable brushwood, is not to be ungratefully remembered, or lightly forgotten. Though the African is not yet awakened to a proper

sense of his degradation, the resting-place of those brave men is sacred, and their history a solemn truth.

THE POETRY OF SCIENCE

[December 9, 1848]

Judging from certain indications scattered here and there in this book,[1] we presume that its author would not consider himself complimented by the remark that we are perhaps indebted for the publication of such a work to the author of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, who, by rendering the general subject popular, and awakening an interest and spirit of inquiry in many minds, where these had previously lain dormant, has created a reading public—not exclusively scientific or philosophical—to whom such offerings can be hopefully addressed. This, however, we believe to be the case; and in this, as we conceive, the writer of that remarkable and well-abused book has not rendered his least important service to his own time.

The design of Mr. Hunt's volume is striking and good. To show that the facts of science are at least as full of poetry, as the most poetical fancies ever founded on an imperfect observation and a distant suspicion of them (as, for example, among the ancient Greeks); to show that if the Dryades no longer haunt the woods, there is, in every forest, in every tree, in every leaf, and in every ring on every sturdy trunk, a beautiful and wonderful creation, always changing, always going on, always bearing testimony to the stupendous workings of Almighty Wisdom, and always leading the student's mind from wonder on to wonder, until he is wrapt and lost in the vast worlds of wonder by which he is surrounded from his cradle to his grave; it is a purpose worthy of the natural philosopher, and salutary to the spirit of the age. To show that Science, truly expounding Nature, can, like Nature herself, restore in some new form whatever she destroys; that, instead of binding us, as some would have it, in stern utilitarian chains, when she has freed

[1] The Poetry of Science, or Studies of the Physical Phenomena of Nature. By Robert Hunt. Reeve, Benham, and Reeve.

us from a harmless superstition, she offers to our contemplation something better and more beautiful, something which, rightly considered, is more elevating to the soul, nobler and more stimulating to the soaring fancy; is a sound, wise, wholesome object. If more of the learned men who have written on these themes had had it in their minds, they would have done more good, and gathered upon their track many followers on whom its feeblest and most distant trace has only now begun to shine.

Science has gone down into the mines and coal-pits, and before the safety-lamp the Gnomes and Genii of those dark regions have disappeared. But in their stead, the process by which metals are engendered in the course of ages; the growth of plants which, hundreds of fathoms underground, and in black darkness, have still a sense of the sun's presence in the sky, and derive some portion of the subtle essence of their life from his influence; the histories of mighty forests and great tracts of land carried down into the sea, by the same process which is active in the Mississippi and such great rivers at this hour; are made familiar to us. Sirens, mermaids, shining cities glittering at the bottom of the quiet seas and in deep lakes, exist no longer; but in their place, Science, their destroyer, shows us whole coasts of coral reef constructed by the labours of minute creatures, points to our own chalk cliffs and limestone rocks as made of the dust of myriads of generations of infinitesimal beings that have passed away; reduces the very element of water into its constituent airs, and re-creates it at her pleasure. Caverns in rocks, choked with rich treasures shut up from all but the enchanted hand, Science has blown to atoms, as she can rend and rive the rocks themselves; but in those rocks she has found, and read aloud, the great stone book which is the history of the earth, even when darkness sat upon the face of the deep. Along their craggy sides she has traced the footprints of birds and beasts, whose shapes were never seen by man. From within them she has brought the bones, and pieced together the skeletons, of monsters that would have crushed the noted dragons of the fables at a blow. The stars that stud the firmament by night are watched no more from lonely towers by enthusiasts or impostors, believing, or feigning to believe, those great worlds to be charged with the small destinies of individual men down here; but two astronomers, far apart, each looking from his solitary study up into the sky, observe, in a known

star, a trembling which forewarns them of the coming of some unknown body through the realms of space, whose attraction at a certain period of its mighty journey causes that disturbance. In due time it comes, and passes out of the disturbing path; the old star shines at peace again; and the new one, evermore to be associated with the honoured names of Le Verrier and Adams, is called Neptune! The astrologer has faded out of the castle turret-room (which overlooks a railroad now), and forebodes no longer that because the light of yonder planet is diminishing, my lord will shortly die; but the professor of an exact science has arisen in his stead, to *prove* that a ray of light must occupy a period of six years in travelling to the earth from the nearest of the fixed stars; and that if one of the remote fixed stars were 'blotted out of heaven' to-day, several generations of the mortal inhabitants of this earth must perish out of time, before the fact of its obliteration could be known to man!

This ample compensation, in respect of poetry alone, that Science has given us in return for what she has taken away, it is the main object of Mr. Hunt's book to elucidate. The subject is very ably dealt with, and the object very well attained. We might object to an occasional discursiveness, and sometimes we could have desired to be addressed in a plainer form of words. Nor do we quite perceive the force of Mr. Hunt's objection (at p. 307) to certain geological speculations; which we must be permitted to believe many intelligent men to be capable of making, and reasonably sustaining, on a knowledge of certain geological facts; albeit they are neither practical chemists nor palæontologists. But the book displays a fund of knowledge, and is the work of an eloquent and earnest man; and, as such, we are too content and happy to receive it, to enlarge on these points. We subjoin a few short extracts.

HOW WE 'COME LIKE SHADOWS, SO DEPART'

A plant exposed to the action of natural or artificial decomposition passes into air, leaving but a few grains of solid matter behind it. An animal, in like manner, is gradually resolved into 'thin air.' Muscle, and blood, and bones having undergone the change, are found to have escaped as gases, 'leaving only a pinch of dust,' which belongs to the more stable mineral world. Our dependency on the atmosphere is therefore evident. We derive our substance from it—we are, after death,

resolved again into it. We are really but fleeting shadows. Animal and vegetable forms are little more than consolidated masses of the atmosphere. The sublime creations of the most gifted bard cannot rival the beauty of this, the highest and the truest poetry of science. Man has divined such changes by the unaided powers of reason, arguing from the phenomena which Science reveals in unceasing action around him. The Grecian sage's doubts of his own identity was only an extension of a great truth beyond the limits of our reason. Romance and superstition resolve the spiritual man into a visible form of extreme ethereality in the spectral creations, 'clothed in their own horror,' by which their reigns have been perpetuated.

When Shakespeare made his charming Ariel sing—

> 'Full fathom five thy father lies,
> Of his bones are coral made,
> Those are pearls that were his eyes,
> Nothing of him that doth fade,
> But doth suffer a sea-change,
> Into something rich and strange'

he little thought how correctly he painted the chemical changes, by which decomposing animal matter is replaced by a siliceous or calcareous formation.

Why Mr. Hunt should be of opinion that Shakespeare 'little thought' how wise he was, we do not altogether understand. Perhaps he founds the supposition on Shakespeare's not having been recognised as a practical chemist or palæontologist.

We conclude with the following passage, which seems to us strikingly suggestive of the shortness and hurry of our little life which is rounded with a sleep, and the calm majesty of Nature.

RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF TIME TO MAN AND NATURE

All things on the earth are the result of chemical combination. The operation by which the commingling of molecules and the interchange of atoms take place, we can imitate in our laboratories; but in Nature they proceed by slow degrees, and, in general, in our hands they are distinguished by suddenness of action. In Nature chemical power is distributed over a long period of time, and the process of change is scarcely to be observed. By arts we concentrate chemical force, and expend it in producing a change which occupies but a few hours at most.

THE AMERICAN PANORAMA

[December 16, 1848]

A very extraordinary exhibition is open at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, under the title of 'Banvard's Geographical Panorama of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers.' With one or two exceptions, its remarkable claims to public notice seem scarcely to have been recognised as they deserve. We recommend them to the consideration of all holiday-makers and sight-seers this Christmas.

It may be well to say what the panorama is *not*. It is not a refined work of art (nor does it claim to be, in Mr. Banvard's modest description); it is not remarkable for accuracy of drawing, or for brilliancy of colour, or for subtle effects of light and shade, or for any approach to any of the qualities of those delicate and beautiful pictures by Mr. Stanfield which used, once upon a time, to pass before our eyes in like manner. It is not very skilfully set off by the disposition of the artificial light; it is not assisted by anything but a pianoforte and a seraphine.

But it is a picture three miles long, which occupies two hours in its passage before the audience. It is a picture of one of the greatest streams in the known world, whose course it follows for upwards of three thousand miles. It is a picture irresistibly impressing the spectator with a conviction of its plain and simple truthfulness, even though that were not guaranteed by the best testimonials. It is an easy means of travelling, night and day, without any inconvenience from climate, steamboat company, or fatigue, from New Orleans to the Yellow Stone Bluffs (or from the Yellow Stone Bluffs to New Orleans, as the case may be), and seeing every town and settlement upon the river's banks, and all the strange wild ways of life that are afloat upon its waters. To see this painting is, in a word, to have a thorough understanding of what the great American river is—except, we believe, in the colour of its water—and to acquire a new power of testing the descriptive accuracy of its best describers.

These three miles of canvas have been painted by one man, and there he is, present, pointing out what he deems most worthy of notice. This is history. Poor, untaught, wholly unassisted,

he conceives the idea—a truly American idea—of painting 'the largest picture in the world.' Some capital must be got for the materials, and the acquisition of that is his primary object. First, he starts 'a floating diorama' on the Wabash river, which topples over when people come to see it, and keeps all the company at the pumps for dear life. This entertainment drawing more water than money, and being set upon, besides, by robbers armed with bowie knives and rifles, is abandoned. Then he paints a panorama of Venice, and exhibits it in the West successfully, until it goes down in a steamer on the Western waters. Then he sets up a museum at St. Louis, which fails. Then he comes down to Cincinnati, where he does no better. Then, without a farthing, he rows away on the Ohio in a small boat, and lives, like a wild man, upon nuts; until he sells a revolving pistol which cost him twelve dollars, for five-and-twenty. With the proceeds of this commercial transaction he buys a larger boat, lays in a little store of calicoes and cottons, and rows away again among the solitary settlers along-shore, bartering his goods for bee's wax. Thus, in course of time, he earns enough to buy a little skiff, and go to work upon the largest picture in the world!

In his little skiff he travels thousands of miles, with no companions but his pencil, rifle, and dog, making the preparatory sketches for the largest picture in the world. Those completed, he erects a temporary building at Louisville, Kentucky, in which to paint the largest picture in the world. Without the least help, even in the grinding of his colours or the splitting of the wood for his machinery, he falls to work, and keeps at work; maintaining himself meanwhile, and buying more colours, wood, and canvas, by doing odd jobs in the decorative way. At last he finishes the largest picture in the world, and opens it for exhibition on a stormy night, when not a single 'human' comes to see it. Not discouraged yet, he goes about among the boatmen, who are well acquainted with the river, and gives them free admissions to the largest picture in the world. The boatmen come to see it, are astonished at it, talk about it. 'Our country' wakes up from a rather sullen doze at Louisville, and comes to see it too. The upshot is, that it succeeds; and here it is in London, with its painter standing on a little platform by its side explaining it; and probably, by this time next year, it and he may be in Timbuctoo.

Few can fail to have some interest in such an adventure and in such an adventurer, and they will both repay it amply. There is a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in the latter, which is very prepossessing; a modesty, and honesty, and an odd original humour, in his manner of telling what he has to tell, that give it a peculiar relish. The picture itself, as an indisputably true and faithful representation of a wonderful region—wood and water, river and prairie, lonely log hut and clustered city rising in the forest—is replete with interest throughout. Its incidental revelations of the different states of society, yet in transition, prevailing at different points of these three thousand miles—slaves and free republicans, French and Southerners; immigrants from abroad, and restless Yankees and Down-Easters ever steaming somewhere; alligators, store-boats, show-boats, theatre-boats, Indians, buffaloes, deserted tents of extinct tribes, and bodies of dead Braves, with their pale faces turned up to the night sky, lying still and solitary in the wilderness, nearer and nearer to which the outposts of civilisation are approaching with gigantic strides to tread their people down, and erase their very track from the earth's face — teem with suggestive matter. We are not disposed to think less kindly of a country when we see so much of it, although our sense of its immense responsibility may be increased.

It would be well to have a panorama, three miles long, of England. There might be places in it worth looking at, a little closer than we see them now; and worth the thinking of, a little more profoundly. It would be hopeful, too, to see some things in England, part and parcel of a *moving* panorama; and not of one that stood still, or had a disposition to go backward.

JUDICIAL SPECIAL PLEADING

[December 23, 1848]

It is unnecessary for us to observe that we have not the least sympathy with physical-force chartism in the abstract, or with the tried and convicted physical-force chartists in particular. Apart from the atrocious designs to which these men, beyond all question, willingly and easily subscribed, even if it be granted that such

extremes of wickedness were mainly suggested by the spies in whom their dense ignorance confided, they have done too much damage to the cause of rational liberty and freedom all over the world to be regarded in any other light than as enemies of the common weal, and the worst foes of the common people.

But, for all this, we would have the language of common-sense and knowledge addressed to these offenders—especially from the Bench. They need it very much; and besides that the truth should be spoken at all times, it is desirable that it should always appear in conjunction with the gravity and authority of the judicial ermine.

Mr. Baron Alderson, we regret to observe, opened the late special commission for the county of Chester with a kind of judicial special-constableism by no means edifying. In sporting phrase, he 'went in' upon the general subject of Revolution with a determination to win; and as nothing is easier than for a man, wigged or unwigged, to say what he pleases when he has all the talk to himself and there is nobody to answer him, he improved the occasion after a somewhat startling manner. It is important that it should not be left wholly unnoticed. On Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff's magic thermometer, at his apartment in Shoe Lane, the Church was placed between zeal and moderation; and Mr. Bickerstaff observed that if the enchanted liquor rose from the central point, Church, too high in zeal, it was in danger of going up to wrath, and from wrath to persecution. The substitution of 'Bench' for 'Church' by the wise old censor of Great Britain, would no doubt have been attended with the same result.

Mr. Baron Alderson informed the grand jury, for their edification, that 'previous to the Revolution in France, of 1790, the physical comforts possessed by the poor greatly exceeded those possessed by them subsequent to that event.' Before we pass to Mr. Baron Alderson's proof in support of this allegation, we would inquire whether, at this time of day, any rational man supposes that the first Revolution in France was an event that could have been avoided, or that is difficult to be accounted for, on looking back? Whether it was not the horrible catastrophe of a drama, which had already passed through every scene and shade of progress, inevitably leading on to that fearful conclusion? Whether there is any record, in the world's history, of a people among whom the arts and sciences,

and the refinements of civilised life existed, so oppressed, degraded, and utterly miserable, as the mass of the French population were before that Revolution? Physical comforts! No such thing was known among the French people—among *the people*—for years before the Revolution. They had died of sheer want and famine, in numbers. The hunting-trains of their kings had ridden over their bodies in the royal forests. Multitudes had gone about, crying and howling for bread, in the streets of Paris. The line of road from Versailles to the capital had been blocked up by starvation and nakedness pouring in from the departments. The tables spread by Egalité Orleans in the public streets had been besieged by the foremost stragglers of a whole nation of paupers, on the face of every one of whom the shadow of the coming guillotine was black. An infamous feudality and a corrupt government had plundered and ground them down, year after year, until they were reduced to a condition of distress which has no parallel. As their wretchedness deepened, the wantonness and luxury of their oppressors heightened, until the very fashions and customs of the upper classes ran mad from being unrestrained, and became monstrous.

'All,' says Thiers, 'was monopolised by a few hands, and the burdens bore upon a single class. The nobility and the clergy possessed nearly two-thirds of the landed property. The other third, belonging to the people, paid taxes to the king, a multitude of feudal dues to the nobility, the tithe to the clergy, and was, moreover, liable to the devastations of noble sportsmen and their game. The taxes on consumption weighed heavily on the great mass, and consequently on the people. The mode in which they were levied was vexatious. The gentry might be in arrear with impunity; the people, on the other hand, ill-treated and imprisoned, were doomed to suffer in body, in default of goods. They defended with their blood the upper classes of society, without being able to subsist themselves.'

Bad as the state of things was which succeeded to the Revolution, and must always follow any such dire convulsion, if there be anything in history that is certain, it is certain that the French people had NO physical comforts when the Revolution occurred. And when Mr. Baron Alderson talks to the grand jury of that Revolution being a mere struggle for 'political rights,' he talks (with due submission to him) nonsense, and loses an opportunity of pointing his

discourse to the instruction of the chartists. It was a struggle on the part of the people for social recognition and existence. It was a struggle for vengeance against intolerable oppressors. It was a struggle for the overthrow of a system of oppression, which in its contempt of all humanity, decency, and natural rights, and in its systematic degradation of the people, had trained them to be the demons that they showed themselves, when they rose up and cast it down for ever.

Mr. Baron Alderson's proof of his position would be a strange one, by whomsoever addressed, but is an especially strange one to be put forward by a high functionary, one of whose most important duties is the examination and sifting of evidence, with a view to its being better understood by minds unaccustomed to such investigations.

'It had been assumed, on very competent authority, that the physical comforts of the poor might be safely judged of by the quantity of meat consumed by the population; and, taking this as the criterion, the statistics of Paris gave the following results: In 1789, during the period of the old monarchy, the quantity of meat consumed was 147 lbs. per man; in 1817, after the Bourbon dynasty had been restored to the throne, subsequent to the Revolution, it was 110 lbs. 2 ozs. per man; and in 1827, the medium period between the restoration of the Bourbons and the present time, the average was still about 110 lbs.; while, after the Revolution of 1830, it fell to 98 lbs. 11 ozs., and at this period it was in all probability still less.'

The statistics, *of Paris*, in 1789! When the Court, displaying extraordinary magnificence, was in Paris; when the three orders, all the great dignitaries of the State, and all their immense train of followers and dependants, were in Paris; when the aristocracy, making their last effort at accommodation with the king, were in Paris, and remained there until the close of the year; when there was the great procession to the church of Notre Dame, in Paris; when the opening of the States-General took place, in Paris; when the Commons constituted themselves the National Assembly, in Paris; when the electors, assembled from sixty districts, refused to depart from Paris; when the garden of the Palais Royal was the scene of the nightly assemblage of more foreigners, debauchees, and loungers, than had ever been seen in Paris; when people came into

Paris from all parts of France; when there was all the agitation, uproar, revelling, banqueting, and delirium in Paris, which distinguished that year of great events;—when, in short, the meat-eating classes were all in Paris, and all at high-feasting in the whirl and fury of such a time!

Mr. Baron Alderson takes this very year of 1789, and dividing the quantity of meat consumed by the population of Paris, sets before the grand jury the childish absurdity of there having been 147 lbs. of meat per man, as a proof of the physical comforts of the people! This year of 1789 being on record as the hardest ever known by the French people since the disasters of Louis XIV., and the immortal charity of Fénelon! This year of 1789 being the year when Mirabeau was speaking in the Assembly of 'famished Paris'; when the king was forced to receive deputations of women who demanded bread; and when they rang out to all Paris, 'Bread! rise up for bread!' with the great bell of the Hôtel de Ville!

It would be idle to dissect such evidence more minutely. It is too gross and palpable. We will conclude with a final and grave reason, as it seems to us, for noticing this serious mistake on the part of Baron Alderson.

That learned judge is much deceived if he imagines that there are not, among the chartists, men possessed of sufficient information to detect such juggling, and make the most of it. Those active and mischievous agents of the chartists who live by lecturing will do more with such a charge as this, than they could do with all the misery in England for the next twelve months. In any common history of the French Revolution, they have the proof against Mr. Baron Alderson under their hands. The grade of education and intellect they address, is particularly prone to accept a brick as a specimen of a house, and its ready conclusion from such an exposition as this is, that the whole system which rules and restrains it is a falsehood and a cheat.

It was but the other day that Mr. Baron Alderson stated to some chartist prisoners, as a fact which everybody knew, that any man in England who was industrious and persevering could obtain political power. Are there no industrious and persevering men in England on whom this comfortable doctrine casts a slur? We rather think the chartist lecturers might find out some.

EDINBURGH APPRENTICE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

[December 30, 1848]

We cannot allow the annual report of this excellent educational society to appear, without a word of notice and approval. It records the interesting success of the apprentice schools during four years, and records, too, some of those impressive instances of individual perseverance and ardour in the pursuit of knowledge which any such undertaking, properly directed, is sure to bring to light.

These schools were established for the instruction of workmen and apprentices; a class of persons who have no such claim upon the public as is recognised (and righteously) in crime and social degradation, but who, having begun to labour for their daily bread early in life, and being usually at work when other schools were open, stood grievously in need of such assistance. Instruction is furnished from eight to ten o'clock in the evening, for the charge of fifteen pence monthly to each student; and although this is a far higher charge, we believe, than is made at the school in connexion with the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution for similar instruction to the apprentices *of members*, it cannot but be regarded as a very small one in the circumstances of the Edinburgh Association.

The usual results have followed this useful undertaking. 'The success of the Society's scheme,' says the report, 'has amply shown how truly such opportunities were wanted, and how gladly they have been received by the parties for whom they were designed. A steady increase has taken place in the numbers attending the classes, a marked improvement in the order and discipline of the scholars, and a decided advancement in the interest taken in their success, by all ranks of society.'

Mr. Sheriff Gordon, at the annual meeting some days ago, made these wise remarks:—

'I have not any perplexity or any hesitation about the Apprentice Schools. They cannot possibly do any harm, while their capability of doing good is not to be calculated by any single generation of men. There is no work so absolutely certain to remunerate in some way the

workman as the work laid out on the improvement of the human mind. It does not, of course, ensure anybody success, but it may make him contented and merry while he toils; it will not, perhaps, make the pot boil to-day, but by prompting quick thoughts for a sound head, it may keep alive hope and courage for the happier efforts of to-morrow; it may not in any worldly sense enrich a man at all, but it shall bestow such enjoyment on the hours of leisure—it shall impart such a relish to the intervals of friendship—it shall spread such a glow round the fireside at home, as we know that the miser cannot buy with all his hoards. (Applause.) . . . These are occupations which, if our working classes cling to them faithfully, are not only productive of present tranquillity, but are big with the largest interests of our future prosperity. I may feel as a magistrate even a selfish satisfaction in knowing that the working men of this city are being imbued with a thirst that has no affinity to the pernicious draught of intemperance, and that large numbers of them rather listen to the serene and sure-footed lessons of science than to the slippery clamours of a rash hesitation. But I am more glad as an humble individual member of this great commonwealth of Britain to hail and encourage the widest diffusion of knowledge. I see no peril in that whatever. For the effect of this movement will be that while the working classes are educating themselves in their leisure hours, the higher classes must take care that their education, to which they can devote so much more time, shall practically manifest its superiority, by an increasing vigour and an increasing wisdom in guiding the destinies and wielding the power of a community so enlightened.'

If we had had a few sheriffs like Mr. Sheriff Gordon on this side of the Tweed, years ago, our sheriffs would have had less to do at the foot of the gallows. He is a good and earnest man, and his earnestness begins at the right end. We have no fear but that Edinburgh, of all cities in the world, will support her sheriff in such views as these, and continue to maintain societies like these.

LEECH'S 'THE RISING GENERATION'

[December 30, 1848]

These are not stray crumbs that have fallen from Mr. Punch's well-provided table, but a careful reproduction by Mr. Leech, in a very graceful and cheerful manner, of one of his best series of designs.

Admirable as the 'Rising Generation' is in Mr. Punch's gallery, it shows to infinitely greater advantage in the present enlarged and separate form of publication.[1]

It is to be remarked of Mr. Leech that he is the very first English caricaturist (we use the word for want of a better) who has considered beauty as being perfectly compatible with his art. He almost always introduces into his graphic sketches some beautiful faces or agreeable forms; and in striking out this course and setting this example, we really believe he does a great deal to refine and elevate that popular branch of art which the facilities of steam printing and wood-engraving are rendering more popular every day.

If we turn back to a collection of the works of Rowlandson or Gilray, we shall find, in spite of the great humour displayed in many of them, that they are rendered wearisome and unpleasant by a vast amount of personal ugliness. Now, besides that it is a poor device to represent what is satirised as being necessarily ugly—which is but the resource of an angry child or a jealous woman—it serves no purpose but to produce a disagreeable result. There is no reason why the farmer's daughter in the old caricature who is squalling at the harpsichord (to the intense delight, by the bye, of her worthy father, the farmer, whom it is her duty to please) should be squab and hideous. The satire on the manner of her education, if there be any in the thing at all, would be just as good if she were pretty. Mr. Leech would have made her so. The average of farmers' daughters in England are not impossible lumps of fat. One is quite as likely to find a pretty girl in a farmhouse as to find an ugly one; and we think, with Mr. Leech, that the business of this style of art is with the pretty one. She is not only a pleasanter object in our portfolio, but we have more interest in her. We care more about what does become her, and does not become her. In Mr. Punch's *Almanack* for the new year, there is one illustration by Mr. Leech representing certain delicate creatures with bewitching countenances, encased in several varieties of that amazing garment, the ladies' paletot. Formerly these fair creatures would have been made as ugly and ungainly as possible, and there the point would have been lost, and the spectator, with a laugh at the absurdity of the

[1] The Rising Generation, a series of twelve Drawings on Stone. By John Leech. From his Original Designs in the Gallery of Mr. Punch. *Punch* Office.

whole group, would not have cared one farthing how such uncouth creatures disguised themselves, or how ridiculous they became.

But to represent female beauty as Mr. Leech represents it, an artist must have a most delicate perception of it, and the gift of being able to realise it to us with two or three slight, sure touches of his pencil. This power Mr. Leech possesses in an extraordinary degree.

For this reason, we enter our protest against those of the 'rising generation' who are precociously in love, being made the subject of merriment by a pitiless and unsympathising world. We never saw a boy more distinctly in the right than the young gentleman kneeling on the chair to beg a lock of hair from his pretty cousin, to take back to school. Madness is in her apron, and Virgil, dog's-eared and defaced, is in her ringlets. Doubts may suggest themselves of the perfect disinterestedness of this other young gentleman contemplating the fair girl at the piano—doubts engendered by his worldly allusion to 'tin' (though even that may arise in his modest consciousness of his own inability to support an establishment); but that he should be 'deucedly inclined to go and cut that fellow out,' appears to us one of the most natural emotions of the human breast. The young gentleman with the dishevelled hair and clasped hands, who loves the transcendent beauty with the bouquet, and can't be happy without her, is, to us, a withering and desolate spectacle. Who *could* be happy without her?

The growing boys, or the rising generation, are not less happily observed and agreeably depicted than the grown women. The languid little creature who 'hasn't danced since he was quite a boy,' is perfect, and the eagerness of the little girl whom he declines to receive for a partner at the hands of the glorious old lady of the house—her feet quite ready for the first position—her whole heart projected into the quadrille—and her glance peeping timidly at him out of her flutter of hope and doubt—is quite delightful to look at. The intellectual juvenile who awakens the tremendous wrath of a Norma of private life, by considering woman an inferior animal, is lecturing, this present Christmas, we understand, on the Concrete in connection with the Will. We recognise the legs of the philosopher who considers Shakespeare an over-rated man, dangling over the side of an omnibus last Tuesday. The scowling young gentleman who is clear that 'if his governor don't like the way he goes on in,

why, he must have chambers and so much a week,' is not of our acquaintance; but we trust he is by this time in Van Diemen's Land, or he will certainly come to Newgate. We should be exceedingly unwilling to stand possessed of personal property in a strong box, and be in the relation of bachelor-uncle to that youth. We would on no account reside at that suburb of ill omen, Camberwell, under such circumstances, remembering the Barnwell case.

In all his drawings, whatever Mr. Leech desires to do, he does. The expression indicated, though indicated by the simplest means, is exactly the natural expression, and is recognised as such immediately. His wit is good-natured, and always the wit of a true gentleman. He has a becoming sense of responsibility and self-restraint; he delights in pleasant things; he imparts some pleasant air of his own to things not pleasant in themselves; he is suggestive and full of matter, and he is always improving. Into the tone, as well as into the execution of what he does, he has brought a certain elegance which is altogether new, without involving any compromise of what is true. He is an acquisition to popular art in England who has already done great service, and will, we doubt not, do a great deal more. Our best wishes for the future, and our cordial feeling towards him for the past, attend him in his career.

It is eight or ten years ago since a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, making mention of Mr. George Cruikshank, commented, in a few words, on the absurdity of excluding such a man from the Royal Academy, because his works were not produced in certain materials, and did not occupy a certain space annually on its walls. Will no Members and Associates be found upon its books, one of these days, the labours of whose oils and brushes will have sunk into the profoundest obscurity, when the many pencil-marks of Mr. Cruikshank and of Mr. Leech will still be fresh in half the houses in the land?

THE PARADISE AT TOOTING

[January 20, 1849]

When it first became known that a virulent and fatal epidemic had broken out in Mr. Drouet's farming establishment for pauper children at Tooting, the comfortable flourish of trumpets usual on such occasions (Sydney Smith's admirable description of it will be

fresh in the minds of many of our readers) was performed as a matter of course. Of all similar establishments on earth, that at Tooting was the most admirable. Of all similar contractors on earth, Mr. Drouet was the most disinterested, zealous, and unimpeachable. Of all the wonders ever wondered at, nothing perhaps had ever occurred more wonderful than the outbreak and rapid increase of a disorder so horrible, in a place so perfectly regulated. There was no warning of its approach. Nothing was less to be expected. The farmed children were slumbering in the lap of peace and plenty; Mr. Drouet, the farmer, was slumbering with an easy conscience, but with one eye perpetually open, to keep watch upon the blessings he diffused, and upon the happy infants under his paternal charge; when, in a moment, the destroyer was upon them, and Tooting churchyard became too small for the piles of children's coffins that were carried out of this Elysium every day.

The learned coroner for the county of Surrey deemed it quite unnecessary to hold any inquests on these dead children, being as perfectly satisfied in his own mind that Mr. Drouet's farm was the best of all possible farms, as ever the innocent Candide was that the great chateau of the great Baron Thunder-ten Trouekh was the best of all possible chateaux. Presuming that this learned functionary is amenable to some authority or other, and that he will be duly complimented on his sagacity, we will refer to the proceedings before a very different kind of coroner, Mr. Wakley, and his deputy Mr. Mills. But that certain of the miserable little creatures removed from Tooting happened to die within Mr. Wakley's jurisdiction, it is by no means unlikely that a committee might have sprung into existence by this time, for presenting Mr. Drouet with some magnificent testimonial, as a mark of public respect and sympathy.

Mr. Wakley, however, being of little faith, holds inquests, and even manifests a disposition to institute a very searching inquiry into the causes of these horrors; rather thinking that such grievous effects must have some grievous causes. Remembering that there is a public institution called the 'Board of Health,' Mr. Wakley summons before him Dr. Grainger, an inspector acting under that board, who has examined Mr. Drouet's Elysium, and has drawn up a report concerning it.

It then comes out—truth is so perverse—that Mr. Drouet is not

altogether that golden farmer he was supposed to be. It appears that there is a little alloy in his composition. The 'extreme closeness, oppression, and foulness of air' in that supposed heaven upon earth over which he presides, 'exceeds in offensiveness anything ever yet witnessed by the inspector, in apartments in hospitals, or elsewhere, occupied by the sick.' He has a bad habit of putting four cholera patients in one bed. He has a weakness in respect of leaving the sick to take care of themselves, surrounded by every offensive, indecent, and barbarous circumstance that can aggravate the horrors of their condition and increase the dangers of infection. He is so ignorant, or so criminally careless, that he has taken none of the easy precautions, and provided himself with none of the simple remedies, expressly enjoined by the Board of Health in their official announcement published in the *Gazette*, and distributed all over the country. The experience of all the medical observers of cholera, in all parts of the world, is not in an instant overthrown by Mr. Drouet's purity, for he had unfortunately one fortnight's warning of the impending danger, which he utterly disregarded. He has been admonished by the authorities to take only a certain number of unfortunates into his farm, and he increases that number immensely at his own pleasure, for his own profit. His establishment is crammed. It is in no respect a fit place for the reception of the throng shut up in it. The dietary of the children is so unwholesome and insufficient, that they climb secretly over palings, and pick out scraps of sustenance from the tubs of hog-wash. Their clothing by day, and their covering by night, are shamefully defective. Their rooms are cold, damp, dirty, and rotten. In a word, the age of miracles is past, and of all conceivable places in which pestilence might—or rather *must*—be expected to break out, and to make direful ravages, Mr. Drouet's model farm stands foremost.

In addition to these various proofs of his mortal fallibility, Mr. Drouet, even when he is told what to do to save life, has an awkward habit of prevaricating, and not doing it. He also bullies his assistants, in the inspectors' presence, when they show an inclination to reveal disagreeable truths. He has a pleasant brother—a man of an amiable eccentricity—who besides being active, for all improper purposes, in the farm, is 'with difficulty restrained' from going to Kensington 'to thrash the guardians' of that Union for proposing to remove their children! The boys under Mr. Drouet's fostering

DROUET'S FARMING ESTABLISHMENT FOR PAUPER CHILDREN AT TOOTING.

protection are habitually knocked down, beaten, and brutally used. They are put on short diet if they complain. They are 'very lean and emaciated.' Mr. Drouet's system is admirable, but it entails upon them such slight evils as 'wasting of the limbs, debility, boils, etc.,' and a more dreadful aggravation of the itch than a medical witness of great experience has ever beheld in thirty years' practice. A kick, which would be nothing to a child in sound health, becomes, under Mr. Drouet's course of management, a serious wound. Boys who were intelligent before going to Mr. Drouet, lose their animation afterwards (so swears a Guardian) and become fools. The surgeon of St. Pancras reported, five months ago, of the excellent Mr. Drouet, 'that a great deal of severity, not to use a harsh term,'—but why not a harsh term, surgeon, if the occasion require it?—'has been exercised by the masters in authority, as well as some out of authority,' meaning, we presume, the amiably eccentric brother. Everything, in short, that Mr. Drouet does, or causes to be done, or suffers to be done, is vile, vicious, and cruel. All this is distinctly in proof before the coroner's jury, and therefore we see no reason to abstain from summing it up.

But there is blame elsewhere; and though it cannot diminish the heavy amount of blame that rests on this sordid contractor's head, there is great blame elsewhere. The parish authorities who sent these children to such a place, and, seeing them in it, left them there, and showed no resolute determination to reform it altogether, are culpable in the highest degree. The Poor-Law Inspector who visited this place, and did not in the strongest terms condemn it, is not less culpable. The Poor-Law Commissioners, if they had the power to issue positive orders for its better management (a point which is, however, in question), were as culpable as any of the rest.

It is wonderful to see how those who, by slurring the matter when they should have been active in it, have become, in some sort, *participes criminis*, desire to make the best of it, even now. The Poor-Law Inspector thinks that the issuing of an order by the Poor-Law Commissioners, prohibiting boards of guardians from sending children to such an institution, would have been 'a very strong measure.' As if very strong cases required very weak measures, or there were no natural affinity between the measure and the case! He certainly did object to the children sleeping three in a bed, and Mr. Drouet afterwards told him he had reduced the number to two

—its increase to four when the disease was raging being, we suppose, a special sanitary arrangement. He did not make any recommendation as to ventilation. He did not call the children privately before him, to inquire how they were treated. He considers the dietary a fair dietary—IF *proper quantities were given where no precise quantity is specified.* He thinks that, with care, the premises might have been occupied without injury to health, IF *all the accommodation on the premises had been judiciously applied.* As though a man should say he felt convinced he could live pretty comfortably on the top of the monument, IF a handsome suite of furnished apartments were constructed there expressly for him, and a select circle came up to dinner every day!

These children were farmed to Mr. Drouet at four shillings and sixpence a week each; and some of the officials seem to set store by its being a great deal of money, and to think exoneration lies in that. It may be a very sufficient sum, considering that Mr. Drouet was entitled to the profits of the children's work besides; but this seems to us to be no part of the question. If the payment had been fourteen and sixpence a week each, the blame of leaving the children to Mr. Drouet's tender mercies without sufficient protection, and of leaving Mr. Drouet to make his utmost profit without sufficient check, would have been exactly the same. When a man keeps his horse at livery, he does not take the corn for granted, because he pays five-and-twenty shillings a week. In the history of this calamity, one undoubted predisposing cause was insufficient clothing. What says Mr. William Robert James, solicitor and clerk to the Board of Guardians of the Holborn Union, on that head? Mr. Drouet '*told him in conversation* (!) that the four and sixpence a week would include clothing. *No particular description of clothing was mentioned.*' Is it any wonder that the flannel petticoats worn by the miserable female children, in the severest weather of this winter, could be—as was publicly stated in another metropolitan union a few days ago—'read through'?

This same Mr. James produces minutes of visits made by deputations of guardians to the Tooting Paradise. Thus:—

'As regards the complaint of Hannah Sleight, as to the insufficiency of food, we believe it to be unfounded. Elizabeth Male having complained that on her recent visit she found her children in a dirty state,

her children had our particular attention, and we beg to state that there was no just cause of complaint on her part.'

It being clear to the meanest capacity that Elizabeth Male's children not being dirty then, never could by possibility have been dirty at any antecedent time.

But it appears that this identical James, solicitor and clerk to the Board of Guardians of the Holborn Union, had a valuable system of his own for eliciting the truth, which was, to ask the boys in Mr. Drouet's presence if they had anything to complain of, and when they answered 'Yes,' to recommend that they should be instantly horsewhipped. We learn this from the following extraordinary minute of one of these official visits:—

'We beg to report to the board our having on Tuesday, the 9th of May, visited Mr. Drouet's establishment to ascertain the state of the children belonging to this union. We were there at the time of dinner being supplied, and in our opinion the meat provided was good, but the potatoes were bad. We visited the schoolrooms, dormitories, and workshops. *Everything appeared clean and comfortable, yet we are of opinion that the new sleeping rooms for infants on the ground floor have a very unhealthy smell.* The girls belonging to the union looked very well. *The boys appeared sickly,* which induced us to question them as to whether they had any cause of complaint as to supply of food or otherwise. About forty of them held up their hands to intimate their dissatisfaction, upon which Mr. Drouet's conduct became violent. He called the boys liars, described some that had held up their hands as the worst boys in the school, and said that if he had done them justice, he would have followed out the suggestion of Mr. James, and well thrashed them. (Laughter.) We then began to question the boys individually, and some of them complained of not having sufficient bread at their breakfast. Whilst pressing the inquiry, Mr. Drouet's conduct became more violent. He said we were acting unfairly in the mode of inquiry, that we ought to be satisfied of his character without such proceedings, and that we had no right to pursue the inquiry in the way we were doing, and that he would be glad to get rid of the children. To avoid further altercation we left, not having fully completed the object of our visit.'

If Mr. Drouet were sincere in saying he would be glad to get rid of the children, he must be in a very complacent frame of mind at present when he has succeeded in getting rid, for ever, of so many.

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LOS ANGELES BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINA

But the general complacency, on the occasions of these visits, is marvellous. Hear Mr. Winch, one of the guardians of the poor for the Holborn Union, who was one of the visiting party at the Tooting Paradise on this 9th of May :—

'I was in company with Mr. Mayes and Mr. Rebbeck. The children were at dinner. They were all standing; I was informed they never sit at their meals. I tasted the meat, and I cut open about 100 potatoes at different tables, *none of which were fit to eat.* They were black and diseased. I told Mr. Drouet the potatoes were very bad. He replied that they cost him £7 a ton. The children had no other vegetables. *I told Mr. Drouet I should give them other food. He made no reply. I also told Mr. Drouet I thought the newly erected rooms smelt unhealthy.* Mr. Mayes said it was a pity when he was building he had not made the rooms higher; when *Mr. Drouet said he would have enough to do if he paid attention to everybody.* We went through some of the sleeping-rooms, which appeared very clean. The girls looked well; but the boys, who were mustered in the schoolroom, appeared very sickly and unhealthy. *Mr. Drouet, his brother, and the schoolmaster were present.* Mr. Rebbeck said to the boys: "Now, if you have anything to complain of—want of food, or anything else—hold up your hands"; and from thirty to forty held up their hands. *Mr. Drouet became very violent,* and said we were treating him in an ungentlemanly manner; he said that some of the boys who had held up their hands were liars, and scoundrels, and rascals. He said we were using him very unfairly; *that his character was at stake*; and if we had anything to complain of, that was not the way to proceed. *One of the boys whom I questioned told me they had not bread enough either for breakfast or supper; and, on comparing their dietary with that in the workhouse, I think such is the case.* In consequence of the confusion, we left Mr. Drouet's without signing the visitors' book. I did not make any motion in the Board of Guardians for the removal of the children. I again visited Mr. Drouet's establishment on the 30th of May. The potatoes were then of excellent quality. *I went into the pantry, and was surprised to find the bread was not weighed out. We weigh it out in the union, as we find that is the only way to give satisfaction.* The loaves at Mr. Drouet's were cut into sixteen pieces without being weighed. I saw no supply of salt in the dining-room, but some of the boys who had salt in bags were bartering their salt for potatoes. *I did not ask the children whether they had been punished in consequence of what had taken place at my previous visit.* We were in the establishment for an hour and a half or two hours on the 30th. *We then expressed our satisfaction at what we witnessed.* We made no further inquiry

as to what had occurred on our previous visit. I made no suggestion to the board for the improvement of the dietary. *We had no means of ascertaining that the children received the amount of food mentioned in the diet-table.'*

But we expressed our satisfaction at what we witnessed. Oh dear, yes! Our unanimity was delightful. Nobody complained. The boys had had ample encouragement to complain. They had seen Mr. Drouet standing glowering by, on the previous occasion. They had heard him break out about liars, and scoundrels, and rascals. They had understood that his precious character—immeasurably more precious than the existence of any number of pauper children—was at stake. They had had the benefit of a little fatherly advice and caution from him, in the interval. They were in a position, moral and physical, to be high-spirited, bold and open. Yet not a boy complained. We went home to our Holborn Union, rejoicing. Our clerk was in tip-top spirits about the thrashing joke. Everything was comfortable and pleasant. Of all places in the world, how could the cholera ever break out, after this, in Mr. Drouet's Paradise at Tooting!

If we had been left to the so-much vaunted self-government, it might have been unanswered still, and the Drouet testimonial might have been in full vigour. But the Board of Health—an institution of which every day's experience attests in some new form the value and importance—has settled the question. Plainly thus:—The cholera, or some unusually malignant form of typhus assimilating itself to that disease, broke out in Mr. Drouet's farm for children, because it was brutally conducted, vilely kept, preposterously inspected, dishonestly defended, a disgrace to a Christian community, and a stain upon a civilised land.

THE TOOTING FARM

[January 27, 1849]

On Tuesday last the coroner's jury, after a long inquiry before Mr. Wakley, returned a verdict of manslaughter against the Tooting Farmer, coupled with an expression of their regret at the defects

of the Poor-Law Act, and of their hope that establishments similar to that at Tooting would soon cease to exist.

Nothing came out in the further progress of the inquiry to soften those results of evidence which we summed up generally last week. The new testimony did anything but weaken the case against the person now criminally inculpated. On the contrary, the physical deterioration of the surviving children, as a body, was more affectingly and convincingly shown than before. What good legal assistance could do for the defence, was done, but it could do nothing. What deplorable shifts and attempts at evasion on the part of an educated witness could do on the same side, was also done. But it could do nothing either.

We observe that one metropolitan Board of Guardians considers itself ill-used by the public comments that have been made on this case, and is about to enter on a voluntary defence of itself. Any individual or body of individuals made the subject of uncomplimentary newspaper remark, *is* ill-used as a matter of course. It never was otherwise. The precedents are numerous. Mr. Thurtell was very bitter on this point, and so was Mr. Greenacre. But while we recognise a broad distinction between the culpability of those who consigned hundreds of children to this hateful place, too easily satisfied by formal, periodical visitation of it—and the guilt of its administrator, who knew it at all hours and times, at its worst as well as at its best, and who drove a dangerous and cruel traffic, for his own profit, at his own peril,—we must take leave to repeat that the Board of Guardians concerned are grossly in the wrong. The plain truth is, that they took for granted what they should have thoroughly sifted and ascertained. A certain establishment for the reception of pauper children exists. One Board of Guardians sends its children there: other Boards of Guardians follow one another in its wake, like sheep. We will assume that the existing accommodation in their Unions was insufficient for the reception of these children. For aught we know, it may, in the case of the St. Pancras workhouse, for example, have been perfectly inadequate. But that is no reason for sending them to Tooting, and no ground of defence for having sent them there. The sending them to Norfolk Island, on the banks of the Niger, might be justified as well, by the same logic.

We have no intention of prejudging a case which is now to be

brought to issue before a criminal court. It will be decided upon the law, and upon the evidence, and there is not the least fear that the general humanity will unjustly prejudice the party impeached. That is not at all a common vice of such a trial in England. What we desire to do, is to point out in a few words why we hold it to be particularly desirable that this case, in all its relations, should be rigidly dealt with upon its own merits; and why that vague disposition to smooth over the things that be, which sometimes creeps into the most important English proceedings, should, in this instance of all others, have no pin's-point of place to rest upon.

In town and country, for some months past, we have been trying and punishing with necessary severity certain seditious men who did their utmost to incite the discontented to disturbance of the public peace. We have, within the last year, counted our special constables by tens of thousands, and our loyal addresses to the throne by tens of scores. All these demonstrations have been necessary, but some of them have been sad necessities, and, on the subsidence of the natural indignation of the moment, have not left much occasion for triumph.

The chartist leaders who are now undergoing their various sentences in various prisons, found the mass of their audience among the discontented poor. The foremost of them had not the plea of want to urge for themselves; but their misrepresentations were addressed to the toiling multitudes, on whom social irregularities impossible to be avoided, and complicated commercial circumstances difficult to be explained to them, pressed heavily. There is no doubt that among this numerous class, chartist principles are rife; that wherever the class is found in a large amount, there, also, is a great intensity of discontent. There are few poor working-men in the kingdom who *might* not find themselves next year, next month, next week, in the position of those fathers whose children were sent to Tooting; and there are probably very few poor working-men who have not thought 'this might be my child's case, to-morrow.'

No opportunity of doing something towards the education of such men in the conviction that the State is unfeignedly mindful of them, and truly anxious to redress their tangible and obvious wrongs, could be plainer than that which now arises. If the system

of farming pauper children cannot exist without the danger of another Tooting Farm being weeded by the grisly hands of Want, Disease, and Death, let it be now abolished. If the Poor-Law, as it stands, be not efficient for the prevention of such inhuman evils, let it be now rendered more efficient. If it has unfortunately happened, though by no man's deliberate intention or malignity—as who can doubt it has?—that the children of sundry poor men and women have been carried to untimely graves, who might have lived and thriven, let there be seen a resolute determination that the like shall never happen any more. It is not only even-handed justice, but it is clear, straightforward policy. It is the correction of widely spread and artfully fomented prejudice, dissatisfaction, and suspicion. It is to challenge and to win the confidence of the poor man on his tenderest point, and at his own fireside.

But to waste the occasion in play with foolscap and red tape; to bewilder all these listening ears with mere official gabble about Boards, and Inspectors, and Guardians, and responsibility, and non-responsibility, and divided responsibility, and powers, and clauses, and sections, and chapters, until the remedy is crushed to pieces in a mill of words; will be to swell the mischief to an extent that is incalculable. There are scores of heads in the mills of Lancashire and the shops of Birmingham, sufficiently confused already by something more perplexing than the rattling of looms or the beating of hammers. Such dazed men must be spoken to distinctly. They will hear then, and hear aright. Let the debtor and creditor account between the governors and the governed be kept in a fair, bold hand, that all may read, and the governed will soon read it for themselves, and dispense with the interpreters who are paid by chartist clubs.

THE VERDICT FOR DROUET

[April 21, 1849]

The peculiarity of this verdict is that while it has released the accused from the penalties of the law, it has certainly not released him from the guilt of the charge. The prosecution, badly as it was conducted, established what was alleged against Drouet. The

hunger and thirst were proved; the bad food, and the insufficient clothing; the cold, the ill-treatment, the uncleanliness; the diseases generated by filth and neglect; the itch (much to Baron Platt's amusement), the scald heads, the sore eyes, the scrofulous affections, the pot bellies, and the thin shanks. All were proved. We give a thousand cubic feet of respirable air to every felon in his prison, and each child in Drouet's prison had little more than a tenth part so much. They were half-starved, and more than half-suffocated. A terrible malady broke out, and a hundred and fifty perished. It was in evidence that every indecent and revolting incident that could aggravate the slightest illness, or increase the horrors of the most dangerous infection, existed in the establishment for which Drouet was responsible, when disease appeared there. But it was not satisfactorily proved that the disease might not have killed as many without such help, and therefore Mr. Baron Platt very properly told the jury that the case had broken down.

The legal point arose upon that part of the indictment which charged Drouet with having neglected the duty of a right mode of treatment to the child named in it; in support of which the fact of the constitutional energy of the child having been so reduced by his management as to render it unable to resist the particular disease, was relied upon as having brought Drouet within the penalties of manslaughter. But the judge, setting aside this argument as inapplicable to the case, directed an acquittal on the ground that there had been no evidence adduced to show that the child was ever, at any time, in such a state of health as to render it probable he would have recovered from the malady but for the treatment of the defendant.

The extent of the wrong, in other words, precluded the remedy. For who, in such a crowd of children, could have singled out one poor child at any time, to say whether he was well or ill? The deputy-matron of the workhouse from which he went to Tooting, and to which he returned to die, could only say of the whole hundred and fifty-six that came back to her on the same night, that 'they were not so strong and healthy as when they went to Mr. Drouet's.' No—she was certain they were not. 'They were very sore in their bodies, and had sore feet, and there were wounds on different parts of their persons,' and some lived, and some died, and among the latter was little Andrews. That is the whole humble history.

There was no doctor to examine the children when they left, or when they returned; and evidence of half the wickedness of the 'farm' was rejected, because one wretched little figure could not always be separated from a crowd exactly like himself, and shown as he contended with horrors to which all were equally exposed.

Mr. Baron Platt declared himself early. The prosecution being less strongly represented than the defence, he took the very first opportunity of siding with the stronger. Witnesses that required encouragement, he brow-beated; and witnesses that could do without it, he insulted or ridiculed. Medical men are not famous for the clearness of their testimony at any time, and such questions from the bench as whether hunger and the itch were connected, and whether cholera was producible by the itch, did not put them more at their ease. Of course there was laughter at the facetiousness. There was also zealous applause, with which the prisoner signified his concurrence by tapping with his hand in front of the dock.

Nevertheless the trial cannot be read without much anguish of heart. The inexpressible sadness of its details is not relieved by Mr. Baron Platt's jocoseness. One little touch came out in the evidence of a peculiarly affecting kind, such as the masters of pathos have rarely excelled in fiction. The learned baron was not moved by it; naturally enough, for he had not the least notion what it meant.

Mary Harris, examined by Mr. Clarkson:—I am a nurse at Holborn Union Workhouse, and went to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road. I recollect Andrews coming with the other boys. He was not well. I gave him some milk and bread.

Mr. Clarkson: *Did he eat his bread?*—Witness: *No; he held up his head, and said, 'Oh, nurse, what a big bit of bread this is!'* Baron Platt: *It was too much for him, I suppose?*—Witness: *He could not eat it.*

'Oh, nurse!' says the poor little fellow, with an eager sense that what he had longed for had come too late; '*what a big bit of bread this is!*' Yes, Mr. Baron Platt, it is clear that it was too much for him. His head was lifted up for an instant, but it sank again. He could not but be full of wonder and pleasure that the big bit of bread had come, though he could not eat it. An English poet in the days when poetry and poverty were inseparable companions, received a bit of bread in somewhat similar circumstances which

proved too much for him, and he died in the act of swallowing it. The difference is hardly worth pointing out. The pauper child had not even strength for the effort which choked the pauper poet.

Drouet was 'affected to tears' as he left the dock. It might be gratitude for his escape, or it might be grief that his occupation was put an end to. For no one doubts that the child-farming system is effectually broken up by this trial. And every one must recognise that a trade which derived its profits from the deliberate torture and neglect of a class the most innocent on earth, as well as the most wretched and defenceless, can never on any pretence be resumed.

'VIRGINIE' AND 'BLACK-EYED SUSAN'

[May 12, 1849]

A play in five acts by the Oxenford, founded on the French *Virginie*, by M. Latour de St. Ytres, was produced here[1] on Monday night to a crowded house, with very great success, thoroughly deserved in all respects. The English version of the play is most spirited, scholarly, and elegant; the principal characters were sustained with great power; and the getting-up of the piece was quite extraordinary in respect of the care, good sense, and good taste bestowed upon it.

There is sufficient novelty in this version of the great Norman story, to which the Oxenford has done such delicate poetical justice, to attract and interest even that portion of the play-going public who are familiar with the fine tragedy of Mr. Knowles. A much larger share of the interest is thrown upon the heroine. Icilius, like Queen Elizabeth in Mr. Puff's Tragedy, is kept in the Green Room all night, until he is slain through the treachery of Appius Claudius. And the curtain falls upon the death of Virginia, and the slaying of Appius Claudius by Virginius on the Judgment Seat.

Virginia was acted by Mrs. Mowatt. Throughout, and especially in the more quiet scenes, as in the appeal to the Household Gods before leaving home on the bridal morning, the character was rendered in a touching, truthful, and womanly manner, that might

[1] Marylebone Theatre.

have furnished a good lesson to some actresses of high pretensions we could name. There is great merit in all this lady does. She very rarely oversteps the modesty of nature. She is not a conventional performer. She has a true feeling for nature and for her art; and we question whether any one now upon the stage could have acted this part better, or have acted it so well. Mr. Davenport also, as Virginius, played admirably; with a great deal of pathos, passion, and dignity. Both were loudly called for at the close of the play, and heartily greeted.

We have already spoken, in general terms, of the manner in which this piece was put upon the stage. It would be unjust not to particularise the last scene of the Roman Forum, which exhibits quite a wonderful use of the space and resources of the theatre, and is a most complete and beautiful thing. The same spirit pervades all that is brought forward here. A fortnight since, we saw *Romeo and Juliet* on this stage, really presented in a way that would do credit to any theatre in the world.

The tragedy was followed by Mr. Jerrold's *Black-Eyed Susan*, at which the audience laughed and wept with all their hearts, and which is a remarkable illustration of what a man of genius may do with a common-enough thing, and how what he does will remain a thing apart from all imitation. Of the many nautical dramas that have come and gone like showers (and not very wholesome showers either) since *Black-Eyed Susan* was first produced, there is probably not one but has had this piece for its model, and has pillaged and rifled it, according to its (Dramatic) author's taste. And the whole run of them are as like it, at least, as the Marylebone Theatre is like St. Paul's or St. Peter's. Acted as it is here, it should be seen again. Nothing can be better than Mr. Davenport's William; Miss Vining, a very clever actress, is excellent in Susan; and neither the Court Martial nor the Execution Scene were ever half so well presented in our remembrance.

It is a pleasant duty to point out the deserts of this theatre as it is now conducted, and to recommend it honestly. We know what some minor theatres in London are, and we know what this was before it became a refuge for the proscribed drama. The influence of such a place cannot but be beneficial and salutary. It richly deserves support, and we hope it will be supported.

AN AMERICAN IN EUROPE

[July 21, 1849]

Why an honest republican, coming from the United States to England on a mission of inquiry into ploughs, turnips, mangel-wurzel, and live stock, cannot be easy unless he is for ever exhibiting himself to his admiring countrymen, with a countess hanging on each arm, a duke or two walking deferentially behind, and a few old English barons (all his very particular friends) going on before, we cannot, to our satisfaction, comprehend. Neither is his facility of getting into such company quite intelligible; unless something of the spirit which rushes into print with a record of these genteel processions, pervades the aristocratic as well as the republican breast, and tickles the noble fancy with a bird's-eye view of some thousands of American readers across the water, poring, with open mouths and goggle-eyes, over descriptions of its owner's domestic magnificence. We are bound to confess, in justice to a stranger with Mr. Colman's opportunities, that we are not altogether free from a suspicion of this kind.

Mr. Colman came here, as we have already intimated, charged with a mission of inquiry into the general agricultural condition of the country. In this capacity he wrote some reports very creditable to his good sense, expressed in plain nervous English, and testifying to his acquaintance with the rural writings of Cobbett. It would have been better for Mr. Colman, and more agreeable, we conceive, to all Americans of good sense and good taste, if he had contented himself with such authorship; but in an evil hour he committed the two volumes before us,[1] in which

> He talks so like a waiting gentlewoman,
> Of napkins, forks, and spoons (God save the mark!)

—that the dedication of his book to Lady Byron is an obvious mistake, and an outrage on the rights of Mr. N. P. Willis.

[1] European Life and Manners, in Familiar Letters to Friends. By Henry Colman, author of 'European Agriculture and the Agriculture of France, Holland, and Switzerland.' 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. London: Letherham.

Mr. Colman's letters have one very remarkable feature which our readers will probably never have observed before in any similar case. They were not intended for publication. Of this unprecedented fact, there is no doubt. He wrote them, without a twinkle of his eye at the public, to some partial friends; who were so delighted with them and talked so much about them, that all his other friends cried out for copies. They *would have* copies. Now these may be excellent friends, but they are bitter bad judges: still they may be turned to good account; for if Mr. Colman should ever, in future, write anything that is particularly agreeable to this audience, he may rely upon it that the nearest fire will be its fittest destination.

We do not say but that there are parts of these letters which exhibit the writer in the character of a good-natured, kind-hearted private individual, though of a somewhat cumbrous and elephantine jocularity, and of a rather startling sentimentality—as when he goes to see the charity children assembled at St. Paul's, and has impulses, on account of their extraordinary beauty, to pitch himself out of the whispering-gallery head foremost into the midst of those young Christians; a homage to youth and innocence necessarily involving the annihilation of the wearers of several undersized pairs of leather-breeches. But what Mr. Colman may choose to write, in this private aspect of himself, to his friends, is a very different thing from what he is justified in calling upon the public to read. A man may play at horses with his children, in his own parlour, and give nobody offence; but if he should hire the Opera House in London, or the Théâtre Français in Paris, for the exhibition of that performance at so much a head, he would challenge criticism, and might very justly be hissed.

The one great impression on our letter-writer's mind, of which it does not appear at all probable that he will ever completely relieve himself, is made by the internal economy of an English nobleman's country house.

MR. COLMAN AT A GREAT COUNTRY MANSION

As soon as you arrive at the house, your name is announced, your portmanteau is immediately taken into your chamber, which the servant shows you, with every requisite convenience and comfort. At Lord Spencer's the watch opens your door in the night to see if all is safe,

as his house was once endangered by a gentleman's reading in bed, and if he should find your light burning after you had retired, excepting the night taper, or you reading in bed, without a single word, he would stretch out a long extinguisher, and put it out. In the morning, a servant comes in to let you know the time in season for you to dress for breakfast. At half-past nine you go in to family prayers, if you find out the time. They are happy to have the guests attend, but they are never asked. The servants are all assembled in the room fitted for a chapel. They all kneel, and the master of the house, or a chaplain, reads the morning service. As soon as it is over they all wait until he and his guests retire, and then the breakfast is served. At breakfast there is no ceremony whatever. You are asked by the servant what you will have, tea or coffee, or you get up and help yourself. Dry toast, boiled eggs, and bread and butter are on the table, and on the side table you will find cold ham, tongue, beef, etc., to which you carry your own plate and help yourself, and come back to the breakfast table and sit as long as you please. All letters or notes addressed to you are laid by your plate, and letters to be sent by mail are put in the post-box in the entry, and are sure to go. The arrangements for the day are then made, and parties are formed, horses and carriages for all the guests are found at the stables, and each one follows the bent of his inclination. When he returns, if at noon, he finds a side table with an abundant lunch upon it if he chooses, and when he goes to his chamber for preparation for dinner, he finds his dress clothes brushed and folded in the nicest manner, and cold water, and hot water, and clean napkins in the greatest abundance.

One would think this sufficiently explicit, but here, a few pages further on, is

MR. COLMAN AGAIN AT A GREAT COUNTRY MANSION

In most families the hour of breakfast is announced to you before retiring, and the breakfast is entirely without ceremony. Your letters are brought to you in the morning, and the mail goes out every day. The postage of letters is always prepaid by those who write them, who paste double or single stamps upon them; and it is considered an indecorum to send a letter unpaid, or sealed with a wafer. Any expense incurred for you, if it be only a penny upon a letter, is at once mentioned to you, and you of course pay it. At breakfast the arrangements are made for the day; you are generally left to choose what you will do, and horses and carriages are always at the service

of the guests, or guns and implements for sporting, if those are their habits. There is your chamber, or the library, the billiard room, or the garden, the park, or the village. You are not looked for again, unless you make one of some party, until dinner time, which is generally in a nobleman's house, seven o'clock. Breakfast from nine to ten. Lunch, to which you go if you choose, which in truth is a dinner, though most things are cold, at half-past one; coffee immediately after dinner, and tea and cake immediately after coffee. At eleven o'clock there is always a candle for each guest, placed on the sideboard or in the entry, with allumettes alongside of them, and at your pleasure you light your own candle, and bid good night. In a Scotch family you are expected to shake hands on retiring, with all the party, and on meeting in the morning. The English are a little more reserved, though in general, the master of the house shakes hands with you. On a first introduction, no gentlemen shake hands, but simply bow to each other. In the morning you come down in undress, with boots, trousers of any colour, frock coat, etc. At dinner, you are always expected to be in full dress; straight coat, black satin, or white waistcoat, silk stockings and pumps, but not gloves; and if you dine abroad in London, you keep your hat in your hand until you go in to dinner, when you give it to a servant, or leave it in an ante-room. The lady of the house generally claims the arm of the principal stranger, or the gentleman of the highest rank; she then assigns the other ladies and gentlemen by name, and commonly waits until all her guests precede her in to dinner, though this is not invariable. The gentleman is expected to sit near the lady whom he hands in. Grace is almost always said by the master, and it is done in the shortest possible way. Sometimes no dishes are put upon the table until the soup is done with, but at other times there are two covers besides the soup. The soup is various; in Scotland it is usually what they call hodge-podge, a mixture of vegetables with some meat. After soup, the fish cover is removed, and this is commonly served round without any vegetables, but certainly not more than one kind. After fish, come the plain joints, roast or boiled, with potatoes, peas or beans, and cauliflowers. Then sherry wine is handed by the servant to every one. German wine is offered to those who prefer it; this is always drunk in green glasses; then come the entrées, which are a variety of French dishes, and hashes; then champagne is offered; after this remove, come ducks, or partridges, or other game; after this the bonbons, puddings, tarts, sweetmeats, blancmange; then cheese and bread, and a glass of strong ale is handed round; then the removal of the upper cloth, and oftentimes the most delicious fruits

and confectionery follow, such as grapes, peaches, melons, apples, dried fruits, etc. etc. After this is put upon the table a small bottle of Constantia wine, which is deemed very precious, and handed round in small wine glasses, or noyeau, or some other cordial. Finger glasses are always furnished, though in some cases I have seen a deep silver plate filled with rose-water presented to each guest in which he dips the corner of his napkin, to wipe his lips or his fingers. No cigars or pipes are ever offered, and soon after the removal of the cloth, the ladies retire to the drawing-room, the gentlemen close up at the table, and after sitting as long as you please, you go into the drawing-room to have coffee and then tea. The wines at table are generally of the most expensive quality; port, sherry, claret, seldom madeira; but I have never heard any discussion about the character of wines, excepting that I have been repe tedly asked what wine we usually drank in America.

In connection with this same establishment, we have the happiness of learning that the butler 'takes care of all the wines, fruit, glasses, candlesticks, lamps, and plate'; also that he has an under-butler 'for his adjunct.' The ladies, it seems, 'never wear a pair of white satin shoes or white gloves more than once.' And we have a dim vision of the agitation of the tremendous depths of this social sea which looks so smooth at top, when we are informed that 'some of them (the ladies) if they find, on going into society, *another person of inferior rank wearing the same dress as themselves*'—which would certainly appear an inconvenient proceeding—'the dress, upon being taken off, is at once thrown aside, and the lady's maid perfectly understands her perquisite.'

Having recovered our breath, impeded in the contemplation of this awful picture, and the mysterious shadow thrown around the lady's maid, we expect to find our American friend in some new scene; and, indeed, we *do* find him, for a little time, in the company of Scotch gentlemen, who keep small ivory spoons in their pockets 'to shove their snuff up their noses,' and who likewise carry small brushes in their pockets to sweep their noses and upper lips with afterwards—which is well known to be a practice universal with the bench and bar of Scotland, and with the principal members of the Scottish Universities, whose snuff is for the most part carried after them in coal-scuttles by Highlanders, who cannot be made to sneeze by any artificial process whatever. But our traveller's foot

is not upon his native heath in this society, and he is back again in no time.

MR. COLMAN AGAIN AT A GREAT COUNTRY MANSION

The house is one of the most magnificent and ancient in the country, having been long in the possession of the family. It was once the property of the Marquis of Rockingham, one of the most distinguished ministers of the crown in the war of the revolution, and always an ardent friend of America. I think, upon the whole, it is upon the largest scale of anything I have yet seen. The house itself is six hundred and ten feet in length, and the width proportionate. I was forewarned that I should lose my way in it, and so I have done two or three times, until, at last, I have made sure of my own bedroom. The house is elegantly furnished, parts of it superbly, and the style of living is in keeping. I arrived about six, and after a short walk with my noble host, the dressing bell rung, and I was shown at once to my chamber. The chamber is a large and superb room, called the blue-room, because papered with elegant blue satin paper, and the bed and the windows hung with superb blue silk curtains. My portmanteau had already been carried there, and the straps untied for opening; a large coal fire was blazing; candles were burning on the table, and water and everything else necessary for ablution and comfort. There was, likewise, what is always to be found in an English house, a writing-table, letter paper, note paper, new pens, ink, sealing wax, and wax-taper, and a letter-box is kept in the house, and notice given to the guests always at what time the post will leave.

Nor is his mind yet discharged of the mere froth and foam of that one idea, which must work henceforth with him while memory lasts; for, after travelling a few pages, we find

MR. COLMAN AGAIN AT A GREAT COUNTRY MANSION

Imagine an elegant dining-room, the table covered with the richest plate, and this plate filled with the richest viands which the culinary art and the vintage and the fruit-garden can supply; imagine a horse at your disposal, a servant at your command to anticipate every want; imagine an elegant bed-chamber, a bright coal fire, fresh water in basins, in goblets, in tubs, napkins without stint as white as snow, a double mattress, a French bed, sheets of the finest linen, a canopy of the richest silk, a table portfolio, writing apparatus and stationery,

allumettes, a night lamp, candles, and silver candlesticks, and beautiful paintings and exquisite statuary, and every kind of chair or sofa but a rocking-chair, and then you will have some little notion of the place where I now am.

And yet a few pages more and here is

MR. COLMAN AT THE GREATEST COUNTRY MANSION OF ALL

I asked, when I retired, what time do you breakfast? The Duke replied, 'just what time you please, from nine to twelve.' I always came down at nine precisely, and found the Duchess at her breakfast. About half-past nine the Duke would come in, and the ladies, one by one, soon after. At breakfast, the side table would have on it cold ham, cold chicken, cold pheasant or partridge, which you ask for, or to which, as is most common, you get up and help yourself. On the breakfast table were several kinds of the best bread possible, butter always fresh, made that morning, as I have found at all these houses, and if you ask for coffee or chocolate, it would be brought to you in a silver coffee-pot, and you help yourself; if for tea, you would have a silver urn to each guest, heated by alcohol, placed by you, a small teapot, and a small caddie of black and green tea to make for yourself, or the servant for you. The papers of the morning, from London (for a country paper is rarely seen) were then brought to you, and your letters, if any. At breakfast, the arrangements were made for the day, and if you were to ride, choose your mode, and at the minute the horses and servants would be at the door.

At two o'clock is the lunch, which I was not at home to take, and very rarely do take. A lunch at such houses, is in fact a dinner; the table is set at half-past one, not quite so large as for dinner. Commonly, there is roast meat, warm, birds, warm or cold, cold chicken, cold beef, cold ham, bread, butter, cheese, fruit, beer, ale, and wines, and every one takes it as he pleases, standing, sitting, waiting for the rest, or not, and going away when he pleases; dinner at seven, sometimes at eight, when all are congregated in the drawing-room, five minutes before the hour, in full dress. I have already told you the course at dinner, but at many houses, there is always a bill of fare—in this case written, I had almost said engraved, on the most elegant embossed and coloured paper; always in French, and passed round to the guests.

'The Duke' meantime, it is to be presumed, keeping his noble eyes on Mr. Colman's waistcoat, until he satisfies his noble mind

that it is not a waistcoat, like his waistcoat; which would render it indispensable for his Grace instantly to depart from table, take it off in desperation, and bestow it on his valet.

But there is one phase of the national character which impresses our good traveller more than any other. It is remarkable that the guests at a gentleman's house do not dash at the dishes, and contend with one another for 'the fixings' they contain, but put their trust in Providence, and in the servants, and in the good time coming if they wait a little longer;—it is a grave consideration that they have water to wash in, sheets to sleep in, paper to write letters on, and allumettes to light their sealing-wax by;—it is matter for a philosopher's reflection that at breakfast you find the cold beef on the sideboard, and at night the chamber candlestick in the entry;—but the distinctive mark of the national character, the centre prong in the trident of Britannia, the strong tuft in the mane of the British lion, is the national propensity to perform that humble household service which is familiarly called 'emptying the slops.' This, and the kindred national propensity to brush a man's clothes and polish his boots, whensoever and wheresoever the clothes and boots can be seized without the man, are the noteworthy things that can never be effaced from an observant traveller's remembrance.

Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,

—even 'the Duke,' with his four-and-twenty silver tea-caddies all of a row, may be made hay of by the inexorable getter-in of human grass—but the ducal housemaid and the ducal bootsboy will flourish in immortal freshness.

'I forgot to say,' writes Mr. Colman, and strange it is indeed that any man should forget the having such a thing to say—'I forgot to say, if you leave your chamber twenty times a day, after using your basin, you would find it clean, and the pitcher replenished on your return; and that you cannot take your clothes off, but they are taken away, brushed, folded, pressed, and placed in the bureau; and at the dressing hour, before dinner, you find your candles lighted, your clothes laid out, your shoes cleaned, and everything arranged for use.'

By and by he expiates on the bell-rope being always within reach; on 'a worked night-cap' being 'not unfrequently' placed ready for you (though we suspect the Duchess of a personal attention

to this article); on the unwonted luxury of a bootjack; on the high civilisation of a little copper tea-kettle; on the imposing solemnity of that complicated Institution known as dinner napkins —which, we are told, 'are never left upon the table, but either thrown into your chair, or on the floor under the table,'—but faithful to the one great trait of Britain, he falls back on the boots and clothes for ever 'brushed and folded and laid out for use.'

Again and again we find Mr. Colman again at a great country mansion—those to which we have followed him having numerous successors. And again and again, after simmering in his 'copper-kettle of hot-water,' and floundering in his 'tub of cold,' he sinks into a gentle trance of admiration at the brushing of his clothes and cleaning of his boots. We could desire to have known whose blacking the Duke uses, and we must regard the maker's name as unaccountably omitted. It is one of the few such things Mr. Colman has 'forgotten to say.'

Much as we admire Mr. Colman in private life, we must confess to being a little staggered by his appearances in public. They are rare, but marvellous. His singular emotions at St. Paul's we have already referred to, but his experience of another public occasion is still more remarkable.

MR. COLMAN AT THE OLD BAILEY

The judge, again and again, passed dreadful and heart-rending sentences upon some wretched boy, or some poor, miserable, affrighted woman; and, after telling them, in the harshest manner, that they might congratulate themselves upon escaping so lightly, *turned round and laughed heartily at the concern of the compassionate alderman, who sat at his side and did what he could to stay his violence, and at the surprise and anguish of the poor convicts.*

Next to our curiosity in respect of the Duke's blacking-maker, and the conflict of our hopes and fears between Warren's blacking, 30 Strand, and Day and Martin's, 97 High Holborn, we confess to a desire to be favoured with the name of this judge. For we cannot help thinking that it must be Jeffreys, and that Mr. Colman, falling into a magnetic slumber one day, when they had taken away his boots, became clairvoyant as to the Bloody Assize.

With this we think we may conclude. How Mr. Colman could

espy no beggars on the roads in France, and how he could find out nothing in Paris, of all the cities upon earth, that had a poverty-stricken or vagabond aspect, we will not relate. We hope, and believe, that he writes better about things agricultural than about the topics of the *Court Circular*. We are chiefly sorry for the folly of his letters, because we take him to be a man of better stuff than their contents would indicate; and because, in the still increasing facilities of friendly communication between the two sides of the Atlantic (long may they continue to increase, and to make the inhabitants of each shore better acquainted with the other, to their mutual improvement, forbearance, and advantage!) we feel for the many American gentlemen with an undoubted claim on the hospitality and respect of all classes of English society who stand committed by such very egregious slip-slop.

COURT CEREMONIES

[December 15, 1849]

The late Queen Dowager, whose death has given occasion for many public tributes to exalted worth, often formally and falsely rendered on similar occasions, and rarely, if ever, better deserved than on this, committed to writing eight years ago her wishes in reference to her funeral. This truly religious and most unaffected document has been published by her Majesty the Queen's directions. It is more honourable to the memory of the noble lady deceased than broadsides upon broadsides of fulsome panegyric, and is full of good example to all persons in this empire, but particularly, as we think, to the highest persons of all.

I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the throne of God, and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be moved to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible.

I particularly desire not to be laid out in state, and the funeral to take place by daylight; no procession; the coffin to be carried by sailors to the chapel.

All those of my friends and relations, to a limited number, who wish to attend may do so. My nephew, Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, Lords Howe, and Denbigh, the Hon. William Ashley, Mr. Wood, Sir Andrew Barnard, and Sir D. Davies, with my dressers, and those of my Ladies who may wish to attend.

I die in peace, and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from the vanities and the pomp of this world.

I request not to be dissected, nor embalmed; and desire to give as little trouble as possible.

November 1841. ADELAIDE R.

It may be questionable whether the 'Ceremonial for the private interment of her late Most Excellent Majesty, Adelaide the Queen Dowager, in the Royal Chapel of St. George at Windsor,' published at the same time as this affecting paper, be quite in unison with the feelings it expresses. Uneasy doubts obtrude themselves upon the mind whether 'her late Majesty's state carriage drawn by six horses, in which will be the crown of her late Majesty, borne on a velvet cushion,' would not have been more in keeping with the funeral requests of the late Mr. Ducrow. The programme setting forth in four lines,

THE CHIEF MOURNER,
the Duchess of Norfolk
(veiled)
Attended by a Lady,

is like a bad play-bill. The announcement how 'the Archbishop having concluded the service, Garter will pronounce near the grave the style of Her late Majesty; after which the Lord Chamberlain and the Vice Chamberlain of Her late Majesty's household will break their staves of office, and, kneeling, deposit the same in the Royal Vault,' is more like the announcement outside a booth at a fair, respecting what the elephant or the conjuror will do within, by and by, than consists with the simple solemnity of that last Christian service which is entered upon with the words, 'We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

We would not be misunderstood on this point, and we wish distinctly to express our full belief that the funeral of the good

Dowager Queen was conducted with a proper absence of conventional absurdity. We are persuaded that the highest personages in the country respected the last wishes so modestly expressed, and were earnest in impressing upon all concerned a desire for their exact fulfilment. It is not so much because of any inconsistencies on this particular occasion, as because the Lord Chamberlain's office is the last stronghold of an enormous amount of tomfoolery, which is infinitely better done upon the stage in *Tom Thumb*, which is cumbrous and burdensome to all outside the office itself, and which is negative for any good purpose and often positive for much harm, as making things ridiculous or repulsive which can only exist beneficially in the general love and respect, that we take this occasion of hoping that it is fast on the decline.

This is not the first occasion on which we have observed upon the preposterous constraints and forms that set a mark upon the English Court among the nations of Europe, and amaze European Sovereigns when they first become its guests. In times that are marked beyond all others by rapidity of change, and by the condensation of centuries into years in respect of great advances, it is in the nature of things that these constraints and forms should yearly, daily, hourly, become more preposterous. What was obsolete at first, is rendered in such circumstances, a thousand times more obsolete by every new stride that is made in the onward road. A Court that does not keep pace with a People will look smaller, through the tube which Mr. Stephenson is throwing across the Menai Straits, than it looked before.

It is typical of the English Court that its state dresses, though greatly in advance of its ceremonies, are always behind the time. We would bring it up to the time, that it may have the greater share in, and the stronger hold upon, the affections of the time. The spectacle of a Court going down to Windsor by the Great Western Railway, to do, from morning to night, what is five hundred years out of date; or sending such messages to Garter by electric telegraph, as Garter might have received in the lists, in the days of King Richard the First, is not a good one. The example of the Dowager Queen, reviving and improving on the example of the late Duke of Sussex, makes the present no unfit occasion for the utterance of a hope that these things are at last progressing, changing, and resolving themselves into harmony with all other things

around them. It is particularly important that this should be the case when a new line of Sovereigns is stretching out before us. It is particularly important that this should be the case when the hopes, the happiness, the property, the liberties, the lives of innumerable people may, and in great measure must, depend on Royal Childhood not being too thickly hedged in, or loftily walled round, from a great range of human sympathy, access, and knowledge. Therefore we could desire to have the words of their departed relative, 'We are all alike before the throne of God,' commended to the earliest understanding of our rising Princes and Princesses. Therefore we could desire to bring the chief of the Court ceremonies a little more into the outer world, and cordially to give him the greeting,

My good Lord Chamberlain,
Well are you welcome to this open air!

MISCELLANIES

FROM

'HOUSEHOLD WORDS'

1850-1859

ADDRESS IN THE FIRST NUMBER OF 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS'

[March 30, 1850]

A PRELIMINARY WORD

The name that we have chosen for this publication expresses, generally, the desire we have at heart in originating it.

We aspire to live in the Household affections, and to be numbered among the Household thoughts, of our readers. We hope to be the comrade and friend of many thousands of people, of both sexes, and of all ages and conditions, on whose faces we may never look. We seek to bring into innumerable homes, from the stirring world around us, the knowledge of many social wonders, good and evil, that are not calculated to render any of us less ardently persevering in ourselves, less tolerant of one another, less faithful in the progress of mankind, less thankful for the privilege of living in the summer-dawn of time.

No mere utilitarian spirit, no iron binding of the mind to grim realities, will give a harsh tone to our *Household Words*. In the bosoms of the young and old, of the well-to-do and of the poor, we would tenderly cherish that light of Fancy which is inherent in the human breast; which, according to its nurture, burns with an inspiring flame, or sinks into a sullen glare, but which (or woe betide that day!) can never be extinguished. To show to all, that in all familiar things, even in those which are repellent on the surface, there is Romance enough, if we will find it out:—to teach the hardest workers at this whirling wheel of toil, that their lot is not necessarily a moody, brutal fact, excluded from the sympathies and graces of imagination; to bring the greater and the lesser in degree, together, upon that wide field, and mutually dispose them to a

better acquaintance and a kinder understanding—is one main object of our *Household Words*.

The mightier inventions of this age are not, to our thinking, all material, but have a kind of souls in their stupendous bodies which may find expression in *Household Words*. The traveller whom we accompany on his railroad or his steamboat journey, may gain, we hope, some compensation for incidents which these later generations have outlived, in new associations with the Power that bears him onward; with the habitations and the ways of life of crowds of his fellow-creatures among whom he passes like the wind; even with the towering chimneys he may see, spirting out fire and smoke upon the prospect. The Swart giants, Slaves of the Lamp of Knowledge, have their thousand and one tales, no less than the Genii of the East; and these, in all their wild, grotesque, and fanciful aspects, in all their many phases of endurance, in all their many moving lessons of compassion and consideration, we design to tell.

Our *Household Words* will not be echoes of the present time alone, but of the past too. Neither will they treat of the hopes, the enterprises, triumphs, joys, and sorrows, of this country only, but, in some degree, of those of every nation upon earth. For nothing can be a source of real interest in one of them, without concerning all the rest.

We have considered what an ambition it is to be admitted into many homes with affection and confidence; to be regarded as a friend by children and old people; to be thought of in affliction and in happiness; to people the sick-room with airy shapes 'that give delight and hurt not,' and to be associated with the harmless laughter and the gentle tears of many hearths. We know the great responsibility of such a privilege; its vast reward; the pictures that it conjures up, in hours of solitary labour, of a multitude moved by one sympathy; the solemn hopes which it awakens in the labourer's breast, that he may be free from self-reproach in looking back at last upon his work, and that his name may be remembered in his race in time to come, and borne by the dear objects of his love with pride. The hand that writes these faltering lines, happily associated with *some* Household Words before to-day, has known enough of such experiences to enter in an earnest spirit upon this new task, and with an awakened sense of all that it involves.

Some tillers of the field, into which we now come, have been

before us, and some are here whose high usefulness we readily acknowledge, and whose company it is an honour to join. But there are others here—Bastards of the Mountain, draggled fringe on the Red Cap, Panders to the basest passions of the lowest natures—whose existence is a national reproach. And these we should consider it our highest service to displace.

Thus, we begin our career! The adventurer in the old fairy story, climbing towards the summit of a steep eminence on which the object of his search was stationed, was surrounded by a roar of voices, crying to him, from the stones in the way, to turn back. All the voices *we* hear, cry Go on! The stones that call to us have sermons in them, as the trees have tongues, as there are books in the running brooks, as there is good in everything! They, and the Time, cry out to us Go on! With a fresh heart, a light step, and a hopeful courage, we begin the journey. The road is not so rough that it need daunt our feet: the way is not so steep that we need stop for breath, and, looking faintly down, be stricken motionless. Go on, is all we hear, Go on! In a glow already, with the air from yonder height upon us, and the inspiriting voices joining in this acclamation, we echo back the cry, and go on cheerily!

ANNOUNCEMENT IN 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS' OF THE APPROACHING PUBLICATION OF 'ALL THE YEAR ROUND'

[May 28, 1859]

After the appearance of the present concluding Number of *Household Words*, this publication will merge into the new weekly publication, *All the Year Round*, and the title, *Household Words*, will form a part of the title-page of *All the Year Round*.

The Prospectus of the latter Journal describes it in these words:

'ADDRESS

'Nine years of *Household Words*, are the best practical assurance that can be offered to the public, of the spirit and objects of *All the Year Round*.

'In transferring myself, and my strongest energies, from the publication that is about to be discontinued, to the publication that is about to be begun, I have the happiness of taking with me the staff of writers with whom I have laboured, and all the literary and business co-operation that can make my work a pleasure. In some important respects, I am now free greatly to advance on past arrangements. Those, I leave to testify for themselves in due course.

'That fusion of the graces of the imagination with the realities of life, which is vital to the welfare of any community, and for which I have striven from week to week as honestly as I could during the last nine years, will continue to be striven for "all the year round." The old weekly cares and duties become things of the Past, merely to be assumed, with an increased love for them and brighter hopes springing out of them, in the Present and the Future.

'I look, and plan, for a very much wider circle of readers, and yet again for a steadily expanding circle of readers, in the projects I hope to carry through "all the year round." And I feel confident that this expectation will be realised, if it deserve realisation.

'The task of my new journal is set, and it will steadily try to work the task out. Its pages shall show to what good purpose their motto is remembered in them, and with how much of fidelity and earnestness they tell

'the story of our lives from year to year.

CHARLES DICKENS.'

Since this was issued, the Journal itself has come into existence, and has spoken for itself five weeks. Its fifth Number is published to-day, and its circulation, moderately stated, trebles that now relinquished in *Household Words*.

In referring our readers, henceforth, to *All the Year Round*, we can but assure them afresh, of our unwearying and faithful service, in what is at once the work and the chief pleasure of our life. Through all that we are doing, and through all that we design to do, our aim is to do our best in sincerity of purpose, and true devotion of spirit.

We do not for a moment suppose that we may lean on the character of these pages, and rest contented at the point where they

stop. We see in that point but a starting-place for our new journey; and on that journey, with new prospects opening out before us everywhere, we joyfully proceed, entreating our readers—without any of the pain of leave-taking incidental to most journeys—to bear us company All the year round.

ADDRESS IN 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS'

[May 28, 1859]

A LAST HOUSEHOLD WORD

The first page of the first of these Nineteen Volumes, was devoted to a Preliminary Word from the writer by whom they were projected, under whose constant supervision they have been produced, and whose name has been (as his pen and himself have been), inseparable from the Publication ever since.

The last page of the last of these Nineteen Volumes, is closed by the same hand.

He knew perfectly well, knowing his own rights, and his means of attaining them, that it could not be but that this Work must stop, if he chose to stop it. He therefore announced, many weeks ago, that it would be discontinued on the day on which this final Number bears date. The Public have read a great deal to the contrary, and will observe that it has not in the least affected the result.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE

I

[March 30, 1850]

As one half of the world is said not to know how the other half lives, so it may be affirmed that the upper half of the world neither knows nor greatly cares how the lower half amuses itself. Believing that it does not care, mainly because it does not know, we purpose occasionally recording a few facts on this subject.

The general character of the lower class of dramatic amusements is a very significant sign of a people, and a very good test of their intellectual condition. We design to make our readers acquainted in the first place with a few of our experiences under this head in the metropolis.

It is probable that nothing will ever root out from among the common people an innate love they have for dramatic entertainment in some form or other. It would be a very doubtful benefit to society, we think, if it could be rooted out. The Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, where an infinite variety of ingenious models are exhibited and explained, and where lectures comprising a quantity of useful information on many practical subjects are delivered, is a great public benefit and a wonderful place, but we think a people formed *entirely* in their hours of leisure by Polytechnic Institutions would be an uncomfortable community. We would rather not have to appeal to the generous sympathies of a man of five-and-twenty, in respect of some affliction of which he had had no personal experience, who had passed all his holidays, when a boy, among cranks and cogwheels. We should be more disposed to trust him if he had been brought into occasional contact with a Maid and a Magpie; if he had made one or two diversions into the Forest of Bondy; or had even gone the length of a Christmas Pantomime. There is a range of imagination in most of us, which no amount of steam-engines will satisfy; and which The-great-exhibition-of-the-works-of-industry-of-all-nations, itself, will probably leave unappeased. The lower we go, the more natural it is that the best-relished provision for this should be found

in dramatic entertainments; as at once the most obvious, the least troublesome, and the most real, of all escapes out of the literal world. Joe Whelks, of the New Cut, Lambeth, is not much of a reader, has no great store of books, no very commodious room to read in, no very decided inclination to read, and no power at all of presenting vividly before his mind's eye what he reads about. But put Joe in the gallery of the Victoria Theatre; show him doors and windows in the scene that will open and shut, and that people can get in and out of; tell him a story with these aids, and by the help of live men and women dressed up, confiding to him their innermost secrets, in voices audible half a mile off; and Joe will unravel a story through all its entanglements, and sit there as long after midnight as you have anything left to show him. Accordingly, the Theatres to which Mr. Whelks resorts, are always full; and whatever changes of fashion the drama knows elsewhere, it is always fashionable in the New Cut.

The question, then, might not unnaturally arise, one would suppose, whether Mr. Whelks's education is at all susceptible of improvement, through the agency of his theatrical tastes. How far it is improved at present, our readers shall judge for themselves.

In affording them the means of doing so, we wish to disclaim any grave imputation on those who are concerned in ministering to the dramatic gratification of Mr. Whelks. Heavily taxed, wholly unassisted by the State, deserted by the gentry, and quite unrecognised as a means of public instruction, the higher English Drama has declined. Those who would live to please Mr. Whelks, must please Mr. Whelks to live. It is not the Manager's province to hold the Mirror up to Nature, but to Mr. Whelks—the only person who acknowledges him. If, in like manner, the actor's nature, like the dyer's hand, becomes subdued to what he works in, the actor can hardly be blamed for it. He grinds hard at his vocation, is often steeped in direful poverty, and lives, at the best, in a little world of mockeries. It is bad enough to give away a great estate six nights a-week, and want a shilling; to preside at imaginary banquets, hungry for a mutton chop; to smack the lips over a tankard of toast and water, and declaim about the mellow produce of the sunny vineyard on the banks of the Rhine; to be a rattling young lover, with the measles at home; and to paint sorrow over, with burnt cork and rouge; without being called upon

to despise his vocation too. If he can utter the trash to which he is condemned, with any relish, so much the better for him, Heaven knows; and peace be with him!

A few weeks ago, we went to one of Mr. Whelks's favourite Theatres, to see an attractive Melo-Drama called *May Morning*, or *The Mystery of* 1715, *and the Murder*! We had an idea that the former of these titles might refer to the month in which either the mystery or the murder happened, but we found it to be the name of the heroine, the pride of Keswick Vale; who was 'called May Morning' (after a common custom among the English Peasantry) 'from her bright eyes and merry laugh.' Of this young lady, it may be observed, in passing, that she subsequently sustained every possible calamity of human existence, in a white muslin gown with blue tucks; and that she did every conceivable and inconceivable thing with a pistol, that could anyhow be effected by that description of fire-arms.

The Theatre was extremely full. The prices of admission were, to the boxes, a shilling; to the pit, sixpence; to the gallery, threepence. The gallery was of enormous dimensions (among the company, in the front row, we observed Mr. Whelks); and overflowing with occupants. It required no close observation of the attentive faces, rising one above another, to the very door in the roof, and squeezed and jammed in, regardless of all discomforts, even there, to impress a stranger with a sense of its being highly desirable to lose no possible chance of effecting any mental improvement in that great audience.

The company in the pit were not very clean or sweet-savoured, but there were some good-humoured young mechanics among them, with their wives. These were generally accompanied by 'the baby,' insomuch that the pit was a perfect nursery. No effect made on the stage was so curious, as the looking down on the quiet faces of these babies fast asleep, after looking up at the staring sea of heads in the gallery. There were a good many cold fried soles in the pit, besides; and a variety of flat stone bottles, of all portable sizes.

The audience in the boxes was of much the same character (babies and fish excepted) as the audience in the pit. A private in the Foot Guards sat in the next box; and a personage who wore pins on his coat instead of buttons, and was in such a damp habit

of living as to be quite mouldy, was our nearest neighbour. In several parts of the house we noticed some young pickpockets of our acquaintance; but as they were evidently there as private individuals, and not in their public capacity, we were little disturbed by their presence. For we consider the hours of idleness passed by this class of society as so much gain to society at large; and we do not join in a whimsical sort of lamentation that is generally made over them, when they are found to be unoccupied.

As we made these observations the curtain rose, and we were presently in possession of the following particulars.

Sir George Elmore, a melancholy Baronet with every appearance of being in that advanced stage of indigestion in which Mr. Morrison's patients usually are, when they happen to hear through Mr. Moat, of the surprising effects of his Vegetable Pills, was found to be living in a very large castle, in the society of one round table, two chairs, and Captain George Elmore, 'his supposed son, the Child of Mystery, and the Man of Crime.' The Captain, in addition to an undutiful habit of bullying his father on all occasions, was a prey to many vices: foremost among which may be mentioned his desertion of his wife, 'Estella de Neva, a Spanish lady,' and his determination unlawfully to possess himself of May Morning; M. M. being then on the eve of marriage to Will Stanmore, a cheerful sailor, with very loose legs.

The strongest evidence, at first, of the Captain's being the Child of Mystery and the Man of Crime was deducible from his boots, which, being very high and wide, and apparently made of sticking-plaister, justified the worst theatrical suspicions to his disadvantage. And indeed he presently turned out as ill as could be desired: getting into May Morning's Cottage by the window after dark; refusing to 'unhand' May Morning when required to do so by that lady; waking May Morning's only surviving parent, a blind old gentleman with a black ribbon over his eyes, whom we shall call Mr. Stars, as his name was stated in the bill thus * * * and showing himself desperately bent on carrying off May Morning by force of arms. Even this was not the worst of the Captain; for, being foiled in his diabolical purpose—temporarily by means of knives and pistols, providentially caught up and directed at him by May Morning, and finally, for the time being, by the advent of Will Stanmore—he caused one Slink, his adherent, to

denounce Will Stanmore as a rebel, and got that cheerful mariner carried off, and shut up in prison. At about the same period of the Captain's career, there suddenly appeared in his father's castle, a dark complexioned lady of the name of Manuella, 'a Zingara Woman from the Pyrenean Mountains; the Wild Wanderer of the Heath, and the Pronouncer of the Prophecy,' who threw the melancholy baronet, his supposed father, into the greatest confusion by asking him what he had upon his conscience, and by pronouncing mysterious rhymes concerning the Child of Mystery and the Man of Crime, to a low trembling of fiddles. Matters were in this state when the Theatre resounded with applause, and Mr. Whelks fell into a fit of unbounded enthusiasm, consequent on the entrance of 'Michael the Mendicant.'

At first we referred something of the cordiality with which Michael the Mendicant was greeted, to the fact of his being 'made up' with an excessively dirty face, which might create a bond of union between himself and a large majority of the audience. But it soon came out that Michael the Mendicant had been hired in old time by Sir George Elmore, to murder his (Sir George Elmore's) elder brother—which he had done; notwithstanding which little affair of honour, Michael was in reality a very good fellow; quite a tender-hearted man; who, on hearing of the Captain's determination to settle Will Stanmore, cried out, 'What! more bel-ood!' and fell flat—overpowered by his nice sense of humanity. In like manner, in describing that small error of judgment into which he had allowed himself to be tempted by money, this gentleman exclaimed, 'I ster-ruck him down, and fel-ed in er-orror!' and further he remarked, with honest pride, 'I have liveder as a beggar —a roadersider vaigerant, but no ker-rime since then has stained these hands!' All these sentiments of the worthy man were hailed with showers of applause; and when, in the excitement of his feelings on one occasion, after a soliloquy, he 'went off' *on his back*, kicking and shuffling along the ground, after the manner of bold spirits in trouble, who object to be taken to the station-house, the cheering was tremendous.

And to see how little harm he had done, after all! Sir George Elmore's elder brother was NOT dead. Not he! He recovered, after this sensitive creature had 'fel-ed in er-orror,' and, putting a black ribbon over his eyes to disguise himself, went and lived in a modest

retirement with his only child. In short, Mr. Stars was the identical individual! When Will Stanmore turned out to be the wrongful Sir George Elmore's son, instead of the Child of Mystery and the Man of Crime, who turned out to be Michael's son (a change having been effected, in revenge, by the lady from the Pyrenean Mountains, who became the Wild Wanderer of the Heath, in consequence of the wrongful Sir George Elmore's perfidy to her and desertion of her), Mr. Stars went up to the Castle, and mentioned to his murdering brother how it was. Mr. Stars said it was all right; he bore no malice; he had kept out of the way, in order that his murdering brother (to whose numerous virtues he was no stranger) might enjoy the property; and now he would propose that they should make it up and dine together. The murdering brother immediately consented, embraced the Wild Wanderer, and it is supposed sent instructions to Doctors' Commons for a license to marry her. After which, they were all very comfortable indeed. For it is not much to try to murder your brother for the sake of his property, if you only suborn such a delicate assassin as Michael the Mendicant!

All this did not tend to the satisfaction of the Child of Mystery and Man of Crime, who was so little pleased by the general happiness, that he shot Will Stanmore, now joyfully out of prison and going to be married directly to May Morning, and carried off the body, and May Morning to boot, to a lone hut. Here, Will Stanmore, laid out for dead at fifteen minutes past twelve, P.M., arose at seventeen minutes past, infinitely fresher than most daisies, and fought two strong men single-handed. However, the Wild Wanderer, arriving with a party of male wild wanderers, who were always at her disposal—and the murdering brother arriving arm-in-arm with Mr. Stars—stopped the combat, confounded the Child of Mystery and Man of Crime, and blessed the lovers.

The adventures of *Red Riven the Bandit* concluded the moral lesson of the evening. But, feeling by this time a little fatigued, and believing that we already discerned in the countenance of Mr. Whelks a sufficient confusion between right and wrong to last him for one night, we retired: the rather as we intended to meet him, shortly, at another place of dramatic entertainment for the people.

II

[April 30, 1850]

Mr. Whelks being much in the habit of recreating himself at a class of theatres called 'Saloons,' we repaired to one of these, not long ago, on a Monday evening; Monday being a great holiday-night with Mr. Whelks and his friends.

The Saloon in question is the largest in London (that which is known as the Eagle, in the City Road, should be excepted from the generic term, as not presenting by any means the same class of entertainment), and is situate not far from Shoreditch Church. It announces 'The People's Theatre,' as its second name. The prices of admission are, to the boxes, a shilling; to the pit, sixpence; to the lower gallery, fourpence; to the upper gallery and back seats, threepence. There is no half-price. The opening piece on this occasion was described in the bills as 'The greatest hit of the season, the grand new legendary and traditionary drama, combining supernatural agencies with historical facts, and identifying extraordinary superhuman causes with material, terrific, and powerful effects.' All the queen's horses and all the queen's men could not have drawn Mr. Whelks into the place like this description. Strengthened by lithographic representations of the principal superhuman causes, combined with the most popular of the material, terrific, and powerful effects, it became irresistible. Consequently, we had already failed, once, in finding six square inches of room within the walls, to stand upon; and when we now paid our money for a little stage box, like a dry shower-bath, we did so in the midst of a stream of people who persisted on paying theirs for other parts of the house in despite of the representations of the Money-taker that it was 'very full, everywhere.'

The outer avenues and passages of the People's Theatre bore abundant testimony to the fact of its being frequented by very dirty people. Within, the atmosphere was far from odoriferous. The place was crammed to excess, in all parts. Among the audience were a large number of boys and youths, and a great many very young girls grown into bold women before they had well ceased to be children. These last were the worst features of the whole crowd

and were more prominent there than in any other sort of public assembly that we know of, except at a public execution. There was no drink supplied, beyond the contents of the porter-can (magnified in its dimensions, perhaps), which may be usually seen traversing the galleries of the largest Theatres as well as the least, and which was here seen everywhere. Huge ham sandwiches, piled on trays like deals in a timber-yard, were handed about for sale to the hungry; and there was no stint of oranges, cakes, brandy-balls, or other similar refreshments. The Theatre was capacious, with a very large, capable stage, well lighted, well appointed, and managed in a business-like, orderly manner in all respects; the performances had begun so early as a quarter past six, and had been then in progress for three-quarters of an hour.

It was apparent here, as in the theatre we had previously visited, that one of the reasons of its great attraction was its being directly addressed to the common people, in the provision made for their seeing and hearing. Instead of being put away in a dark gap in the roof of an immense building, as in our once National Theatres, they were here in possession of eligible points of view, and thoroughly able to take in the whole performance. Instead of being at a great disadvantage in comparison with the mass of the audience, they were here *the* audience, for whose accommodation the place was made. We believe this to be one great cause of the success of these speculations. In whatever way the common people are addressed, whether in churches, chapels, schools, lecture-rooms, or theatres, to be successfully addressed they must be directly appealed to. No matter how good the feast, they will not come to it on mere sufferance. If, on looking round us, we find that the only things plainly and personally addressed to them, from quack medicines upwards, be bad or very defective things,—so much the worse for them and for all of us, and so much the more unjust and absurd the system which has haughtily abandoned a strong ground to such occupation.

We will add that we believe these people have a right to be amused. A great deal that we consider to be unreasonable, is written and talked about not licensing these places of entertainment. We have already intimated that we believe a love of dramatic representations to be an inherent principle in human nature. In most conditions of human life of which we have any knowledge, from the Greeks to the Bosjesmen, some form of dramatic representation

has always obtained.[1] We have a vast respect for county magistrates, and for the lord chamberlain; but we render greater deference to such extensive and immutable experience, and think it will outlive the whole existing court and commission. We would assuredly not bear harder on the fourpenny theatre, than on the four shilling theatre, or the four guinea theatre; but we would decidedly interpose to turn to some wholesome account the means of instruction which it has at command, and we would make that office of Dramatic Licenser, which, like many other offices, has become a mere piece of Court favour and dandy conventionality, a real, responsible, educational trust. We would have it exercise a sound supervision over the lower drama, instead of stopping the career of a real work of art, as it did in the case of Mr. Chorley's play at the Surrey Theatre, but a few weeks since, for a sickly point of form.

To return to Mr. Whelks. The audience, being able to see and hear, were very attentive. They were so closely packed, that they took a little time in settling down after any pause; but otherwise the general disposition was to lose nothing, and to check (in no choice language) any disturber of the business of the scene.

On our arrival, Mr. Whelks had already followed Lady Hatton the Heroine (whom we faintly recognised as a mutilated theme of the late Thomas Ingoldsby) to the 'Gloomy Dell and Suicide's Tree,' where Lady H. had encountered the 'apparition of the dark man of doom,' and heard the 'fearful story of the Suicide.' She had also 'signed the compact in her own Blood'; beheld 'the Tombs rent asunder'; seen 'skeletons start from their graves, and gibber Mine, mine, for ever!' and undergone all these little experiences (each set forth in a separate line in the bill) in the compass of one act. It was not yet over, indeed, for we found a remote king of England of the name of 'Enerry,' refreshing himself with the spectacle of a dance in a Garden, which was interrupted by the 'thrilling appearance of the Demon.' This 'superhuman cause' (with black

[1] In the remote interior of Africa, and among the North American Indians, this truth is exemplified in an equally striking manner. Who that saw the four grim, stunted, abject Bush-people at the Egyptian Hall *—with two natural actors among them out of that number, one a male and the other a female—can forget how something human and imaginative gradually broke out in the little ugly man, when he was roused from crouching over the charcoal fire, into giving a dramatic representation of the tracking of a beast, the shooting of it with poisoned arrows, and the creature's death?

* See *The American Panorama*, page 139.

eyebrows slanting up into his temples, and red-foil cheekbones,) brought the Drop-Curtain down as we took possession of our Shower-Bath.

It seemed, on the curtain's going up again, that Lady Hatton had sold herself to the Powers of Darkness, on very high terms, and was now overtaken by remorse, and by jealousy too; the latter passion being excited by the beautiful Lady Rodolpha, ward to the king. It was to urge Lady Hatton on to the murder of this young female (as well as we could make out, but both we and Mr. Whelks found the incidents complicated) that the Demon appeared 'once again in all his terrors.' Lady Hatton had been leading a life of piety, but the Demon was not to have his bargain declared off, in right of any such artifices, and now offered a dagger for the destruction of Rodolpha. Lady Hatton hesitating to accept this trifle from Tartarus, the Demon, for certain subtle reasons of his own, proceeded to entertain her with a view of the 'gloomy court-yard of a convent,' and the apparitions of the 'Skeleton Monk,' and the 'King of Terrors.' Against these superhuman causes, another superhuman cause, to wit, the ghost of Lady H.'s mother came into play, and greatly confounded the Powers of Darkness, by waving the 'sacred emblem' over the head of the else devoted Rodolpha, and causing her to sink unto the earth. Upon this the Demon, losing his temper, fiercely invited Lady Hatton to 'Be-old the tortures of the damned!' and straightway conveyed her to a 'grand and awful view of Pandemonium, and Lake of Transparent Rolling Fire,' whereof, and also of 'Prometheus chained, and the Vulture gnawing at his liver,' Mr. Whelks was exceedingly derisive.

The Demon still failing, even there, and still finding the ghost of the old lady greatly in his way, exclaimed that these vexations had such a remarkable effect upon his spirit as to 'sear his eyeballs,' and that he must go 'deeper down,' which he accordingly did. Hereupon it appeared that it was all a dream on Lady Hatton's part, and that she was newly married and uncommonly happy. This put an end to the incongruous heap of nonsense, and set Mr. Whelks applauding mightily; for, except with the lake of transparent rolling fire (which was not half infernal enough for him), Mr. Whelks was infinitely contented with the whole of the proceedings.

Ten thousand people, every week, all the year round, are estimated to attend this place of amusement. If it were closed to-

morrow—if there were fifty such, and they were all closed to-morrow—the only result would be to cause that to be privately and evasively done, which is now publicly done; to render the harm of it much greater, and to exhibit the suppressive power of the law in an oppressive and partial light. The people who now resort here, *will be* amused somewhere. It is of no use to blink that fact, or to make pretences to the contrary. We had far better apply ourselves to improving the character of their amusement. It would not be exacting much, or exacting anything very difficult, to require that the pieces represented in these Theatres should have, at least, a good, plain, healthy purpose in them.

To the end that our experiences might not be supposed to be partial or unfortunate, we went, the very next night, to the Theatre where we saw *May Morning*, and found Mr. Whelks engaged in the study of an 'Original old English Domestic and Romantic Drama,' called *Eva the Betrayed*, or *The Ladye of Lambythe*. We proceed to develop the incidents which gradually unfolded themselves to Mr. Whelks's understanding.

One Geoffrey Thornley the younger, on a certain fine morning, married his father's ward, Eva the Betrayed, the Ladye of Lambythe. She had become the betrayed, in right—or in wrong—of designing Geoffrey's machinations; for that corrupt individual, knowing her to be under promise of marriage to Walter More, a young mariner (of whom he was accustomed to make slighting mention as 'a minion'), represented the said More to be no more, and obtained the consent of the too trusting Eva to their immediate union.

Now, it came to pass, by a singular coincidence, that on the identical morning of the marriage, More came home, and was taking a walk about the scenes of his boyhood—a little faded since that time—when he rescued 'Wilbert the Hunchback' from some very rough treatment. This misguided person, in return, immediately fell to abusing his preserver in round terms, giving him to understand that he (the preserved) hated 'manerkind, wither two eckerceptions,' one of them being the deceiving Geoffrey, whose retainer he was, and for whom he felt an unconquerable attachment; the other, a relative, whom, in a similar redundancy of emphasis, adapted to the requirements of Mr. Whelks, he called his 'assister.' This misanthrope also made the cold-blooded declaration, 'There was a timer when I loved my fellow keretures, till they deserpised me. Now, I

live only to witness man's disergherace and woman's misery!' In furtherance of this amiable purpose of existence, he directed More to where the bridal procession was coming home from church, and Eva recognised More, and More reproached Eva, and there was a great to-do, and a violent struggling, before certain social villagers who were celebrating the event with morris-dances. Eva was borne off in a tearing condition, and the bill very truly observed that the end of that part of the business was 'despair and madness.'

Geoffrey, Geoffrey, why were you already married to another! Why could you not be true to your lawful wife Katherine, instead of deserting her, and leaving her to come tumbling into public-houses (on account of weakness) in search of you! You might have known what it would end in, Geoffrey Thornley! You might have known that she would come up to your house on your wedding day with her marriage-certificate in her pocket, determined to expose you. You might have known beforehand, as you now very composedly observe, that you would have 'but one course to pursue.' That course clearly is to wind your right hand in Katherine's long hair, wrestle with her, stab her, throw down the body behind the door (cheers from Mr. Whelks), and tell the devoted Hunchback to get rid of it. On the devoted Hunchback's finding that it is the body of his 'assister,' and taking her marriage-certificate from her pocket and denouncing you, of course you have still but one course to pursue, and that is to charge the crime upon him, and have him carried off with all speed into the 'deep and massive dungeons beneath Thornley Hall.'

More having, as he was rather given to boast, 'a goodly vessel on the lordly Thames,' had better have gone away with it, weather permitting, than gone after Eva. Naturally, he got carried down to the dungeons, too, for lurking about, and got put into the next dungeon to the Hunchback, then expiring from poison. And there they were, hard and fast, like two wild beasts in dens, trying to get glimpses of each other through the bars, to the unutterable interest of Mr. Whelks.

But when the Hunchback made himself known, and when More did the same; and when the Hunchback said he had got the certificate which rendered Eva's marriage illegal; and when More raved to have it given to him, and when the Hunchback (as having some grains of misanthropy in him to the last) persisted in going into his

dying agonies in a remote corner of his cage, and took unheard-of trouble not to die anywhere near the bars that were within More's reach; Mr. Whelks applauded to the echo. At last the Hunchback was persuaded to stick the certificate on the point of a dagger, and hand it in; and that done, died extremely hard, knocking himself violently about, to the very last gasp, and certainly making the most of all the life that was in him.

Still, More had yet to get out of his den before he could turn this certificate to any account. His first step was to make such a violent uproar as to bring into his presence a certain 'Norman Free Lance' who kept watch and ward over him. His second, to inform this warrior, in the style of the Polite Letter-Writer, that 'circumstances had occurred' rendering it necessary that he should be immediately let out. The warrior declining to submit himself to the force of these circumstances, Mr. More proposed to him, as a gentleman and a man of honour, to allow him to step out into the gallery, and there adjust an old feud subsisting between them, by single combat. The unwary Free Lance, consenting to this reasonable proposal, was shot from behind by the comic man, whom he bitterly designated as 'a snipe' for that action, and then died exceedingly game.

All this occurred in one day—the bridal day of the Ladye of Lambythe; and now Mr. Whelks concentrated all his energies into a focus, bent forward, looked straight in front of him, and held his breath. For, the night of the eventful day being come, Mr. Whelks was admitted to the 'bridal chamber of the Ladye of Lambythe,' where he beheld a toilet table, and a particularly large and desolate four-post bedstead. Here the Ladye, having dismissed her bridesmaids, was interrupted in deploring her unhappy fate, by the entrance of her husband; and matters, under these circumstances, were proceeding to very desperate extremities, when the Ladye (by this time aware of the existence of the certificate) found a dagger on the dressing-table, and said, 'Attempt to enfold me in thy pernicious embrace, and this poignard—!' etc. He did attempt it, however, for all that, and he and the Ladye were dragging one another about like wrestlers, when Mr. More broke open the door, and entering with the whole domestic establishment and a Middlesex magistrate, took him into custody and claimed his bride.

It is but fair to Mr. Whelks to remark on one curious fact in this entertainment. When the situations were very strong indeed,

they were very like what some favourite situations in the Italian Opera would be to a profoundly deaf spectator. The despair and madness at the end of the first act, the business of the long hair, and the struggle in the bridal chamber, were as like the conventional passion of the Italian singers, as the orchestra was unlike the opera band, or its 'hurries' unlike the music of the great composers. So do extremes meet; and so is there some hopeful congeniality between what will excite Mr. Whelks, and what will rouse a Duchess.

PERFECT FELICITY

IN A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

[April 6, 1850]

I am the Raven in the Happy Family—and nobody knows what a life of misery I lead!

The dog informs me (he was a puppy about town before he joined us; which was lately) that there is more than one Happy Family on view in London. Mine, I beg to say, may be known by being the Family which contains a splendid Raven.

I want to know why I am to be called upon to accommodate myself to a cat, a mouse, a pigeon, a ringdove, an owl (who is the greatest ass I have ever known), a guinea-pig, a sparrow, and a variety of other creatures with whom I have no opinion in common. Is this national education? Because, if it is, I object to it. Is our cage what they call neutral ground, on which all parties may agree? If so, war to the beak I consider preferable.

What right has any man to require me to look complacently at a cat on a shelf all day? It may be all very well for the owl. My opinion of *him* is that he blinks and stares himself into a state of such dense stupidity that he has no idea what company he is in. I have seen him, with my own eyes, blink himself, for hours, into the conviction that he was alone in a belfry. But *I* am not the owl. It would have been better for me, if I had been born in that station of life.

I am a Raven. I am, by nature, a sort of collector, or antiquarian. If I contributed, in my natural state, to any Periodical, it would be *The Gentleman's Magazine*. I have a passion for amassing things that are of no use to me, and burying them. Supposing

such a thing—I don't wish it to be known to our proprietor that I put this case, but I say, supposing such a thing—as that I took out one of the Guinea-Pig's eyes; how could I bury it here? The floor of the cage is not an inch thick. To be sure, I could dig through it with my bill (if I dared), but what would be the comfort of dropping a Guinea-Pig's eye into Regent Street?

What *I* want, is privacy. I want to make a collection. I desire to get a little property together. How can I do it here? Mr. Hudson couldn't have done it, under corresponding circumstances.

I want to live by my own abilities, instead of being provided for in this way. I am stuck in a cage with these incongruous companions, and called a member of the Happy Family; but suppose you took a Queen's Counsel out of Westminster Hall, and settled him board and lodging free, in Utopia, where there would be no excuse for 'his quiddits, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks,' how do you think *he*'d like it? Not at all. Then why do you expect *me* to like it, and add insult to injury by calling me a 'Happy' Raven!

This is what *I* say: I want to see men do it. I should like to get up a Happy Family of men, and show 'em. I should like to put the Rajah Brooke, the Peace Society, Captain Aaron Smith, several Malay Pirates, Dr. Wiseman, the Reverend Hugh Stowell, Mr. Fox of Oldham, the Board of Health, all the London undertakers, some of the Common (very common *I* think) Council, and all the vested interests in the filth and misery of the poor into a good-sized cage, and see how *they*'d get on. I should like to look in at 'em through the bars, after they had undergone the training I have undergone. You wouldn't find Sir Peter Laurie 'putting down' Sanitary Reform then, or getting up in *that* vestry, and pledging his word and honour to the non-existence of Saint Paul's Cathedral, I expect! And very happy *he*'d be, wouldn't he, when he couldn't do that sort of thing?

I have no idea of you lords of the creation coming staring at me in this false position. Why don't you look at home? If you think I 'm fond of the dove, you 're very much mistaken. If you imagine there is the least goodwill between me and the pigeon, you never were more deceived in your lives. If you suppose I wouldn't demolish the whole Family (myself excepted), and the cage too, if I had my own way, you don't know what a real Raven is. But if

JOHN AUSTIN

Respectfully invites the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public,
to view his Collection of

ANIMALS

OF

OPPOSITE NATURES

LIVING IN ONE CAGE,

WHICH ARE SHOWN ON

Waterloo Bridge, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays;

AND ON

Southwark Bridge, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

THE HAPPY FAMILY

you *do* know this, why am *I* to be picked out as a curiosity? Why don't you go and stare at the Bishop of Exeter? 'Ecod, he's one of our breed, if anybody is!

Do you make me lead this public life because I seem to be what I ain't? Why, I don't make half the pretences that are common among you men! You never heard *me* call the sparrow my noble friend. When did *I* ever tell the Guinea-Pig that he was my Christian brother? Name the occasion of my making myself a party to the 'sham' (my friend Mr. Carlyle will lend me his favourite word for the occasion) that the cat hadn't really her eye upon the mouse! Can *you* say as much? What about the last Court Ball, the next Debate in the Lords, the last great Ecclesiastical Suit, the next long assembly in the *Court Circular*? I wonder you are not ashamed to look me in the eye! I am an independent Member—of the Happy Family; and I ought to be let out.

I have only one consolation in my inability to damage anything, and that is that I hope I am instrumental in propagating a delusion as to the character of Ravens. I have a strong impression that the sparrows on our beat are beginning to think they may trust a Raven. Let 'em try! There's an uncle of mine in a stable-yard down in Yorkshire who will very soon undeceive any small bird that may favour him with a call.

The dogs too. Ha, ha! As they go by, they look at me and this dog, in quite a friendly way. They never suspect how I should hold on to the tip of his tail, if I consulted my own feelings instead of our proprietor's. It's almost worth being here, to think of some confiding dog who has seen me, going too near a friend of mine who lives at a hackney-coach stand in Oxford Street. You wouldn't stop *his* squeaking in a hurry, if my friend got a chance at him.

It's the same with the children. There's a young gentleman with a hat and feathers, resident in Portland Place, who brings a penny to our proprietor twice a week. He wears very short white drawers, and has mottled legs above his socks. He hasn't the least idea what I should do to his legs, if I consulted my own inclinations. He never imagines what I am thinking of when we look at one another. May he only take those legs, in their present juicy state, close to the cage of my brother-in-law of the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park!

Call yourselves rational beings, and talk about our being reclaimed? Why, there isn't one of us who wouldn't astonish you,

if we could only get out. Let *me* out, and see whether *I* should be meek or not. But this is the way you always go on in—you know you do. Up at Pentonville, the sparrow says—and he ought to know, for he was born in a stack of chimneys in that prison—you are spending I am afraid to say how much, every year out of the rates, to keep men in solitude, where they CAN'T do any harm (that you know of), and then you sing all sorts of choruses about their being good. So am I what you call good—here. Why? Because I can't help it. Try me outside!

You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, the Magpie says; and I agree with him. If you are determined to pet only those who take things and hide them, why don't you pet the Magpie and me? We are interesting enough for you, ain't we? The Mouse says you are not half so particular about the honest people. He is not a bad authority. He was almost starved when he lived in a workhouse, wasn't he? He didn't get much fatter, I suppose, when he moved to a labourer's cottage? He was thin enough when he came from that place, here—I know that. And what does the Mouse (whose word is his bond) declare? He declares that you don't take half the care you ought; of your own young, and don't teach 'em half enough. Why don't you then? You might give our proprietor something to do, I should think, in twisting miserable boys and girls *into* their proper nature, instead of twisting us out of ours. You are a nice set of fellows, certainly, to come and look at Happy Families, as if you had nothing else to look after!

I take the opportunity of our proprietor's pen and ink in the evening to write this. I shall put it away in a corner—quite sure, as it's intended for the Post Office, of Mr. Rowland Hill's getting hold of it somehow, and sending it to somebody. I understand he can do anything with a letter. Though the Owl says (but I don't believe him), that the present prevalence of measles and chicken-pox among infants in all parts of this country, has been caused by Mr. Rowland Hill. I hope I needn't add that we Ravens are all good scholars, but that we keep our secret (as the Indians believe the Monkeys do, according to a Parrot of my acquaintance) lest our abilities should be imposed upon. As nothing worse than my present degradation as a member of the Happy Family can happen to me, however, I desert the General Freemason's Lodge of Ravens, and express my disgust in writing.

FROM THE RAVEN IN THE HAPPY FAMILY

I

[May 11, 1850]

I won't bear it, and I don't see why I should.

Having begun to commit my grievances to writing, I have made up my mind to go on. You men have a saying, 'I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.' Very good, *I* may as well get into a false position with our proprietor for a ream of manuscript as a quire. Here goes!

I want to know who Buffon[1] was. I'll take my oath he wasn't a bird. Then what did *he* know about birds—especially about Ravens? He pretends to know all about Ravens. Who told him? Was his authority a Raven? I should think not. There never was a Raven yet who committed himself, you'll find, if you look into the precedents.

There's a schoolmaster in dusty black knee-breeches and stockings, who comes and stares at our establishment every Saturday, and brings a lot of boys with him. He is always bothering the boys about Buffon. That's the way I know what Buffon says. He is a nice man, Buffon; and you're all nice men together, ain't you?

What do you mean by saying that I am inquisitive and impudent, that I go everywhere, that I affront and drive off the dogs, that I play pranks on the poultry, and that I am particularly assiduous in cultivating the goodwill of the cook? That's what your friend Buffon says, and you adopt him it appears. And what do you mean by calling me 'a glutton by nature and a thief by habit'? Why, the identical boy who was being told this, on the strength of Buffon, as he looked through our wires last Saturday, was almost out of his mind with pudding, and had got another boy's top in his pocket!

I tell you what. I like the idea of you men, writing histories of *us*, and settling what we are, and what we are not, and calling us any names you like best. What colours do you think you would show in, yourselves, if some of us were to take it into our heads to write histories of *you*? I know something of Astley's Theatre, I hope; I

[1] Comte de G. L. L. Buffon, Naturalist, 1707-1788.

was about the stables there, a few years. Ecod! if you heard the observations of the Horses after the performance, you'd have some of the conceit taken out of you!

I don't mean to say that I admire the Cat. I *don't* admire her. On the whole, I have a personal animosity towards her. But being obliged to lead this life, I condescend to hold communication with her, and I have asked her what *her* opinion is. She lived with an old lady of property before she came here, who had a number of nephews and nieces. She says she could show you up to that extent, after her experience in that situation, that even you would be hardly brazen enough to talk of cats being sly and selfish any more.

I am particularly assiduous in cultivating the goodwill of the cook, am I? Oh! I suppose you never do anything of this sort, yourselves? No politician among you was ever particularly assiduous in cultivating the goodwill of a minister, eh? No clergyman in cultivating the goodwill of a bishop, humph? No fortune-seeker in cultivating the goodwill of a patron, hah? You have no toad-eating, no time-serving, no place-hunting, no lacqueyship of gold and silver sticks, or anything of that sort, I suppose? You haven't too many cooks, in short, whom you are all assiduously cultivating, till you spoil the general broth? Not you. You leave that to the Ravens.

Your friend Buffon, and some more of you, are mighty ready, it seems, to give *us* characters. Would you like to hear about your own temper and forbearance? Ask the Dog. About your never overloading or ill-using a willing creature? Ask my brother-in-law's friend, the Camel, up in the Zoological. About your gratitude to, and your provision for, old servants? I wish I could refer you to the last horse I dined off (he was very tough), up at a knacker's yard in Battle Bridge. About your mildness, and your abstinence from blows and cudgels? Wait till the Donkey's book comes out!

You are very fond of laughing at the parrot, I observe. Now, I don't care for the parrot. I don't admire the parrot's voice—it wants hoarseness. And I despise the parrot's livery—considering black the only true wear. I would as soon stick my bill into the parrot's breast as look at him. Sooner. But if you come to that, and you laugh at the parrot because the parrot says the same thing over and over again, don't you think you could get up a laugh at yourselves? Did you ever know a Cabinet Minister say of a flagrant

job or great abuse, perfectly notorious to the whole country, that he had never heard a word of it himself, but could assure the honourable gentleman that every inquiry should be made? Did you ever hear a Justice remark, of any extreme example of ignorance, that it was a most extraordinary case, and he couldn't have believed in the possibility of such a case—when there had been, all through his life, ten thousand such within sight of his chimney-pots? Did you ever hear, among yourselves, anything approaching to a parrot repetition of the words, Constitution, Country, Public Service, Self-Government, Centralisation, Un-English, Capital, Balance of Power, Vested Interests, Corn, Rights of Labour, Wages, or so forth? *Did* you ever? No! Of course you never!

But to come back to that fellow Buffon. He finds us Ravens to be most extraordinary creatures. We have properties so remarkable, that you'd hardly believe it. 'A piece of money, a teaspoon, or a ring,' he says, 'are always tempting baits to our avarice. These we will slily seize upon; and, if not watched, carry to our favourite hole.' How odd!

Did you ever hear of a place called California? *I* have. I understand there are a number of animals over there, from all parts of the world, turning up the ground with their bills, grubbing under the water, sickening, moulting, living in want and fear, starving, dying, tumbling over on their backs, murdering one another, and all for what? Pieces of money that they want to carry to their favourite holes. Ravens every one of 'em! Not a man among 'em, bless you!

Did you ever hear of Railway Scrip? *I* have. We made a pretty exhibition of ourselves about that, we feathered creatures! Lord, how we went on about that Railway Scrip! How we fell down, to a bird, from the Eagle to the Sparrow, before a scarecrow, and worshipped it for the love of the bits of rag and paper fluttering from its dirty pockets! If it hadn't tumbled down in its rottenness, we should have clapped a title on it within ten years, I'll be sworn! —Go along with you, and your Buffon, and don't talk to me!

'The Raven don't confine himself to petty depredations on the pantry or the larder'—here you are with your Buffon again—'but he soars at more magnificent plunder, that he can neither exhibit nor enjoy.' This must be very strange to you men—more than it is to the Cat who lived with that old lady, though!

Now, I am not going to stand this. You shall not have it all your own way. I am resolved that I won't have Ravens written about by men, without having men written about by Ravens—at all events by one Raven, and that 's me. I shall put down my opinions about you. As leisure and opportunity serve, I shall collect a natural history of you. You are a good deal given to talk about *your* missions. That 's my mission. How do you like it?

I am open to contributions from any animal except one of your set; bird, beast, or fish, may assist me in my mission, if he will. I have mentioned it to the Cat, intimated it to the Mouse, and proposed it to the Dog. The Owl shakes his head when I confide it to him, and says he doubts. He always did shake his head and doubt. Whenever he brings himself before the public, he never does anything except shake his head and doubt. I should have thought he had got himself into a sufficient mess by doing that, when he roosted for a long time in the Court of Chancery. But he can't leave off. He 's always at it.

Talking of missions, here 's our Proprietor's Wife with a mission now! She has found out that she ought to go and vote at elections; ought to be competent to sit in Parliament; ought to be able to enter the learned professions—the army and navy, too, I believe. She has made the discovery that she has no business to be the comfort of our Proprietor's life, and to have the hold upon him of not being mixed up in all the janglings and wranglings of men, but is quite ill-used in being the solace of his home, and wants to go out speechifying. That 's our Proprietor's Wife's new mission. Why, you never heard the Dove go on in that ridiculous way. She knows her true strength better.

You are mighty proud about your language; but it seems to me that you don't deserve to have words, if you can't make a better use of 'em. You know you are always fighting about 'em. Do you never mean to leave that off, and come to things a little? I thought you had high authority for *not* tearing each other's eyes out, about words. You respect it, don't you?

I declare I am stunned with words, on my perch in the Happy Family. I used to think the cry of a Peacock bad enough, when I was on sale in a menagerie, but I had rather live in the midst of twenty peacocks, than one Gorham and a Privy Council. In the midst of your wordy squabbling, you don't think of the lookers-on.

But if you heard what *I* hear in my public thoroughfare, you 'd stop a little of that noise, and leave the great bulk of the people something to believe in peace. You are overdoing it, I assure you.

I don't wonder at the Parrot picking words up and occupying herself with them. She has nothing else to do. There are no destitute parrots, no uneducated parrots, no foreign parrots in a contagious state of distraction, no parrots in danger of pestilence, no festering heaps of miserable parrots, no parrots crying to be sent away beyond the sea for dear life. But among you !—

Well ! I repeat, I am not going to stand it. Tame submission to injustice is unworthy of a Raven. I croak the croak of revolt, and call upon the Happy Family to rally round me. You men have had it all your own way for a long time. *Now*, you shall hear a sentiment or two about yourselves.

I find my last communication gone from the corner where I hid it. I rather suspect the magpie, but he says, 'Upon his honour.' If Mr. Rowland Hill has got it, he will do me justice—more justice than you have done him lately, or I am mistaken in my man.

II

[June 8, 1850]

Halloa !

You *won't* let me begin that Natural History of you, eh ? You *will* always be doing something or other, to take off my attention ? Now, you have begun to argue with the Undertakers, have you ? What next !

Ugh ! you are a nice set of fellows to be discussing, at this time of day, whether you shall countenance that humbug any longer. 'Performing' funerals, indeed ! I have heard of performing dogs and cats, performing goats and monkeys, performing ponies, white-mice, and canary-birds ; but performing drunkards at so much a day, guzzling over your dead, and throwing half of you into debt for a twelvemonth, beats all I ever heard of. Ha, ha !

The other day there was a person 'went and died' (as our Proprietor's wife says) close to our establishment. Upon my beak

I thought I should have fallen off my perch, you made me laugh so, at the funeral!

Oh my crop and feathers, what a scene it was! *I* never saw the Owl so charmed. It was just the thing for him.

First of all, two dressed-up fellows came—trying to look sober, but they couldn't do it—and stuck themselves outside the door. There they stood, for hours, with a couple of crutches covered over with drapery; cutting their jokes on the company as they went in, and breathing such strong rum and water into our establishment over the way, that the Guinea-Pig (who has a poor little head) was drunk in ten minutes. You are so proud of your humanity. Ha, ha! As if a pair of respectable crows wouldn't have done it much better?

By and by, there came a hearse and four, and then two carriages and four; and on the tops of 'em, and on all the horses' heads, were plumes of feathers, hired at so much per plume; and everything, horses and all, was covered over with black velvet, till you couldn't see it. Because there were not feathers enough yet, there was a fellow in the procession carrying a board of 'em on his head, like Italian images; and there were about five-and-twenty or thirty other fellows (all hot and red in the face with eating and drinking) dressed up in scarves and hat-bands, and carrying—shut-up fishing-rods, I believe—who went draggling through the mud, in a manner that I thought would be the death of me; while the 'Black Jobmaster'—that's what he calls himself—who had let the coaches and horses to a furnishing undertaker, who had let 'em to a haberdasher, who had let 'em to a carpenter, who had let 'em to the parish-clerk, who had let 'em to the sexton, who had let 'em to the plumber painter and glazier who had got the funeral to do, looked out of the public-house window at the corner, with his pipe in his mouth, and said—for I heard him—'That was the sort of turn-out to do a gen-teel party credit.' That! As if any two-and-sixpenny masquerade, tumbled into a vat of blacking, wouldn't be quite as solemn, and immeasurably cheaper!

Do you think I don't know you? You're mistaken if you think so. But perhaps you do. Well! Shall I tell you what I know? Can you bear it? Here it is then. The Black Jobmaster is right. The root of all this, is the gen-teel party.

You don't mean to deny it, I hope? You don't mean to tell

me that this nonsensical mockery isn't owing to your gentility. Don't I know a Raven in a Cathedral Tower, who has often heard your service for the Dead? Don't I know that you always begin it with the words, 'We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out'? Don't I know that in a monstrous satire on those words, you carry your hired velvets, and feathers, and scarves, and all the rest of it, to the edge of the grave, and get plundered (and serve you right!) in every article, because you WILL be gen-teel parties to the last?

Eh? Think a little! Here 's the plumber painter and glazier come to take the funeral order which he is going to give to the sexton, who is going to give it to the clerk, who is going to give it to the carpenter, who is going to give it to the haberdasher, who is going to give it to the furnishing undertaker, who is going to divide it with the Black Jobmaster. 'Hearse and four, Sir?' says he. 'No, a pair will be sufficient.' 'I beg your pardon, Sir, but when we buried Mr. Grundy at number twenty, there was four on 'em, Sir; I think it right to mention it.' 'Well, perhaps there had better be four.' 'Thank you, Sir. Two coaches and four, Sir, shall we say?' 'No. Coaches and pair.' 'You 'll excuse my mentioning it, Sir, but pairs to the coaches, and four to the hearse, would have a singular appearance to the neighbours. When we put four to anything, we always carry four right through.' 'Well! say four!' 'Thank you, Sir. Feathers of course?' 'No. No feathers. They 're absurd.' 'Very good, Sir. *No* feathers?' 'No.' '*Very* good, Sir. We *can* do fours without feathers, Sir, but it 's what we never do. When we buried Mr. Grundy, there was feathers, and—I only throw it out, Sir—Mrs. Grundy might think it strange.' 'Very well! Feathers!' 'Thank you, Sir,'—and so on.

Is it and so on, or not, through the whole black job of jobs, because of Mrs. Grundy and the gen-teel party?

I suppose you 've thought about this? I suppose you 've reflected on what you 're doing, and what you 've done? When you read about those poisonings for the burial society money, you consider how it is that burial societies ever came to be, at all? You perfectly understand—you who are not the poor, and ought to set 'em an example—that, besides making the whole thing costly, you 've confused their minds about this burying, and have taught

'em to confound expense and show, with respect and affection. You know all you've got to answer for, you gen-teel parties? I'm glad of it.

I believe it's only the monkeys who are servile imitators, is it? You reflect! To be sure you do. So does Mrs. Grundy—and she casts reflections—don't she?

What animals are those who scratch shallow holes in the ground in crowded places, scarcely hide their dead in 'em, and become unnaturally infected by their dead, and die by thousands? Vultures, I suppose. I think you call the Vulture an obscene bird? I don't consider him agreeable, but I never caught him misconducting himself in that way.

My honourable friend, the dog—I call him my honourable friend in your Parliamentary sense, because I hate him—turns round three times before he goes to sleep. I ask him why? He says he don't know; but he always does it. Do *you* know how you ever came to have that board of feathers carried on a fellow's head? Come. You're a boastful race. Show yourselves superior to the dog, and tell me!

Now, I don't love many people; but I do love the undertakers. I except them from the censure I pass upon you in general. They know you so well, that I look upon 'em as a sort of Ravens. They are so certain of your being gen-teel parties, that they stick at nothing. They are sure they've got the upper hand of you. Our proprietor was reading the paper, only last night, and there was an advertisement in it from a sensitive and libelled undertaker, to wit, that the allegation 'that funerals were unnecessarily expensive, was an insult to his professional brethren.' Ha! ha! Why, he knows he has you on the hip. It's nothing to him that their being unnecessarily expensive is a fact within the experience of all of you as glaring as the sun when there's not a cloud. He is certain that when you want a funeral 'performed,' he has only to be down upon you with Mrs. Grundy, to do what he likes with you—and then he'll go home, and laugh like a Hyæna.

I declare (supposing I wasn't detained against my will by our proprietor) that, if I had any arms, I'd take the undertakers to 'em! There's another, in the same paper, who says they're libelled, in the accusation of having disgracefully disturbed the meeting in favour of what you call your General Interment Bill. Our estab-

lishment was in the Strand, that night. There was no crowd of undertakers' men there, with circulars in their pockets, calling on 'em to come in coloured clothes to make an uproar; it wasn't undertakers' men who got in with forged orders to yell and screech; it wasn't undertakers' men who made a brutal charge at the platform, and overturned the ladies like a troop of horse. Of course not. *I* know all about it.

But—and lay this well to heart, you Lords of the creation, as you call yourselves!—it *is* these undertakers' men to whom, in the last trying, bitter grief of life, you confide the loved and honoured forms of your sisters, mothers, daughters, wives. It *is* to these delicate gentry, and to their solemn remarks, and decorous behaviour, that you entrust the sacred ashes of all that has been the purest to you, and the dearest to you, in this world. Don't improve the breed! Don't change the custom! Be true to my opinion of you, and to Mrs. Grundy!

I nail the black flag of the black Jobmaster to our cage—figuratively speaking—and I stand up for the gen-teel parties. So (but from different motives) does the Owl. You've got a chance, by means of that bill I've mentioned—by and by, I call my own a General Interment Bill, for it buries everything it gets hold of—to alter the whole system; to avail yourselves of the results of all improved European experience; to separate death from life; to surround it with everything that is sacred and solemn, and to dissever it from everything that is shocking and sordid. You won't read the bill? You won't dream of helping it? You won't think of looking at the evidence on which it's founded—Will you? No. That's right!

Gen-teel parties, step forward, if you please, to the rescue of the black Jobmaster! The rats are with you. I am informed that they have unanimously passed a resolution that the closing of the London churchyards will be an insult to their professional brethren, and will oblige 'em 'to fight for it.' The Parrots are with you. The Owl is with you. The Raven is with you. No General Interments. Carrion for ever!

Ha, ha! Halloa!

III

[August 24, 1850]

I suppose you thought I was dead? No such thing. Don't flatter yourselves that I haven't got my eye upon you. I am wide awake, and you give me plenty to look at.

I have begun my great work about you. I have been collecting materials from the Horse, to begin with. You are glad to hear it, ain't you? Very likely. Oh, he gives you a nice character. He makes you out a charming set of fellows.

He informs me, by the bye, that he is a distinct relation of the pony that was taken up in a balloon a few weeks ago; and that the pony's account of your going to see him at Vauxhall Gardens, is an amazing thing. The pony says, that when he looked round on the assembled crowd, come to see the realisation of the wood-cut in the bill, he found it impossible to discover which was the real Mister Green—there were so many Mister Greens—and they were all so very green!

But that 's the way with you. You know it is. Don't tell me! You 'd go to see anything that other people went to see. And don't flatter yourselves that I am referring to 'the vulgar curiosity,' as you choose to call it, when you mean some curiosity in which you don't participate yourselves. The polite curiosity in this country, is as vulgar as any curiosity in the world.

Of course you 'll tell me, no it isn't, but I say yes it is. What have you got to say for yourselves about the Nepaulese Princes, I should like to know? Why, there has been more crowding, and pressing, and pushing, and jostling, and struggling, and striving, in genteel houses this last season, on account of those Nepaulese Princes, than would take place in vulgar Cremorne Gardens and Greenwich Park, at Easter time and Whitsuntide! And what for? Do you know anything about 'em? Have you any idea why they came here? Can you put your finger on their country in the map? Have you ever asked yourselves a dozen common questions about its

climate, natural history, government, productions, customs, religion, manners? Not you! Here are a couple of swarthy Princes very much out of their element, walking about in wide muslin trousers, and sprinkled all over with gems (like the clock-work figure on the old round platform in the street, grown up), and they're fashionable outlandish monsters, and it's a new excitement for you to get a stare at 'em. As to asking 'em to dinner and seeing 'em sit at table without eating in your company (unclean animals as you are!), you fall into raptures at that. Quite delicious, isn't it? Ugh, you dunder-headed boobies!

I wonder what there is, new and strange, that you *wouldn't* lionise, as you call it. Can you suggest anything? It's not a hippopotamus, I suppose. I hear from my brother-in-law in the Zoological Gardens, that you are always pelting away into the Regent's Park, by thousands, to see the hippopotamus. Oh, you're very fond of hippopotami, ain't you? You study one attentively, when you *do* see one, don't you? You come away, so much wiser than you went, reflecting so profoundly on the wonders of creation—eh?

Bah! You follow one another like wild geese, but you are not so good to eat!

These, however, are not the observations of my friend the Horse. *He* takes you, in another point of view. Would you like to read his contribution to my Natural History of you? No? You shall then.

He is a Cab-horse now. He wasn't always, but he is now, and his usual stand is close to our Proprietor's usual stand. That's the way we have come into communication, we 'dumb animals.' Ha, ha! Dumb, too! Oh, the conceit of you men, because you can bother the community out of their five wits, by making speeches!

Well. I mentioned to this Horse that I should be glad to have his opinions and experiences of you. Here they are:

'At the request of my honourable friend the Raven, I proceed to offer a few remarks in reference to the animal called Man. I have had varied experience of this strange creature for fifteen years, and am now driven by a man, in the hackney cabriolet, number twelve thousand four hundred and fifty-two.

'The sense Man entertains of his own inferiority to the nobler

animals—and I am now more particularly referring to the Horse—has impressed me forcibly, in the course of my career. If a Man knows a Horse well, he is prouder of it than of any knowledge of himself, within the range of his limited capacity. He regards it as the sum of all human acquisition. If he is learned in a Horse, he has nothing else to learn. And the same remark applies, with some little abatement, to his acquaintance with Dogs. I have seen a good deal of Man in my time, but I think I have never met a Man who didn't feel it necessary to his reputation to pretend, on occasion, that he knew something of Horses and Dogs, though he really knew nothing. As to making us a subject of conversation, my opinion is that we are more talked about, than history, philosophy, literature, art, and science, all put together. I have encountered innumerable gentlemen in the country, who were totally incapable of interest in anything but Horses and Dogs—except Cattle. And I have always been given to understand that they were the flower of the civilised world.

'It is very doubtful, to me, whether there is, upon the whole, anything Man is so ambitious to imitate, as an ostler, a jockey, a stage coachman, a horse-dealer, or a dog-fancier. There may be some other character which I do not immediately remember, that fires him with emulation; but, if there be, I am sure it is connected with Horses, or Dogs, or both. This is an unconscious compliment, on the part of the tyrant, to the nobler animals, which I consider to be very remarkable. I have known Lords, and Baronets, and Members of Parliament, out of number, who have deserted every other calling, to become but indifferent stablemen or kennelmen, and be cheated on all hands by the real aristocracy of those pursuits who were regularly born to the business.

'All this, I say, is a tribute to our superiority which I consider to be very remarkable. Yet, still, I can't quite understand it. Man can hardly devote himself to us, in admiration of our virtues, because he never imitates them. We Horses are as honest, though I say it, as animals can be. If, under the pressure of circumstances, we submit to act at a Circus, for instance, we always show that we are acting. We never deceive anybody. We would scorn to do it. If we are called upon to do anything in earnest, we do our best. If we are required to run a race falsely, and to lose when we could win, we are not to be relied upon, to commit a fraud; Man must come in at that point, and force us to it. And the extraordinary circumstance to me, is, that Man (whom I take to be a powerful species of Monkey) is always making us nobler animals the instruments of his meanness and cupidity. The very

name of our kind has become a byword for all sorts of trickery and cheating. We are as innocent as counters at a game—and yet this creature WILL play falsely with us!

'Man's opinion, good or bad, is not worth much, as any rational Horse knows. But, justice is justice; and what I complain of, is, that Mankind talks of us as if We had something to do with all this. They say that such a man was "ruined by Horses." Ruined by Horses! They can't be open, even in that, and say he was ruined by Men; but they lay it at *our* stable-door! As if we ever ruined anybody, or were ever doing anything but being ruined ourselves, in our generous desire to fulfil the useful purposes of our existence!

'In the same way, we get a bad name as if we were profligate company. "So-and-so got among Horses, and it was all up with him." Why, *we* would have reclaimed him—*we* would have made him temperate, industrious, punctual, steady, sensible,—what harm would he ever have got from *us*, I should wish to ask?

'Upon the whole, speaking of him as I have found him, I should describe Man as an unmeaning and conceited creature, very seldom to be trusted, and not likely to make advances towards the honesty of the nobler animals. I should say that his power of warping the nobler animals to bad purposes, and damaging their reputation by his companionship, is, next to the art of growing oats, hay, carrots, and clover, one of his principal attributes. He is very unintelligible in his caprices; seldom expressing with distinctness what he wants of us; and relying greatly on our better judgment to find out. He is cruel, and fond of blood—particularly at a steeple-chase—and is very ungrateful.

'And yet, so far as I can understand, he worships us too. He sets up images of us (not particularly like, but meant to be) in the streets, and calls upon his fellows to admire them, and believe in them. As well as I can make out, it is not of the least importance what images of Men are put astride upon these images of Horses, for I don't find any famous personage among them—except one, and *his* image seems to have been contracted for, by the gross. The jockeys who ride our statues are very queer jockeys, it appears to me, but it is something to find Man even posthumously sensible of what he owes to us. I believe that when he has done any great wrong to any very distinguished Horse, deceased, he gets up a subscription to have an awkward likeness of him made, and erects it in a public place, to be generally venerated. I can find no other reason for the statues of us that abound.

'It must be regarded as a part of the inconsistency of Man, that he erects no statues to the Donkeys—who, though far inferior animals to ourselves, have great claims upon him. I should think a Donkey opposite the Horse at Hyde Park, another in Trafalgar Square, and a group of Donkeys, in brass, outside the Guildhall of the City of London (for I believe the Common Council Chamber is inside that building) would be pleasant and appropriate memorials.

'I am not aware that I can suggest anything more, to my honourable friend the Raven, which will not already have occurred to his fine intellect. Like myself, he is the victim of brute force, and must bear it until the present state of things is changed—as it possibly may be in the good time which I understand is coming, if I wait a little longer.'

There! How do you like that? That 's the Horse. You shall have another animal's sentiments, soon. I have communicated with plenty of 'em, and they are all down upon you. It 's not I alone who have found you out. You are generally detected, I am happy to say, and shall be covered with confusion.

Talking about the horse, are you going to set up any more horses? Eh? Think a bit. Come! You haven't got horses enough yet, surely? Couldn't you put somebody else on horseback, and stick him up, at the cost of a few thousands? You have already statues to most of the 'benefactors of mankind' (SEE ADVERTISEMENT) in your principal cities. You walk through groves of great inventors, instructors, discoverers, assuagers of pain, preventers of disease, suggesters of purifying thoughts, doers of noble deeds. Finish the list. Come!

Whom will you hoist into the saddle? Let 's have a cardinal virtue! Shall it be Faith? Hope? Charity? Aye, Charity 's the virtue to ride on horseback! Let 's have Charity!

How shall we represent it? Eh? What do you think? Royal? Certainly. Duke? Of course. Charity always was typified in that way, from the time of a certain widow, downwards. And there 's nothing less left to put up; all the commoners who were 'benefactors of mankind' having had their statues in the public places, long ago.

How shall we dress it? Rags? Low. Drapery? Commonplace. Field-Marshal's uniform? The very thing! Charity in a Field-Marshal's uniform (none the worse for wear) with thirty thou-

sand pounds a year, public money, in its pocket, and fifteen thousand more, public money, up behind, will be a piece of plain uncompromising truth in the highways, and an honour to the country and the time.

Ha, ha, ha! You can't leave the memory of an unassuming, honest, good-natured, amiable old Duke alone, without bespattering it with your flunkeyism, can't you? That's right—and like you! Here are three brass buttons in my crop. I'll subscribe 'em all. One, to the statue of Charity; one, to a statue of Hope; one, to a statue of Faith. For Faith, we'll have the Nepaulese Ambassador on horseback—being a prince. And for Hope, we'll put the Hippopotamus on horseback, and so make a group.

Let's have a meeting about it!

THE 'GOOD' HIPPOPOTAMUS

[October 12, 1850]

Our correspondent, the Raven in the Happy Family, suggested in these pages, not long ago, the propriety of a meeting being held, to settle the preliminary arrangements for erecting an equestrian statue to the Hippopotamus. We are happy to have received some exclusive information on this interesting subject, and to be authorised to lay it before our readers.

It appears that Mr. Hamet Safi Cannana, the Arabian gentleman who acts as Secretary to H. R. H. (His Rolling Hulk) the Hippopotamus, has been, for some time, reflecting that he is under great obligations to that distinguished creature. Mr. Hamet Safi Cannana (who is remarkable for candour) has not hesitated to say that, but for his accidental public connection with H. R. H., he Mr. Cannana would no doubt have remained to the end of his days an obscure individual, perfectly unknown to fame, and possessing no sort of claim on the public attention. H. R. H. having been the means of getting Mr. Cannana's name into print on several occasions, and having afforded Mr. Cannana various opportunities of plunging into the newspapers, Mr. Cannana has felt himself under a debt of gratitude to H. R. H., requiring some public

acknowledgment and return. Mr. Cannana, after much consideration, has been able to think of no return, at once so notorious and so cheap, as a monument to H. R. H., to be erected at the public expense. We cannot positively state that Mr. Cannana founded this idea on our Correspondent's suggestion—for, indeed, we have reason to believe that he promulgated it before our Correspondent's essay appeared—but, we trust it is not claiming too much for the authority of our Correspondent to hope that it may have confirmed Mr. Cannana in a very noble, a very sensible, a very spirited, undertaking.

We proceed to record its history, as far as it has yet gone.

Mr. Hamet Safi Cannana, having conceived the vast original idea of erecting a Public Monument to H. R. H., set himself to consider next, by what adjective H. R. H. could be most attractively distinguished in the advertisements of that Monument. After much painful and profound cogitation, Mr. Cannana was suddenly inspired with the wonderful thought of calling him the 'Good' Hippopotamus!

This is so obviously an inspiration,—a fancy reserved, through all the previous ages of the world, for this extraordinary genius, —that we have been at some pains to trace it, if possible, to its source. But, as usually happens in such cases, Mr. Cannana can give no account of the process by which he arrived at the result. Mr. Cannana's description of himself, rendered into English, would be, that he was 'bothered'; that he had thought of a number of adjectives, as, the oily Hippopotamus, the bland Hippopotamus, the bathing Hippopotamus, the expensive Hippopotamus, the valiant Hippopotamus, the sleepy Hippopotamus, when, in a moment, as it were in the space of a flash of lightning, he found he had written down, without knowledge why or wherefore, and without being at all able to account for it, those enduring words, the 'Good' Hippopotamus.

Having got the phrase down, in black and white, for speedy publication, the next step was to explain it to an unimaginative public. This process Mr. Cannana can describe. He relates, that when he came to consider the vast quantities of milk of which the Hippopotamus partook, his amazing consumption of meal, his unctuous appetite for dates, his jog-trot manner of going, his majestic power of sleep, he felt that all these qualities pointed him

out emphatically, as the 'Good' Hippopotamus. He never howled, like the Hyena; he never roared, like the Lion; he never screeched, like the Parrot; he never damaged the tops of high trees, like the Giraffe; he never put a trunk in people's way, like the Elephant; he never hugged anybody, like the Bear; he never projected a forked tongue, like the Serpent. He was an easy, basking, jolly, slow, inoffensive, eating and drinking Hippopotamus. Therefore he was, supremely, the 'Good' Hippopotamus.

When Mr. Cannana observed the subject from a closer point of view, he began to find that H. R. H. was not only the 'Good,' but a Benefactor to the whole human race. He toiled not, neither did he spin, truly—but he bathed in cool water when the weather was hot, he slept when he came out of the bath; and he bathed and slept, serenely, for the public gratification. People, of all ages and conditions, rushed to see him bathe, and sleep, and feed; and H. R. H. had no objection. As H. R. H. lay luxuriously winking at the striving public, one warm summer day, Mr. Cannana distinctly perceived that the whole of H. R. H.'s time and energy was devoted to the service of that public. Mr. Cannana's eye, wandering round the hall, and observing, there assembled, a number of persons labouring under the terrible disorder of having nothing particular to do, and too much time to do it in, moistened, as he reflected that the whole of H. R. H.'s life, in giving them some temporary excitement, was an act of charity; was 'devoted' (Mr. Cannana has since printed these words) 'to the protection and affectionate care of the sick and the afflicted.' He perceived, upon the instant, that H. R. H. was a Hippopotamus of 'unsurpassed worth,' and he drew up an advertisement so describing him.

Mr. Cannana, having brought his project thus far on its road to prosperity, without stumbling over any obstacle in the way, now considered it expedient to impart the great design to some other person or persons who would go hand in hand with him. He concluded (having some knowledge of the world) that those who had lifted themselves into any degree of notoriety by means of H. R. H., would be the most likely (but only as best knowing him) to possess a knowledge of his unsurpassed worth. It is an instance of Mr. Cannana's sagacity, that he communicated with the Milkman who supplies the Zoological Gardens.

The Milkman immediately put down his name for ten pounds,

his wife's for five pounds, and each of their twin childen for two pounds ten. He added, in a spirited letter, addressed to Mr. Cannana, and a copy of which is now before us, 'You may rely on my assistance in any way, or in every way, that may be useful to your patriotic project, of erecting a Monument to the "Good" Hippopotamus. We have not Monuments enough. We want more. H. R. H.'s consumption of milk has far exceeded, from the first moment of his unwearied devotion of himself to the happiness of Mankind, any animal's with which I am acquainted; and that nature must be base indeed, that would not vibrate to your appeal.' Emboldened by this sympathy, Mr. Cannana next addressed himself to the Mealman, who replied, 'This is as it should be,' and enclosed a subscription of seven pounds ten—with a request that it might be stated in the published list that the number of his house was ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FOUR B, at the right-hand corner of High Street and Blue Lion Street, and that it had no connection with any similar establishments in the same neighbourhood, which were all impositions.

Mr. Cannana now proceeded to form a Committee. The Milkman and the Mealman both consented to serve. Also the two Policemen usually on duty (under Mr. Cannana's auspices), in H. R. H.'s den; the principal Money-taker at the gardens; the Monkey who, early in the season, was appointed (by Mr. Cannana) to a post on H. R. H.'s grounds; and all the artificers employed (under Mr. Cannana's directions), in constructing the existing accommodation for H. R. H.'s entire dedication of his life and means to the consolation of the afflicted. Still, Mr. Cannana deemed it necessary to his project to unite in one solid phalanx all the leading professional keepers of Show Animals in and near London; and this extensive enterprise he immediately pursued, by circular-letter signed Hamet Safi Cannana, setting forth the absolute and indispensable necessity of 'raising a permanent monument in honour of the "Good" Hippopotamus, which, while it becomes a record of gratitude for his self-sacrifices in the cause of charity, shall serve as a guide and example to all who wish to become the benefactors of mankind.'

The response to this letter, was of the most gratifying nature. Mr. Wombwell's keepers joined the Committee; all the keepers at the Surrey Zoological enrolled themselves without loss of time;

the exhibitor of the dancing dogs came forward with alacrity; the proprietor of 'Punch's Opera, containing the only singing dogs in Europe,' became a Committee-man; and the hoarse gentleman who trains the birds to draw carriages, and the white mice to climb the tight rope and go up ladders, gave in his adhesion, in a manner that did equal honour to his head and heart. The Italian boys were once thought of, but these Mr. Cannana rejected as low; for all Mr. Cannana's proceedings are characterised by a delicate gentility.

The Committee, having been thus constituted, and being reinforced by the purveyors to the different animals (who are observed to be very strong in the cause) held a meeting of their body, at which Mr. Cannana explained his general views. Mr. Cannana said, that he had proposed to the various keepers of Show Animals then present, to form themselves into that union for the erection of a Monument to the 'Good' Hippopotamus, because, laying aside individual jealousies, it appeared to him that the cause of that animal of 'unsurpassed worth,' was, in fact, the common cause of all Show Animals. There was one point of view (Mr. Cannana said) in which the design they had met to advance appeared to him to be exceedingly important. Some Show Animals had not done well of late. Pathetic appeals had been made to the public on their behalf; but the Public had appeared a little to mistrust the Animals—why, he could not imagine—and their funds did not bear that proportion to their expenditure which was to be desired. Now, here were they, the Representatives of those Show Animals, about, one and all, to address the Public on the subject of the 'Good' Hippopotamus. If they took the solid ground they ought to take; if they united in telling the Public without any misgiving that he was a creature 'of unsurpassed worth,' that 'his whole life was devoted to the protection and affectionate care of the sick and the afflicted'; that 'his self-sacrifices demanded the public admiration and gratitude'; and that he was 'a guide and example to all who wished to become the benefactors of Mankind';—if they did this, what he, Mr. Cannana, said, was, that the Public would judge of their representations of their Show Animals generally, by the self-evident nature of these statements; and their Show Animals, whatever they had been in the past, could not fail to be handsomely supported by the Public in future, and to win their utmost confidence.

This position was universally applauded, but it was reduced to

still plainer terms, by the straight-forward gentleman with the hoarse voice who trains the birds and mice.

'In short,' said that gentleman, addressing Mr. Cannana, 'if we puts out this here 'Tizement, the Public will know in a minute that there isn't a morsel of Humbug about us?'

Mr. Cannana replied, with earnestness, 'Exactly so! My honourable friend has stated precisely what I mean!'

This distinct statement of the case was much applauded, and gave the greatest satisfaction to the assembled company.

It was then suggested by the Secretary, to Mr. Tyler's tiger, that several thousand circulars, embodying these statements (with a promise that the collector should shortly call for a subscription) ought to be immediately signed by Mr. Hamet Safi Cannana, addressed, and posted. This work Mr. Cannana undertook to superintend, and we understand that some ten thousand of these letters have since been delivered. The gentleman in waiting on Mr. Wombwell's Sloth (who is of an ardent temperament) was of opinion that the company should instantly vote subscriptions towards the Monument from the funds of their respective establishments: considering the fact, that the funds did not belong to them, of secondary importance to the erection of a Monument to the 'Good' Hippopotamus. But, it was resolved to defer this point until the public feeling on the undertaking should have had an opportunity of expressing itself.

This, as far as it has yet reached, is the history of the Monument to the 'Good' Hippopotamus. The collector has called, we understand, at a great many houses, but has not yet succeeded in getting into several, in consequence of the entrance being previously occupied by the collector of the Queen's Taxes, going his rounds for the annuity to the young Duke of Cambridge. Whom Heaven preserve!

SOME ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY TRAVELLER

[April 20, 1850]

No longer ago than this Easter time last past, we became acquainted with the subject of the present notice. Our knowledge of him is

not by any means an intimate one, and is only of a public nature. We have never interchanged any conversation with him, except on one occasion when he asked us to have the goodness to take off our hat, to which we replied 'Certainly.'

Mr. Booley was born (we believe) in Rood Lane, in the City of London. He is now a gentleman advanced in life, and has for some years resided in the neighbourhood of Islington. His father was a wholesale grocer (perhaps) and he was (possibly) in the same way of business; or he may, at an early age, have become a clerk in the Bank of England or in a private bank, or in the India House. It will be observed that we make no pretence of having any information in reference to the private history of this remarkable man, and that our account of it must be received as rather speculative than authentic.

In person Mr. Booley is below the middle size, and corpulent. His countenance is florid, he is perfectly bald, and soon hot; and there is a composure in his gait and manner, calculated to impress a stranger with the idea of his being, on the whole, an unwieldy man. It is only in his eye that the adventurous character of Mr. Booley is seen to shine. It is a moist, bright eye, of a cheerful expression, and indicative of keen and eager curiosity.

It was not until late in life that Mr. Booley conceived the idea of entering on the extraordinary amount of travel he has since accomplished. He had attained the age of sixty-five before he left England for the first time. In all the immense journeys he has since performed, he has never laid aside the English dress, nor departed in the slightest degree from English customs. Neither does he speak a word of any language but his own.

Mr. Booley's powers of endurance are wonderful. All climates are alike to him. Nothing exhausts him; no alternations of heat and cold appear to have the least effect upon his hardy frame. His capacity of travelling, day and night, for thousands of miles, has never been approached by any traveller of whom we have any knowledge through the help of books. An intelligent Englishman may have occasionally pointed out to him objects and scenes of interest; but otherwise he has travelled alone and unattended. Though remarkable for personal cleanliness, he has carried no luggage; and his diet has been of the simplest kind. He has often found a biscuit, or a bun, sufficient for his support over a vast tract

of country. Frequently, he has travelled hundreds of miles, fasting, without the least abatement of his natural spirits. It says much for the Total Abstinence cause, that Mr. Booley has never had recourse to the artificial stimulus of alcohol, to sustain him under his fatigues.

His first departure from the sedentary and monotonous life he had hitherto led, strikingly exemplifies, we think, the energetic character, long suppressed by that unchanging routine. Without any communication with any member of his family—Mr. Booley has never been married, but has many relations—without announcing his intention to his solicitor, or banker, or any person entrusted with the management of his affairs, he closed the door of his house behind him at one o'clock in the afternoon of a certain day, and immediately proceeded to New Orleans, in the United States of America.

His intention was to ascend the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, to the base of the Rocky Mountains. Taking his passage in a steamboat without loss of time, he was soon upon the bosom of the Father of Waters, as the Indians call the mighty stream which, night and day, is always carrying huge instalments of the vast continent of the New World down into the sea.

Mr. Booley found it singularly interesting to observe the various stages of civilisation obtaining on the banks of these mighty rivers. Leaving the luxury and brightness of New Orleans—a somewhat feverish luxury and brightness, he observed, as if the swampy soil were too much enriched in the hot sun with the bodies of dead slaves—and passing various towns in every stage of progress, it was very curious to observe the changes of civilisation and of vegetation too. Here, while the doomed negro race were working in the plantations, while the republican overseer looked on, whip in hand, tropical trees were growing, beautiful flowers in bloom ; the alligator, with his horribly sly face, and his jaws like two great saws, was basking on the mud ; and the strange moss of the country was hanging in wreaths and garlands on the trees, like votive offerings. A little farther towards the west, and the trees and flowers were changed, the moss was gone, younger infant towns were rising, forests were slowly disappearing, and the trees, obliged to aid in the destruction of their kind, fed the heavily-breathing monster that came clanking up those solitudes laden with the pioneers of the advancing human army. The river itself, that moving highway, showed him

every kind of floating contrivance, from the lumbering flat-bottomed boat, and the raft of logs, upward to the steamboat, and downward to the poor Indian's frail canoe. A winding thread through the enormous range of country, unrolling itself before the wanderer like the magic skein in the story, he saw it tracked by wanderers of every kind, roaming from the more settled world, to those first nests of men. The floating theatre, dwelling-house, hotel, museum, shop; the floating mechanism for screwing the trunks of mighty trees out of the mud, like antediluvian teeth; the rapidly-flowing river, and the blazing woods; he left them all behind—town, city, and log-cabin, too; and floated up into the prairies and savannahs, among the deserted lodges of tribes of savages, and among their dead, lying alone on little wooden stages with their stark faces upward towards the sky. Among the blazing grass, and herds of buffaloes and wild horses, and among the wigwams of the fast-declining Indians, he began to consider how, in the eternal current of progress setting across this globe in one unchangeable direction, like the unseen agency that points the needle to the Pole, the Chiefs who only dance the dances of their fathers, and will never have a new figure for a new tune, and the Medicine men who know no Medicine but what was Medicine a hundred years ago, must be surely and inevitably swept from the earth, whether they be Choctawas, Mandans, Britons, Austrians, or Chinese.

He was struck, too, by the reflection that savage nature was not by any means such a fine and noble spectacle as some delight to represent it. He found it a poor, greasy, paint-plastered, miserable thing enough; but a very little way above the beasts in most respects; in many customs a long way below them. It occurred to him that the 'Big Bird,' or the 'Blue Fish,' or any of the other Braves, was but a troublesome braggart after all; making a mighty whooping and halloaing about nothing particular, doing very little for science, not much more than the monkeys for art, scarcely anything worth mentioning for letters, and not often making the world greatly better than he found it. Civilisation, Mr. Booley concluded, was, on the whole, with all its blemishes, a more imposing sight, and a far better thing to stand by.

Mr. Booley's observations of the celestial bodies, on this voyage, were principally confined to the discovery of the alarming fact, that light had altogether departed from the moon; which presented the

appearance of a white dinner-plate. The clouds, too, conducted themselves in an extraordinary manner, and assumed the most eccentric forms, while the sun rose and set in a very reckless way. On his return to his native country, however, he had the satisfaction of finding all these things as usual.

It might have been expected that at his advanced age, retired from the active duties of life, blessed with a competency, and happy in the affections of his numerous relations, Mr. Booley would now have settled himself down, to muse, for the remainder of his days, over the new stock of experience thus acquired. But travel had whetted, not satisfied, his appetite; and remembering that he had not seen the Ohio River, except at the point of its junction with the Mississippi, he returned to the United States, after a short interval of repose, and appearing suddenly at Cincinnati, the queen City of the West, traversed the clear waters of the Ohio to its Falls. In this expedition he had the pleasure of encountering a party of intelligent workmen from Birmingham who were making the same tour. Also his nephew Septimus, aged only thirteen. This intrepid boy had started from Peckham, in the old country, with two and sixpence sterling in his pocket; and had, when he encountered his uncle at a point of the Ohio River, called Snaggy Bar, still one shilling of that sum remaining!

Again at home, Mr. Booley was so pressed by his appetite for knowledge as to remain at home only one day. At the expiration of that short period, he actually started for New Zealand.

It is almost incredible that a man in Mr. Booley's station of life, however adventurous his nature, and however few his artificial wants, should cast himself on a voyage of thirteen thousand miles from Great Britain with no other outfit than his watch and purse, and no arms but his walking-stick. We are, however, assured on the best authority, that thus he made the passage out, and thus appeared, in the act of wiping his smoking head with his pocket-handkerchief, at the entrance to Port Nicholson in Cook's Straits: with the very spot within his range of vision, where his illustrious predecessor, Captain Cook, so unhappily slain at Otaheite, once anchored.

After contemplating the swarms of cattle maintained on the hills in this neighbourhood, and always to be found by the stockmen when they are wanted, though nobody takes any care of them—which Mr. Booley considered the more remarkable, as their natural

objection to be killed might be supposed to be augmented by the beauty of the climate—Mr. Booley proceeded to the town of Wellington. Having minutely examined it in every point, and made himself perfect master of the whole natural history and process of manufacture of the flax-plant, with its splendid yellow blossoms, he repaired to a Native Pa, which, unlike the Native Pa to which he was accustomed, he found to be a town, and not a parent. Here he observed a chief with a long spear, making every demonstration of spitting a visitor, but really giving him the Maori or welcome—a word Mr. Booley is inclined to derive from the known hospitality of our English Mayors—and here also he observed some Europeans rubbing noses, by way of shaking hands, with the aboriginal inhabitants. After participating in an affray between the natives and the English soldiers in which the former were defeated with great loss, he plunged into the Bush, and there camped out for some months, until he had made a survey of the whole country.

While leading this wild life, encamped by night near a stream for the convenience of water in a Ware, or hut, built open in the front, with a roof sloping backward to the ground, and made of poles, covered and enclosed with bark or fern, it was Mr. Booley's singular fortune to encounter Miss Creeble, of The Misses Creeble's Boarding and Day Establishment for Young Ladies, Kennington Oval, who, accompanied by three of her young ladies in search of information, had achieved this marvellous journey, and was then also in the Bush. Miss Creeble having very unsettled opinions on the subject of gunpowder, was afraid that it entered into the composition of the fire before the tent, and that something would presently blow up or go off. Mr. Booley, as a more experienced traveller, assuring her that there was no danger; and calming the fears of the young ladies, an acquaintance commenced between them. They accomplished the rest of their travels in New Zealand together, and the best understanding prevailed among the little party. They took notice of the trees, as the Kaikatea, the Kauri, the Ruta, the Pukatea, the Hinau, and the Tanakaka—names which Miss Creeble had a bland relish in pronouncing. They admired the beautiful, aborescent, palm-like fern, abounding everywhere, and frequently exceeding thirty feet in height. They wondered at the curious owl, who is supposed to demand 'More Pork!' wherever he flies, and whom Miss Creeble termed 'an admonition of Nature against greedi-

ness!' And they contemplated some very rampant natives of cannibal propensities. After many pleasing and instructive vicissitudes, they returned to England in company, where the ladies were safely put into a hackney cabriolet by Mr. Booley, in Leicester Square, London.

And now, indeed, it might have been imagined that that roving spirit, tired of rambling about the world, would have settled down at home in peace and honour. Not so. After repairing to the tubular bridge across the Menai Straits, and accompanying Her Majesty on her visit to Ireland (which he characterised as 'a magnificent Exhibition'), Mr. Booley, with his usual absence of preparation, departed for Australia.

Here again, he lived out in the Bush, passing his time chiefly among the working-gangs of convicts who were carrying timber. He was much impressed by the ferocious mastiffs chained to barrels, who assist the sentries in keeping guard over those misdoers. But he observed that the atmosphere in this part of the world, unlike the descriptions he had read of it, was extremely thick, and that objects were misty, and difficult to be discerned. From a certain unsteadiness and trembling, too, which he frequently remarked on the face of Nature, he was led to conclude that this part of the globe was subject to convulsive heavings and earthquakes. This caused him to return with some precipitation.

Again at home, and probably reflecting that the countries he had hitherto visited were new in the history of man, this extraordinary traveller resolved to proceed up the Nile to the second cataract. At the next performance of the great ceremony of 'opening the Nile,' at Cairo, Mr. Booley was present.

Along that wonderful river, associated with such stupendous fables, and with a history more prodigious than any fancy of man, in its vast and gorgeous facts; among temples, palaces, pyramids, colossal statues, crocodiles, tombs, obelisks, mummies, sand and ruin; he proceeded, like an opium-eater in a mighty dream. Thebes rose before him. An avenue of two hundred sphinxes, with not a head among them,—one of six or eight, or ten such avenues, all leading to a common centre—conducted to the Temple of Carnak: its walls, eighty feet high and twenty-five feet thick, a mile and three-quarters in circumference; the interior of its tremendous hall, occupying an area of forty-seven thousand square feet, large enough to hold four

great Christian churches, and yet not more than one-seventh part of the entire ruin. Obelisks he saw, thousands of years of age, as sharp as if the chisel had cut their edges yesterday; colossal statues fifty-two feet high, with 'little' fingers five feet and a half long; a very world of ruins, that were marvellous old ruins in the days of Herodotus; tombs cut high up in the rock, where European travellers live solitary, as in stony crows' nests, burning mummied Thebans, gentle and simple—of the dried blood-royal maybe—for their daily fuel, and making articles of furniture of their dusty coffins. Upon the walls of temples, in colours fresh and bright as those of yesterday, he read the conquests of great Egyptian monarchs; upon the tombs of humbler people in the same blooming symbols, he saw their ancient way of working at their trades, of riding, driving, feasting, playing games; of marrying and burying, and performing on instruments, and singing songs, and healing by the power of animal magnetism, and performing all the occupations of life. He visited the quarries of Silsileh, whence nearly all the red stone used by the ancient Egyptian architects and sculptors came; and there beheld enormous single-stoned colossal figures, nearly finished—redly snowed up, as it were, and trying hard to break out—waiting for the finishing touches, never to be given by the mummied hands of thousands of years ago. In front of the temple of Abou Simbel, he saw gigantic figures sixty feet in height and twenty-one across the shoulders, dwarfing live men on camels down to pigmies. Elsewhere he beheld complacent monsters tumbled down like ill-used Dolls of a Titanic make, and staring with stupid benignity at the arid earth whereon their huge faces rested. His last look of that amazing land was at the Great Sphinx, buried in the sand—sand in its eyes, sand in its ears, sand drifted on its broken nose, sand lodging, feet deep, in the ledges of its head—struggling out of a wide sea of sand, as if to look hopelessly forth for the ancient glories once surrounding it.

In this expedition, Mr. Booley acquired some curious information in reference to the language of hieroglyphics. He encountered the Simoon in the Desert, and lay down, with the rest of his caravan until it had passed over. He also beheld on the horizon some of those stalking pillars of sand, apparently reaching from earth to heaven, which, with the red sun shining through them, so terrified the Arabs attendant on Bruce, that they fell prostrate, crying that

the Day of Judgment was come. More Copts, Turks, Arabs, Fellahs, Bedouins, Mosques, Mamelukes, and Moosulmen he saw, than we have space to tell. His days were all Arabian Nights, and he saw wonders without end.

This might have satiated any ordinary man, for a time at least. But Mr. Booley, being no ordinary man, within twenty-four hours of his arrival at home was making the overland journey to India.

He has emphatically described this, as 'a beautiful piece of scenery,' and 'a perfect picture.' The appearance of Malta and Gibraltar he can never sufficiently commend. In crossing the desert from Grand Cairo to Suez he was particularly struck by the undulations of the Sandscape (he preferred that word to Landscape, as more expressive of the region), and by the incident of beholding a caravan upon its line of march; a spectacle which in the remembrance always affords him the utmost pleasure. Of the stations on the desert, and the cinnamon gardens of Ceylon, he likewise entertains a lively recollection. Calcutta he praises also; though he has been heard to observe that the British military at that seat of Government were not as well proportioned as he could desire the soldiers of his country to be; and that the breed of horses there in use was susceptible of some improvement.

Once more in his native land, with the vigour of his constitution unimpaired by the many toils and fatigues he had encountered, what had Mr. Booley now to do, but, full of years and honour, to recline upon the grateful appreciation of his Queen and country, always eager to distinguish peaceful merit? What had he now to do, but to receive the decoration ever ready to be bestowed, in England, on men deservedly distinguished, and to take his place among the best? He had this to do. He had yet to achieve the most astonishing enterprise for which he was reserved. In all the countries he had yet visited, he had seen no frost and snow. He resolved to make a voyage to the ice-bound arctic regions.

In pursuance of this surprising determination, Mr. Booley accompanied the expedition under Sir James Ross, consisting of Her Majesty's ships the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, which sailed from the River Thames on the 12th of May 1848, and which, on the 11th of September, entered Port Leopold Harbour.

In this inhospitable region, surrounded by eternal ice, cheered

by no glimpse of the sun, shrouded in gloom and darkness, Mr. Booley passed the entire winter. The ships were covered in, and fortified all round with walls of ice and snow; the masts were frozen up; hoar frost settled on the yards, tops, shrouds, stays, and rigging; around, in every direction, lay an interminable waste, on which only the bright stars, the yellow moon, and the vivid Aurora Borealis looked, by night or day.

And yet the desolate sublimity of this astounding spectacle was broken in a pleasant and surprising manner. In the remote solitude to which he had penetrated, Mr. Booley (who saw no Esquimaux during his stay, though he looked for them in every direction) had the happiness of encountering two Scotch gardeners; several English compositors, accompanied by their wives; three brass-founders from the neighbourhood of Long Acre, London; two coach painters, a gold-beater and his only daughter, by trade a staymaker; and several other working-people from sundry parts of Great Britain who had conceived the extraordinary idea of 'holiday-making' in the frozen wilderness. Hither, too, had Miss Creeble and her three young ladies penetrated: the latter attired in braided peacoats of a comparatively light material; and Miss Creeble defended from the inclemency of a Polar Winter by no other outer garment than a wadded Polka-jacket. He found this courageous lady in the act of explaining, to the youthful sharers of her toils, the various phases of nature by which they were surrounded. Her explanations were principally wrong, but her intentions always admirable.

Cheered by the society of these fellow-adventurers, Mr. Booley slowly glided on into the summer season. And now, at midnight, all was bright and shining. Mountains of ice, wedged and broken into the strangest forms—jagged points, spires, pinnacles, pyramids, turrets, columns in endless succession and in infinite variety, flashing and sparkling with ten thousand hues, as though the treasures of the earth were frozen up in all that water—appeared on every side. Masses of ice, floating and driving hither and thither, menaced the hardy voyagers with destruction; and threatened to crush their strong ships, like nutshells. But, below those ships was clear sea-water, now; the fortifying walls were gone; the yards, tops, shrouds and rigging, free from that hoary rust of long inaction, showed like themselves again; and the sails, bursting from the masts, like foliage

which the welcome sun at length developed, spread themselves to the wind, and wafted the travellers away.

In the short interval that has elapsed since his safe return to the land of his birth, Mr. Booley has decided on no new expedition; but he feels that he will yet be called upon to undertake one, perhaps of greater magnitude than any he has achieved, and frequently remarks, in his own easy way, that he wonders where the deuce he will be taken to next! Possessed of good health and good spirits, with powers unimpaired by all he has gone through, and with an increase of appetite still growing with what it feeds on, what may not be expected yet from this extraordinary man!

It was only at the close of Easter week that, sitting in an armchair, at a private club called the Social Oysters, assembling at Highbury Barn, where he is much respected, this indefatigable traveller expressed himself in the following terms:

'It is very gratifying to me,' said he, 'to have seen so much at my time of life, and to have acquired a knowledge of the countries I have visited, which I could not have derived from books alone. When I was a boy, such travelling would have been impossible, as the gigantic-moving-panorama or diorama mode of conveyance, which I have principally adopted (all my modes of conveyance have been pictorial), had then not been attempted. It is a delightful characteristic of these times, that new and cheap means are continually being devised for conveying the results of actual experience to those who are unable to obtain such experiences for themselves; and to bring them within the reach of the people—emphatically of the people; for it is they at large who are addressed in these endeavours, and not exclusive audiences. Hence,' said Mr. Booley, 'even if I see a run on an idea, like the panorama one, it awakens no ill-humour within me, but gives me pleasant thoughts. Some of the best results of actual travel are suggested by such means to those whose lot it is to stay at home. New worlds open out to them, beyond their little worlds, and widen their range of reflection, information, sympathy, and interest. The more man knows of man, the better for the common brotherhood among us all. I shall, therefore,' said Mr. Booley, 'now propose to the Social Oysters, the healths of Mr. Banvard, Mr. Brees, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Allen, Mr. Prout, Messrs. Bonomi, Fahey, and Warren, Mr. Thomas Grieve, and Mr. Burford. Long life to them all, and more power to their pencils!'

A CARD FROM MR. BOOLEY

The Social Oysters having drunk this toast with acclamation, Mr. Booley proceeded to entertain them with anecdotes of his travels. This he is in the habit of doing after they have feasted together, according to the manner of Sinbad the Sailor—except that he does not bestow upon the Social Oysters the munificent reward of one hundred sequins per night, for listening.

A CARD FROM MR. BOOLEY

[May 18, 1850]

Mr. Booley (the great traveller) presents his compliments to the conductor of *Household Words*, and begs to call his attention to an omission in the account given in that delightful journal, of Mr. Booley's remarks, in addressing the Social Oysters.

Mr. Booley, in proposing the health of Mr. Thomas Grieve, in connection with the beautiful diorama of the route of the Overland Mail to India, expressly added (amid much cheering from the Oysters) the names of Mr. Telbin his distinguished coadjutor; Mr. Absolon, who painted the figures; and Mr. Herring, who painted the animals. Although Mr. Booley's tribute of praise can be of little importance to those gentlemen, he is uneasy in finding them left out of the delightful Journal referred to.

Mr. Booley has taken the liberty of endeavouring to give this communication an air of novelty, by omitting the words 'Now, Sir,' which are generally supposed to be essential to all letters written to Editors for publication. It may be interesting to add, in fact, that the Social Oysters considered it impossible that Mr. Booley could, by any means, throw off the present communication, without availing himself of that established form of address.

Highbury Barn, *Monday Evening.*

MR. BOOLEY'S VIEW OF THE LAST LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

[November 30, 1850]

Mr. Booley having been much excited by the accounts in the newspapers, informing the public that the eminent Mr. Batty, of

Astley's Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge Road, Lambeth, would invent, arrange, and marshal the Procession on Lord Mayor's Day, took occasion to announce to the Social Oysters that he intended to be present at that great national spectacle. Mr. Booley remarked that into whatever regions he extended his travels, and however wide the range of his experience became, he still found, on repairing to Astley's Amphitheatre, that he had much to learn. For, he always observed within those walls, some extraordinary costume or curious weapon, or some apparently unaccountable manners and customs, which he had previously associated with no nation upon earth. Thus, Mr. Booley said, he had acquired a knowledge of Tartar Tribes, and also of Wild Indians, and Chinese, which had greatly enlightened him as to the habits of those singular races of men, in whom he observed, as peculiarities common to the whole, that they were always hoarse ; that they took equestrian exercise in a most irrational manner, riding up staircases and precipices without the least necessity; that it was impossible for them to dance, on any joyful occasion, without keeping time with their forefingers, erect in the neighbourhood of their ears; and that whenever their castles were on fire (a calamity to which they were particularly subject) numbers of them immediately tumbled down dead, without receiving any wound or blow, while others, previously distinguished in war, fell an easy prey to the comic coward of the opposite faction, who was usually armed with a strange instrument resembling an enormous, supple cigar.

For such reasons alone, Mr. Booley took a lively interest in the preliminary announcements of the last Lord Mayor's Show; but, when he understood, besides, that the Show was to be an Allegory, devised by the ingenious Mr. Batty, in conjunction with the Lord Mayor, as a kind of practical riddle for all beholders to make guesses at, he hired a window in the most eligible part of the line of march, resolved to devote himself to the discovery of its meaning.

The result of Mr. Booley's meditation on the Allegory which passed before his eyes on the ninth of the present month, was given to the Social Oysters, in the form of a report, emanating directly and personally from himself, their President. We have been favoured with a copy of the document, and also with permission to make it public ; a permission of which we now proceed to

avail ourselves. Those who have any acquaintance with Mr. Booley, will be prepared to learn that the real intent and meaning of the Allegory has been entirely missed, except by his sagacious and original mind. We need scarcely observe that its obviousness and simplicity must not be allowed to detract from the merit either of Mr. Booley or of Mr. Batty, or of the Lord Mayor. It is in the essence of these things that they *should* be obvious and simple, when the clue is once found.

'At an early hour of the morning,' says Mr. Booley,—'for I observe, in the newspapers, that when any public spectacle takes place, it always begins to take place at an early hour of the morning,—I stationed myself at the window which had been engaged for me. I will not attempt to describe my feelings on looking down Cheapside. I am conscious of having thought of Whittington and his cat, and of Hogarth's idle and industrious apprentice—also of the weather, which was extremely fine.

'When the Procession began, with the Tallow Chandlers' Company, succeeded by the Under Beadle of the Worshipful Company of Tallow Chandlers, walking alone, as a Being so removed and awful should, tears of solemn pleasure rose to my eyes; but, I am not aware that I then suspected any latent meaning in particular. Even when the "Beadle of the Tallow Chandlers' Company in his gown," caused the vast assemblage to hold its breath, and sent a thrill through all the multitude, I believe I only regarded him as the eminent Beadle in question, and not as a symbol. The appearance of "The Captain and Lieutenant of the Band of Pensioners," and also of a Band of Pensioners, each carrying a Javelin and Shield, struck me (though the band was by no means numerous enough) as a happy idea, emblematic of those bulwarks of our constitution, the Pension-List, Places, and Sinecures; but, it was not until "two pages bearing flambeaux filled with burning incense," preceded a young lady "attired in a white satin robe and mounted on a white palfrey," that the joint idea of Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor burst upon me. I will not expatiate on the pleasure with which I found my discovery confirmed by every succeeding object. I will endeavour to state the idea to you in a tranquil manner, and to do justice to Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor.

'The Tallow Chandlers' Company,' Mr. Booley proceeds, 'with

their Under Beadle and Beadle, I found to be the representatives of noxious trades and unwholesome smells; at present very rife within the City of London, but shortly to disappear before the penitent exertions of the Corporation. The Band of Pensioners, with javelins and shields, were clearly the persons interested in the maintenance of such nuisances, though powerless either for attack or defence, and only following those sources of disease and death into oblivion. The burning incense, I need not observe, was used to purify and disinfect the foul air before the appearance of the Goddess Hygeia (called Peace in the programme, that the Allegory might not be too obvious), who was very properly represented with a spotless dress, and riding on a spotless palfrey. It was a happy part of this thoughtful fancy, that the civic authorities, and the Aldermen in their carriages, had gone before; Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor being sensible that until those distinguished functionaries had moved on a little, and been got out of the way, the appearance of the Goddess of Health could not possibly be expected.

'The Goddess, that distinguished stranger,' Mr. Booley goes on to say, 'having been received by the City of London with loud acclamations, and having been most eagerly and enthusiastically welcomed by the multitudes, who were to be seen squeezed into courts, byeways, and cellars, gave place to "The Horse of Europe"; in which generous quadruped I perceived a pledge and promise on the part of the Corporation, that filled me with the liveliest emotions. For, not to dwell upon the significant fact that the body, which it is my welcome function to commend so highly, paraded, on this solemn occasion, a Horse, and not a Donkey—which is in itself worthy of observation: the City having, very frequently heretofore, made a surprising show of Donkeys when the Public Health has been under discussion—I had only to refer to Buffon, to strengthen my sense of the importance of this beautiful symbol. "Horses," says he, "are gentle, and their tempers social; they seldom show their ardour and strength by any other sign than emulation. They endeavour to be foremost in the course." And again, "They renounce their very being for the service of man." And again, "Their manners almost wholly depend on their education." And again, "A horse naturally morose, gloomy, or stubborn, produces foals of the same disposition; and as the defects of confirma-

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, 1850.

tion, as well as the vices of the humours, perpetuate with still more certainty than the natural qualities, great care should be taken to exclude from the stud all deformed, vicious, glandered, broken-winded, or mad horses." No animal could have better illustrated the united meaning of Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor. The City pledged itself by that token to show its ardour and strength by emulation in all efforts for the public good, and to abandon all other considerations to the service of man. Further, it recognised the great truth, that the manners of a people depend upon their education; and that gloomy, morose, or otherwise ill-conditioned parents will perpetuate an ill-conditioned and constantly degenerating race; irksome to itself and dangerous to all. Hence, it promised to extend, by all possible means, among the poor, the blessings of light, air, cleanliness, and instruction; and no longer to enforce filth, squalor, ill-health, and ignorance, upon thousands of God's creatures. I was particularly struck,' Mr. Booley remarks, 'by this beautiful part of the Allegory, and shall ever regard Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor with a feeling of personal affection.

'The Horse of Europe was followed by the Camel of Asia. And difficult, indeed, it would have been,' says Mr. Booley, 'to have presented, next in order, any animal more felicitously carrying out the general idea. For, the impossibility of people being healthy and clean without a good and cheap supply of water, must be as obvious to the meanest capacity, as even the dearness, bad quality, and insufficient quantity, of the present supply of water in London. I therefore consider that anything happier than the exhibition at this point of an animal who is supplied with a subtle inward mechanism for storing this first necessary of life—who is furnished, as I may say, with an inexpensive Water Works of its own—was one of the most agreeable and pointed illustrations ever presented to a populace. I consider it a stroke of genius, and beg thus publicly to tender the poor tribute of my warmest admiration to Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor.

'After the Camel of Asia, came the Elephant of Africa. I found this idea, likewise, very pleasant. The exquisite scent possessed by the elephant rendered it out of the question that he could have been produced at an earlier stage of the Procession, or the Tallow-Chandlers, with their Under Beadles, Beadles, and Band of Pensioners, might have roused him to a state of fury. Therefore,

the Civic Dignitaries and Aldermen (whose noses are not keen) immediately followed that ill-savoured Company, and the Elephant was reserved until now.

'His capacity of intellectual development under proper training, his strength and docility, his industry, his many noble qualities, his patience and attachment under gentle treatment, and his blind resentment, when provoked too far by ill-usage, rendered him, besides, a touching symbol of the great English people; and this idea was still further expressed by his carrying trophies on his back, expressive of their enterprise and valour. In parading an animal so well known for its aversion to carrion, and its liking for clean provender, the City of London, pleasantly but pointedly, avowed its determination to seek out and confiscate all improper human food exposed for sale within its liberties, and particularly to look, with a searching eye, into the knackers'-yards, and the sausage trade. I almost fancied,' Mr. Booley proceeds, 'that the sagacious elephant knew his part in the Allegory, and was conscious of the whole Castle of meaning on his back, as he proceeded gravely on, surveying the crowd with his small, but highly intelligent eye.

'The two negroes by whom he was led,' Mr. Booley goes on to remark, 'rather perplexed me. Can it be, that they had any reference to certain estimable, but pig-headed members of the Civic Parliament, who learn no wisdom from experience and instruction; and in humorous reference to whom, Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor suggested the impossibility of ever washing the Blackamoor white?

'But now,' he adds, 'appeared what I cannot but consider the crowning feature of the Allegory: in perfect harmony and keeping with the rest, and pointing directly at the removal of an absurd, a monstrous, and cruel nuisance. I allude to the "Two Deer of America," whose horns I no sooner observed advancing along Cheapside, than I immediately felt that an allusion was intended to Smithfield Market. The little play upon words, in which it was candidly admitted that that nuisance was Two Dear to the Corporation generally, might have struck me, perhaps, as rather too obvious, if I had been disposed to be hypercritical; but, the introduction of horned beasts among the crowd was in itself an Allegory, so pointed and yet so ingenious and complete, that I think I was never better pleased in my life. On further reflection,

I discovered a still more profound and delicate meaning in the exhibition of these animals. Their association with the chase, typified the constant flight and pursuit going on all over the City, and, indeed, all over the Metropolis, on market-days; while their easy connection in the beholder's mind with those periods of English history when it was a far greater crime to kill a stag than to kill a man, reflected with just severity on the obsolete inhumanity and rapacity of the Corporation that cared for the lives and limbs, neither of beasts nor men, in the tenacity of its clutch at an old, pestilential, worn out abuse.

'This,' says Mr. Booley, in conclusion, 'is the Allegory that was presented to the people last Lord Mayor's Day, and which I have now had the satisfaction of explaining to the Social Oysters. I deem it highly honourable to the new Lord Mayor, whom I cordially wish a prosperous and happy reign; together with a vigorous determination to do his utmost to carry out the needful reforms, and remedy the crying evils, so ably glanced at, by himself, on this auspicious occasion. As I dined in the Guildhall after the show, I had the honour of giving utterance to these wishes (but not within his hearing) after dinner; when, remembering this Allegory, I divined a new meaning in the Loving Cup, and was charmed to find the first City in the universe bravely devoting its charter and liberties to the welfare of the community, and not poorly sheltering itself behind them as an immunity from the plainest human responsibilities. I had the honour and pleasure of drinking his lordship's health in a bumper of very excellent wine; and I should have been happy to have drunk to Mr. Batty too, if his health had been proposed, which it was not.'

PET PRISONERS

[April 27, 1850]

The system of separate confinement first experimented on in England at the model prison, Pentonville, London, and now spreading through the country, appears to us to require a little calm consideration and reflection on the part of the public. We purpose, in this paper, to suggest what we consider some grave objections to this system.

We shall do this temperately, and without considering it necessary to regard every one from whom we differ, as a scoundrel, actuated by base motives, to whom the most unprincipled conduct may be recklessly attributed. Our faith in most questions where the good men are represented to be all *pro*, and the bad men to be all *con*, is very small. There is a hot class of riders of hobby-horses in the field, in this century, who think they do nothing unless they make a steeple-chase of their object, throw a vast quantity of mud about, and spurn every sort of decent restraint and reasonable consideration under their horses' heels. This question has not escaped such championship. It has its steeple-chase riders, who hold the dangerous principle that the end justifies any means, and to whom no means, truth and fair-dealing usually excepted, come amiss.

Considering the separate system of imprisonment, here, solely in reference to England, we discard, for the purpose of this discussion, the objection founded on its extreme severity, which would immediately arise if we were considering it with any reference to the State of Pennsylvania in America. For whereas in that State it may be inflicted for a dozen years, the idea is quite abandoned at home of extending it usually, beyond a dozen months, or in any case beyond eighteen months. Besides which, the school and the chapel afford periods of comparative relief here, which are not afforded in America.

Though it has been represented by the steeple-chase riders as a most enormous heresy to contemplate the possibility of any prisoner going mad or idiotic, under the prolonged effects of separate confinement; and although any one who should have the temerity to maintain such a doubt in Pennsylvania would have a chance of becoming a profane St. Stephen; Lord Grey, in his very last speech in the House of Lords on this subject, made in the present session of Parliament, in praise of this separate system, said of it: 'Wherever it has been fairly tried, one of its great defects has been discovered to be this,—that it cannot be continued for a sufficient length of time without danger to the individual, and that human nature cannot bear it beyond a limited period. The evidence of medical authorities proves beyond dispute that, if it is protracted beyond twelve months, the health of the convict, mental and physical, would require the most close and vigilant superintendence. Eighteen months is stated to be the *maximum* time for the continuance of its infliction, and, as a general rule, it is advised that it never be

continued for more than twelve months.' This being conceded, and it being clear that the prisoner's mind, and all the apprehensions weighing upon it, must be influenced from the first hour of his imprisonment by the greater or less extent of its duration in perspective before him, we are content to regard the system as dissociated in England from the American objection of too great severity.

We shall consider it, first in the relation of the extraordinary contrast it presents, in a country circumstanced as England is, between the physical condition of the convict in prison, and that of the hard-working man outside, or the pauper outside. We shall then inquire, and endeavour to lay before our readers some means of judging, whether its proved or probable efficiency in producing a real, trustworthy, practically repentant state of mind, is such as to justify the presentation of that extraordinary contrast. If, in the end, we indicate the conclusion that the associated silent system is less objectionable, it is not because we consider it in the abstract a good secondary punishment, but because it is a severe one, capable of judicious administration, much less expensive, not presenting the objectionable contrast so strongly, and not calculated to pet and pamper the mind of the prisoner and swell his sense of his own importance. We are not acquainted with any system of secondary punishment that we think reformatory, except the mark system of Captain Macconnochie, formerly governor of Norfolk Island, which proceeds upon the principle of obliging the convict to some exercise of self-denial and resolution in every act of his prison life, and which would condemn him to a sentence of so much labour and good conduct instead of so much time. There are details in Captain Macconnochie's scheme on which we have our doubts (rigid silence we consider indispensable); but, in the main, we regard it as embodying sound and wise principles. We infer from the writings of Archbishop Whateley, that those principles have presented themselves to his profound and acute mind in a similar light.

We will first contrast the dietary of The Model Prison at Pentonville, with the dietary of what we take to be the nearest workhouse, namely, that of Saint Pancras. In the prison, every man receives twenty-eight ounces of meat weekly. In the workhouse, every able-bodied adult receives eighteen. In the prison, every man receives one hundred and forty ounces of bread weekly. In the

workhouse, every able-bodied adult receives ninety-six. In the prison, every man receives one hundred and twelve ounces of potatoes weekly. In the workhouse, every able-bodied adult receives thirty-six. In the prison, every man receives five pints and a quarter of liquid cocoa weekly (made of flaked cocoa or cocoa-nibs), with fourteen ounces of milk and forty-two drams of molasses; also seven pints of gruel weekly, sweetened with forty-two drams of molasses. In the workhouse, every able-bodied adult receives fourteen pints and a half of milk-porridge weekly, and no cocoa, and no gruel. In the prison, every man receives three pints and a half of soup weekly. In the workhouse, every able-bodied adult male receives four pints and a half, and a pint of Irish stew. This, with seven pints of table-beer weekly, and six ounces of cheese, is all the man in the workhouse has to set off against the immensely superior advantages of the prisoner in all the other respects we have stated. His lodging is very inferior to the prisoner's, the costly nature of whose accommodation we shall presently show.

Let us reflect upon this contrast in another aspect. We beg the reader to glance once more at The Model Prison dietary, and consider its frightful disproportion to the dietary of the free labourer in any of the rural parts of England. What shall we take his wages at? Will twelve shillings a week do? It cannot be called a low average, at all events. Twelve shillings a week make thirty-one pounds four a year. The cost, in 1848, for the victualling and management of every prisoner in the Model Prison was within a little of thirty-six pounds. Consequently, that free labourer, with young children to support, with cottage-rent to pay, and clothes to buy, and no advantage of purchasing his food in large amounts by contract, has, for the whole subsistence of himself and family, between four and five pounds a year *less* than the cost of feeding and overlooking one man in the Model Prison. Surely to his enlightened mind, and sometimes low morality, this must be an extraordinary good reason for keeping out of it!

But we will not confine ourselves to the contrast between the labourer's scanty fare and the prisoner's 'flaked cocoa or cocoa-nibs,' and daily dinner of soup, meat, and potatoes. We will rise a little higher in the scale. Let us see what advertisers in the *Times* newspaper can board the middle classes at, and get a profit out of, too.

PET PRISONERS

A LADY, residing in a cottage, with a large garden, in a pleasant and healthful locality, would be happy to receive one or two LADIES to BOARD with her. Two ladies occupying the same apartment may be accommodated for 12s. a week each. The cottage is within a quarter of an hour's walk of a good market town, 10 minutes' of a South-Western Railway Station, and an hour's distance from town.

These two ladies could not be so cheaply boarded in the Model Prison.

BOARD and RESIDENCE, at £70 per annum, for a married couple, or in proportion for a single gentleman or lady, with a respectable family. Rooms large and airy, in an eligible dwelling, at Islington, about 20 minutes' walk from the Bank. Dinner hour six o'clock. There are one or two vacancies to complete a small, cheerful, and agreeable circle.

Still cheaper than the Model Prison!

BOARD and RESIDENCE.—A lady, keeping a select school, in a town, about 30 miles from London, would be happy to meet with a LADY to BOARD and RESIDE with her. She would have her own bedroom and a sitting-room. Any lady wishing for accomplishments would find this desirable. Terms £30 per annum. References will be expected and given.

Again, some six pounds a year less than the Model Prison! And if we were to pursue the contrast through the newspaper file for a month, or through the advertising pages of two or three numbers of Bradshaw's Railway Guide, we might probably fill the present number of this publication with similar examples, many of them including a decent education into the bargain.

This Model Prison had cost at the close of 1847, under the heads of 'building' and 'repairs' alone, the insignificant sum of ninety-three thousand pounds—within seven thousand pounds of the amount of the last Government grant for the Education of the whole people, and enough to pay for the emigration to Australia of four thousand, six hundred and fifty poor persons at twenty pounds per head. Upon the work done by five hundred prisoners in the Model Prison, in the year 1848 (we collate these figures from the Reports, and from Mr. Hepworth Dixon's useful work on the London Prisons), there was no profit, but an actual loss of upwards of eight

hundred pounds. The cost of instruction, and the time occupied in instruction, when the labour is necessarily unskilled and unproductive, may be pleaded in explanation of this astonishing fact. We are ready to allow all due weight to such considerations, but we put it to our readers whether the whole system is right or wrong; whether the money ought or ought not rather to be spent in instructing the unskilled and neglected outside the prison walls. It will be urged that it is expended in preparing the convict for the exile to which he is doomed. We submit to our readers, who are the jury in this case, that all this should be done outside the prison, first; that the first persons to be prepared for emigration are the miserable children who are consigned to the tender mercies of a Drouet, or who disgrace our streets; and that in this beginning at the wrong end, a spectacle of monstrous inconsistency is presented, shocking to the mind. Where is our Model House of Youthful Industry, where is our Model Ragged School, costing, for building and repairs, from ninety to a hundred thousand pounds, and for its annual maintenance upwards of twenty thousand pounds a year? Would it be a Christian act to build that, first? To breed our skilful labour there? To take the hewers of wood and drawers of water in a strange country from the convict ranks, until those men by earnest working, zeal, and perseverance, proved themselves, and raised themselves? Here are two sets of people in a densely populated land, always in the balance before the general eye. Is Crime for ever to carry it against Poverty, and to have a manifest advantage? There are the scales before all men. Whirlwinds of dust scattered in men's eyes—and there is plenty flying about—cannot blind them to the real state of the balance.

We now come to inquire into the condition of mind produced by the seclusion (limited in duration as Lord Grey limits it) which is purchased at this great cost in money, and this greater cost in stupendous injustice. That it is a consummation much to be desired, that a respectable man, lapsing into crime, should expiate his offence without incurring the liability of being afterwards recognised by hardened offenders who were his fellow-prisoners, we most readily admit. But, that this object, howsoever desirable and benevolent, is in itself sufficient to outweigh such objections as we have set forth, we cannot for a moment concede. Nor have we any sufficient guarantee that even this solitary point is gained. Under

how many apparently insuperable difficulties, men immured in solitary cells, will by some means obtain a knowledge of other men immured in other solitary cells, most of us know from all the accounts and anecdotes we have read of secret prisons and secret prisoners from our school-time upwards. That there is a fascination in the desire to know something of the hidden presence beyond the blank wall of the cell; that the listening ear is often laid against that wall; that there is an overpowering temptation to respond to the muffled knock, or any other signal which sharpened ingenuity pondering day after day on one idea can devise: is in that constitution of human nature which impels mankind to communication with one another, and makes solitude a false condition against which nature strives. That such communication within the Model Prison, is not only probable, but indisputably proved to be possible by its actual discovery, we have no hesitation in stating as a fact. Some pains have been taken to hush the matter, but the truth is, that when the Prisoners at Pentonville ceased to be selected Prisoners, especially picked out and chosen for the purposes of that experiment, an extensive conspiracy was found out among them, involving, it is needless to say, extensive communication. Small pieces of paper with writing upon them, had been crushed into balls, and shot into the apertures of cell doors, by prisoners passing along the passages; false responses had been made during Divine Service in the chapel, in which responses they addressed one another; and armed men were secretly dispersed by the Governor in various parts of the building, to prevent the general rising, which was anticipated as the consequence of this plot. Undiscovered communication, under this system, we assume to be frequent.

The state of mind into which a man is brought who is the lonely inhabitant of his own small world, and who is only visited by certain regular visitors, all addressing themselves to him individually and personally, as the object of their particular solicitude —we believe in most cases to have very little promise in it, and very little of solid foundation. A strange absorbing selfishness—a spiritual egotism and vanity, real or assumed—is the first result. It is most remarkable to observe, in the cases of murderers who become this kind of object of interest, when they are at last consigned to the condemned cell, how the rule is (of course there are

exceptions), that the murdered person disappears from the stage of their thoughts, except as a part of their own important story; and how they occupy the whole scene. *I* did this, *I* feel that, *I* confide in the mercy of Heaven being extended to *me*; this is the autograph of *me*, the unfortunate and unhappy; in my childhood I was so and so; in my youth I did such a thing, to which I attribute my downfall—not this thing of basely and barbarously defacing the image of my Creator, and sending an immortal soul into eternity without a moment's warning, but something else of a venial kind that many unpunished people do. I don't want the forgiveness of this foully murdered person's bereaved wife, husband, brother, sister, child, friend; I don't ask for it, I don't care for it. I make no inquiry of the clergyman concerning the salvation of that murdered person's soul; *mine* is the matter; and I am almost happy that I came here, as to the gate of Paradise. 'I never liked him,' said the repentant Mr. Manning, false of heart to the last, calling a crowbar by a milder name, to lessen the cowardly horror of it, 'and I beat in his skull with the ripping chisel.' I am going to bliss, exclaims the same authority, in effect. Where my victim went to, is not my business at all. Now, God forbid that we, unworthily believing in the Redeemer, should shut out hope, or even humble trustfulness, from any criminal at that dread pass; but, it is not in us to call this state of mind repentance.

The present question is with a state of mind analogous to this (as we conceive) but with a far stronger tendency to hypocrisy; the dread of death not being present, and there being every possible inducement, either to feign contrition, or to set up an unreliable semblance of it. If I, John Styles, the prisoner, don't do my work, and outwardly conform to the rules of the prison, I am a mere fool. There is nothing here to tempt me to do anything else, and everything to tempt me to do that. The capital dietary (and every meal is a great event in this lonely life) depends upon it; the alternative is a pound of bread a day. I should be weary of myself without occupation. I should be much more dull if I didn't hold these dialogues with the gentlemen who are so anxious about me. I shouldn't be half the object of interest I am, if I didn't make the professions I do. Therefore, I John Styles go in for what is popular here, and I may mean it, or I may not.

There will always, under any decent system, be certain prisoners

betrayed into crime by a variety of circumstances, who will do well in exile, and offend against the laws no more. Upon this class, we think the Associated Silent System would have quite as good an influence as this expensive and anomalous one; and we cannot accept them as evidence of the efficiency of separate confinement. Assuming John Styles to mean what he professes, for the time being, we desire to track the workings of his mind, and to try to test the value of his professions. Where shall we find an account of John Styles, proceeding from no objector to this system, but from a staunch supporter of it? We will take it from a work called 'Prison Discipline, and the advantages of the separate system of imprisonment,' written by the Reverend Mr. Field, chaplain of the new County Gaol at Reading; pointing out to Mr. Field, in passing, that the question is not justly, as he would sometimes make it, a question between this system and the profligate abuses and customs of the old unreformed gaols, but between it and the improved gaols of this time, which are not constructed on his favourite principles.[1]

[1] As Mr. Field condescends to quote some vapouring about the account given by Mr. Charles Dickens in his *American Notes*, of the Solitary Prison at Philadelphia, he may perhaps really wish for some few words of information on the subject. For this purpose, Mr. Charles Dickens has referred to the entry in his Diary, made at the close of that day.

He left his hotel for the Prison at twelve o'clock, being waited on, by appointment, by the gentlemen who showed it to him; and he returned between seven and eight at night; dining in the Prison in the course of that time; which, according to his calculation, in despite of the *Philadelphia* Newspaper, rather exceeds two hours. He found the Prison admirably conducted, extremely clean, and the system administered in a most intelligent, kind, orderly, tender, and careful manner. He did not consider (nor should he, if he were to visit Pentonville to-morrow) that the book in which visitors were expected to record their observation of the place, was intended for the insertion of criticisms on the system, but for honest testimony to the manner of its administration; and to that, he bore, as an impartial visitor, the highest testimony in his power. In returning thanks for his health being drunk, at the dinner within the walls, he said that what he had seen that day was running in his mind; that he could not help reflecting on it; and that it was an awful punishment. If the American officer who rode back with him afterwards should ever see these words, he will perhaps recall his conversation with Mr. Dickens on the road, as to Mr. Dickens having said so very plainly and strongly. In reference to the ridiculous assertion that Mr. Dickens in his book termed a woman 'quite beautiful' who was a Negress, he positively believes that he was shown no Negress in the Prison, but one who was nursing a woman much diseased, and to whom no reference whatever is made in his published account. In describing three young women, 'all convicted at the same time of a conspiracy,' he may, *possibly*, among many cases, have substituted in his memory for one of them

Now, here is John Styles, twenty years of age, in prison for a felony. He has been there five months, and he writes to his sister, 'Don't fret, my dear sister, about my being here. I cannot help fretting when I think about my usage to my father and mother: when I think about it, it makes me quite ill. I hope God will forgive me; I pray for it night and day from my heart. Instead of fretting about imprisonment, I ought to thank God for it, for before I came here, I was living quite a careless life; neither was God in all my thoughts; all I thought about was ways that led me towards destruction. Give my respects to my wretched companions, and I hope they will alter their wicked course, for they don't know for a day nor an hour but what they may be cut off. I have seen my folly, and I hope they may see their folly; but I shouldn't if I had not been in trouble. It is good for me that I have been in trouble. Go to church, my sister, every Sunday, and don't give your mind to going to playhouses and theatres, for that is no good to you. There are a great many temptations.'

Observe! John Styles, who has committed the felony, has been 'living quite a careless life.' That is his worst opinion of it, whereas his companions, who did not commit the felony, are 'wretched companions.' John saw *his* 'folly,' and sees *their* 'wicked course.' It is playhouses and theatres which many unfelonious people go to, that prey upon John's mind—not felony. John is shut up in that pulpit to lecture his companions and his sister about the wickedness of the unfelonious world. Always supposing

whom he did not see, some other prisoner, confined for some other crime, whom he did see; but he has not the least doubt of having been guilty of the (American) enormity of detecting beauty in a pensive quadroon or mulatto girl, or of having seen exactly what he describes; and he remembers the girl more particularly described in this connection, perfectly. Can Mr. Field really suppose that Mr. Dickens had any interest or purpose in misrepresenting the system, or that if he could be guilty of such unworthy conduct, or desire to do it anything but justice, he would have volunteered the narrative of a man's having, of his own choice, undergone it for two years?

We will not notice the objection of Mr. Field (who strengthens the truth of Burns to nature, by the testimony of Mr. Pitt!) to the discussion of such a topic as the present in a work of 'mere amusement'; though, we had thought we remembered in that book a word or two about slavery, which, although very amusing, can scarcely be considered an unmitigatedly comic theme. We are quite content to believe, without seeking to make a convert of the Reverend Mr. Field, that no work need be one of 'mere amusement'; and that some works to which he would apply that designation have done a little good in advancing principles to which, we hope, and will believe, for the credit of his Christian office, he is not indifferent.

him to be sincere, is there no exaggeration of himself in this? Go to church where I can go, and don't go to theatres where I can't! Is there any tinge of the fox and the grapes in it? Is this the kind of penitence that will wear outside! Put the case that he had written, of his own mind, 'My dear sister, I feel that I have disgraced you and all who should be dear to me, and if it please God that I live to be free, I will try hard to repair that, and to be a credit to you. My dear sister, when I committed this felony, I stole something—and these pining five months have not put it back—and I will work my fingers to the bone to make restitution, and oh! my dear sister, seek out my late companions, and tell Tom Jones, that poor boy, who was younger and littler than me, that I am grieved I ever led him so wrong, and I am suffering for it now!' Would that be better? Would it be more like solid truth?

But no. This is not the pattern penitence. There would seem to be a pattern penitence, of a particular form, shape, limits, and dimensions, like the cells. While Mr. Field is correcting his proof-sheets for the press, another letter is brought to him, and in that letter too, that man, also a felon, speaks of his 'past folly,' and lectures his mother about labouring under 'strong delusions of the devil.' Does this overweening readiness to lecture other people, suggest the suspicion of any parrot-like imitation of Mr. Field, who lectures him, and any presumptuous confounding of their relative positions?

We venture altogether to protest against the citation, in support of this system, of assumed repentance which has stood no test or trial in the working world. We consider that it proves nothing, and is worth nothing, except as a discouraging sign of that spiritual egotism and presumption of which we have already spoken. It is not peculiar to the separate system at Reading; Miss Martineau, who was on the whole decidedly favourable to the separate prison at Philadelphia, observed it there. 'The cases I became acquainted with,' says she, 'were not all hopeful. Some of the convicts were so stupid as not to be relied upon, more or less. Others canted so detestably, and were (always in connection with their cant) so certain that they should never sin more, that I have every expectation that they will find themselves in prison again some day. One fellow, a sailor, notorious for having taken more lives than probably any man in the United States, was quite confident that he should be perfectly

virtuous henceforth. He should never touch anything stronger than tea, or lift his hand against money or life. I told him I thought he could not be sure of all this till he was within sight of money and the smell of strong liquors; and that he was more confident than I should like to be. He shook his shock of red hair at me, and glared with his one ferocious eye, as he said he knew all about it. He had been the worst of men, and Christ had had mercy on his poor soul.' (Observe again, as in the general case we have put, that he is not at all troubled about the souls of the people whom he had killed.)

Let us submit to our readers another instance from Mr. Field, of the wholesome state of mind produced by the separate system. 'The 25th of March, in the last year, was the day appointed for a general fast, on account of the threatened famine. The following note is in my journal of that day. "During the evening I visited many prisoners, and found with much satisfaction that a large proportion of them had observed the day in a manner becoming their own situation, and the purpose for which it had been set apart. I think it right to record the following remarkable proof of the effect of discipline. . . . They were all supplied with their usual rations. I went first this evening to the cells of the prisoners recently committed for trial (Ward A. 1), and amongst these (upwards of twenty) I found that but three had abstained from any portion of their food. I then visited twenty-one convicted prisoners who had spent some considerable time in the gaol (Ward C. 1), and amongst them I found that some had altogether abstained from food, and of the whole number two-thirds had partially abstained."' We will take it for granted that this was not because they had more than they could eat, though we know that with such a dietary even that sometimes happens, especially in the case of persons long confined. 'The remark of one prisoner whom I questioned concerning his abstinence was, I believe, sincere, and was very pleasing. "Sir, I have not felt able to eat to-day, whilst I have thought of those poor starving people; but I hope that I have prayed a good deal that God will give *them* something to eat."'

If this were not pattern penitence, and the thought of those poor starving people had honestly originated with that man, and were really on his mind, we want to know why he was not uneasy, every day, in the contemplation of his soup, meat, bread, potatoes,

cocoa-nibs, milk, molasses, and gruel, and its contrast to the fare of 'those poor starving people' who, in some form or other, were taxed to pay for it?

We do not deem it necessary to comment on the authorities quoted by Mr. Field to show what a fine thing the separate system is, for the health of the body; how it never affects the mind except for good; how it is the true preventive of pulmonary disease; and so on. The deduction we must draw from such things is, that Providence was quite mistaken in making us gregarious, and that we had better all shut ourselves up directly. Neither will we refer to that 'talented criminal,' Dr. Dodd, whose exceedingly indifferent verses applied to a system now extinct, in reference to our penitentiaries for convicted prisoners. Neither, after what we have quoted from Lord Grey, need we refer to the likewise quoted report of the American authorities, who are perfectly sure that no extent of confinement in the Philadelphia prison has ever affected the intellectual powers of any prisoner. Mr. Croker cogently observes, in the *Good-Natured Man*, that either his hat must be on his head or it must be off. By a parity of reasoning, we conclude that both Lord Grey and the American authorities, cannot possibly be right—unless indeed the notoriously settled habits of the American people, and the absence of any approach to restlessness in the national character, render them unusually good subjects for protracted seclusion, and an exception from the rest of mankind.

In using the term 'pattern penitence' we beg it to be understood that we do not apply it to Mr. Field, or to any other chaplain, but to the system; which appears to us to make these doubtful converts all alike. Although Mr. Field has not shown any remarkable courtesy in the instance we have set forth in a note, it is our wish to show all courtesy to him, and to his office, and to his sincerity in the discharge of its duties. In our desire to represent him with fairness and impartiality, we will not take leave of him without the following quotation from his book:

'Scarcely sufficient time has yet expired, since the present system was introduced, for me to report much concerning discharged criminals. Out of a class so degraded—the very dregs of the community—it can be no wonder that some, of whose improvement I cherished the hope, should have relapsed. Disappointed in a few cases I have been, yet by no means discouraged, since I can with pleasure refer to many whose

conduct is affording proof of reformation. Gratifying indeed have been some accounts received from liberated offenders themselves, as well as from clergymen of parishes to which they have returned. I have also myself visited the homes of some of our former prisoners, and have been cheered by the testimony given, and the evident signs of improved character which I have there observed. Although I do not venture at present to describe the particular cases of prisoners, concerning whose reformation I feel much confidence, because, as I have stated, the time of trial has hitherto been short; yet I can with pleasure refer to some public documents which prove the happy effects of similar discipline in other establishments.'

It should also be stated that the Reverend Mr. Kingsmill, the chaplain of the Model Prison at Pentonville, in his calm and intelligent report made to the Commissioners on the first of February 1849, expresses his belief 'that the effects produced here upon the character of prisoners, have been encouraging in a high degree.'

But, we entreat our readers once again to look at that Model Prison dietary (which is essential to the system, though the system is so very healthy of itself); to remember the other enormous expenses of the establishment; to consider the circumstances of this old country, with the inevitable anomalies and contrasts it must present; and to decide, on temperate reflection, whether there are any sufficient reasons for adding this monstrous contrast to the rest. Let us impress upon our readers that the existing question is, not between this system and the old abuses of the old profligate gaols (with which, thank Heaven, we have nothing to do), but between this system, and the associated silent system, where the dietary is much lower, where the annual cost of provision, management, repairs, clothing, etc., does not exceed, on a liberal average, £25 for each prisoner; where many prisoners are, and every prisoner would be (if due accommodation were provided in some overcrowded prisons), locked up alone, for twelve hours out of every twenty-four, and where, while preserved from contamination, he is still one of a society of men, and not an isolated being, filling his whole sphere of view with a diseased dilation of himself. We hear that the associated silent system is objectionable, because of the number of punishments it involves for breaches of the prison discipline; but how can we, in the same breath, be told that the resolutions of prisoners for the misty future are to be trusted, and that, on the

least temptation, they are so little to be relied on, as to the solid present? How can I set the pattern penitence against the career that preceded it, when I am told that if I put that man with other men, and lay a solemn charge upon him not to address them by word or sign, there are such and such great chances that he will want the resolution to obey?

Remember that this separate system, though commended in the English Parliament and spreading in England, has not spread in America, despite of all the steeplechase riders in the United States. Remember that it has never reached the State most distinguished for its learning, for its moderation, for its remarkable men of European reputation, for the excellence of its public Institutions. Let it be tried here, on a limited scale, if you will, with fair representatives of all classes of prisoners: let Captain Macconnochie's system be tried: let anything with a ray of hope in it be tried: but, only as a part of some general system for raising up the prostrate portion of the people of this country, and not as an exhibition of such astonishing consideration for crime, in comparison with want and work. Any prison built, at a great expenditure, for this system, is comparatively useless for any other; and the ratepayers will do well to think of this, before they take it for granted that it is a proved boon to the country which will be enduring.

Under the separate system, the prisoners work at trades. Under the associated silent system, the Magistrates of Middlesex have almost abolished the treadmill. Is it no part of the legitimate consideration of this important point of work, to discover what kind of work the people always filtering through the gaols of large towns—the pickpocket, the sturdy vagrant, the habitual drunkard, and the begging-letter impostor—like least, and to give them that work to do in preference to any other? It is out of fashion with the steeplechase riders we know; but we would have, for all such characters, a kind of work in gaols, badged and degraded as belonging to gaols only, and never done elsewhere. And we must avow that, in a country circumstanced as England is, with respect to labour and labourers, we have strong doubts of the propriety of bringing the results of prison labour into the overstocked market. On this subject some public remonstrances have recently been made by tradesmen; and we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that they are well founded.

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW ONES

[June 15, 1850]

The magician in *Aladdin* may possibly have neglected the study of men, for the study of alchemical books; but it is certain that in spite of his profession he was no conjuror. He knew nothing of human nature, or the everlasting set of the current of human affairs. If, when he fraudulently sought to obtain possession of the wonderful Lamp, and went up and down, disguised, before the flying-palace, crying New Lamps for Old ones, he had reversed his cry, and made it Old Lamps for New ones, he would have been so far before his time as to have projected himself into the nineteenth century of our Christian Era.

This age is so perverse, and is so very short of faith—in consequence, as some suppose, of there having been a run on that bank for a few generations—that a parallel and beautiful idea, generally known among the ignorant as the young England hallucination, unhappily expired before it could run alone, to the great grief of a small but a very select circle of mourners. There is something so fascinating, to a mind capable of any serious reflection, in the notion of ignoring all that has been done for the happiness and elevation of mankind during three or four centuries of slow and dearly-bought amelioration, that we have always thought it would tend soundly to the improvement of the general public, if any tangible symbol, any outward and visible sign, expressive of that admirable conception, could be held up before them. We are happy to have found such a sign at last; and although it would make a very indifferent sign, indeed, in the Licensed Victualling sense of the word, and would probably be rejected with contempt and horror by any Christian publican, it has our warmest philosophical appreciation.

In the fifteenth century, a certain feeble lamp of art arose in the Italian town of Urbino. This poor light, Raphael Sanzio by name, better known to a few miserably mistaken wretches in these later days, as Raphael (another burned at the same time called Titian), was fed with a preposterous idea of Beauty—with a ridiculous power

of etherealising, and exalting to the very Heaven of Heavens, what was most sublime and lovely in the expression of the human face divine on Earth—with the truly contemptible conceit of finding in poor humanity the fallen likeness of the angels of God, and raising it up again to their pure spiritual condition. This very fantastic whim effected a low revolution in Art, in this wise, that Beauty came to be regarded as one of its indispensable elements. In this very poor delusion, artists have continued until this present nineteenth century, when it was reserved for some bold aspirants to 'put it down.'

The pre-Raphael Brotherhood, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the dread Tribunal which is to set this matter right. Walk up, walk up; and here, conspicuous on the wall of the Royal Academy of Art in England, in the eighty-second year of their annual exhibition, you shall see what this new Holy Brotherhood, this terrible Police that is to disperse all Post-Raphael offenders, has been and done!

You come—in this Royal Academy Exhibition, which is familiar with the works of Wilkie, Collins, Etty, Eastlake, Mulready, Leslie, Maclise, Turner, Stanfield, Landseer, Roberts, Danby, Creswick, Lee, Webster, Herbert, Dyce, Cope, and others who would have been renowned as great masters in any age or country—you come, in this place, to the contemplation of a Holy Family. You will have the goodness to discharge from your minds all Post-Raphael ideas, all religious aspirations, all elevating thoughts; all tender, awful, sorrowful, ennobling, sacred, graceful, or beautiful associations; and to prepare yourselves, as befits such a subject—pre-Raphaelly considered—for the lowest depths of what is mean, odious, repulsive, and revolting.

You behold the interior of a carpenter's shop. In the foreground of that carpenter's shop is a hideous, wry-necked, blubbering red-headed boy, in a bed-gown, who appears to have received a poke in the hand from the stick of another boy with whom he has been playing in an adjacent gutter, and to be holding it up for the contemplation of a kneeling woman, so horrible in her ugliness, that (supposing it were possible for any human creature to exist for a moment with that dislocated throat) she would stand out from the rest of the company as a Monster, in the vilest cabaret in France, or the lowest gin-shop in England. Two almost naked carpenters, master and journeyman, worthy companions of this agreeable female,

are working at their trade; a boy, with some small flavour of humanity in him, is entering with a vessel of water; and nobody is paying any attention to a snuffy old woman who seems to have mistaken that shop for the tobacconist's next door, and to be hopelessly waiting at the counter to be served with half an ounce of her favourite mixture. Wherever it is possible to express ugliness of feature, limb, or attitude, you have it expressed. Such men as the carpenters might be undressed in any hospital where dirty drunkards, in a high state of varicose veins are received. Their very toes have walked out of Saint Giles's.

This, in the nineteenth century, and in the eighty-second year of the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Art, is the Pre-Raphael representation to us, Ladies and Gentlemen, of the most solemn passage which our minds can ever approach. This, in the nineteenth century, and in the eighty-second year of the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Art, is what Pre-Raphael Art can do to render reverence and homage to the faith in which we live and die! Consider this picture well. Consider the pleasure we should have in a similar Pre-Raphael rendering of a favourite horse, or dog, or cat; and, coming fresh from a pretty considerable turmoil about 'desecration' in connection with the National Post Office, let us extol this great achievement, and commend the National Academy.

In further considering this symbol of the great retrogressive principle, it is particularly gratifying to observe that such objects as the shavings which are strewn on the carpenter's floor are admirably painted; and that the Pre-Raphael Brother is indisputably accomplished in the manipulation of his art. It is gratifying to observe this, because the fact involves no low effort at notoriety; everybody knowing that it is by no means easier to call attention to a very indifferent pig with five legs than to a symmetrical pig with four. Also, because it is good to know that the National Academy thoroughly feels and comprehends the high range and exalted purposes of art; distinctly perceives that art includes something more than the faithful portraiture of shavings, or the skilful colouring of drapery—imperatively requires, in short, that it shall be informed with mind and sentiment; will on no account reduce it to a narrow question of trade-juggling with a palette, palette-knife, and paint-box. It is likewise pleasing to reflect that the great

educational establishment foresees the difficulty into which it would be led, by attaching greater weight to mere handicraft, than to any other consideration—even to considerations of common reverence or decency; which absurd principle in the event of a skilful painter of the figure becoming a very little more perverted in his taste, than certain skilful painters are just now, might place Her Gracious Majesty in a very painful position, one of these fine Private View Days.

Would it were in our power to congratulate our readers on the hopeful prospects of the great retrogressive principle, of which this thoughtful picture is the sign and emblem! Would that we could give our readers encouraging assurance of a healthy demand for Old Lamps in exchange for New ones, and a steady improvement in the Old Lamp Market! The perversity of mankind is such, and the untoward arrangements of Providence are such, that we cannot lay that flattering unction to their souls. We can only report what Brotherhoods, stimulated by this sign, are forming; and what opportunities will be presented to the people, if the people will but accept them.

In the first place, the Pre-Perspective Brotherhood will be presently incorporated, for the subversion of all known rules and principles of perspective. It is intended to swear every P.P.B. to a solemn renunciation of the art of perspective on a soup-plate of the willow pattern; and we may expect, on the occasion of the eighty-third annual exhibition of the Royal Academy of Art in England, to see some pictures by this pious Brotherhood, realising Hogarth's idea of a man on a mountain several miles off, lighting his pipe at the upper window of a house in the foreground. But we are informed that every brick in the house will be a portrait; that the man's boots will be copied with the utmost fidelity from a pair of Bluchers sent up out of Northamptonshire for the purpose; and that the texture of his hands (including four chilblains, a whitlow, and ten dirty nails) will be a triumph of the painter's art.

A Society, to be called the Pre-Newtonian Brotherhood, was lately projected by a young gentleman, under articles to a Civil Engineer, who objected to being considered bound to conduct himself according to the laws of gravitation. But this young gentleman, being reproached by some aspiring companions with the timidity of his conception, has abrogated that idea in favour of a Pre-Galileo

Brotherhood now flourishing, who distinctly refuse to perform any annual revolution round the sun, and have arranged that the world shall not do so any more. The course to be taken by the Royal Academy of Art in reference to this Brotherhood is not yet decided upon; but it is whispered that some other large educational Institutions in the neighbourhood of Oxford are nearly ready to pronounce in favour of it.

Several promising students connected with the Royal College of Surgeons have held a meeting, to protest against the circulation of the blood, and to pledge themselves to treat all the patients they can get, on principles condemnatory of that innovation. A Pre-Harvey Brotherhood is the result, from which a great deal may be expected—by the undertakers.

In Literature, a very spirited effort has been made, which is no less than the formation of a P.G.A.P.C.B., or Pre-Gower and Pre-Chaucer Brotherhood, for the restoration of the ancient English style of spelling, and the weeding out from all libraries, public and private, of those and all later pretenders, particularly a person of loose character named Shakespeare. It having been suggested, however, that this happy idea could scarcely be considered complete while the art of printing was permitted to remain unmolested, another society, under the name of the Pre-Laurentius Brotherhood, has been established in connection with it, for the abolition of all but manuscript books. These Mr. Pugin has engaged to supply, in characters that nobody on earth shall be able to read. And it is confidently expected by those who have seen the House of Lords, that he will faithfully redeem his pledge.

In Music, a retrogressive step, in which there is much hope, has been taken. The P.A.B., or Pre-Agincourt Brotherhood has arisen, nobly devoted to consign to oblivion Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, and every other such ridiculous reputation, and to fix its Millennium (as its name implies) before the date of the first regular musical composition known to have been achieved in England. As this Institution has not yet commenced active operations, it remains to be seen whether the Royal Academy of Music will be a worthy sister of the Royal Academy of Art, and admit this enterprising body to its orchestra. We have it on the best authority, that its compositions will be quite as rough and discordant as the real old original—that it will be, in a word, exactly suited to the pictorial

Art we have endeavoured to describe. We have strong hopes, therefore, that the Royal Academy of Music, not wanting an example, may not want courage.

The regulation of social matters, as separated from the Fine Arts, has been undertaken by the Pre-Henry-the-Seventh Brotherhood, who date from the same period as the Pre-Raphael Brotherhood. This Society, as cancelling all the advances of nearly four hundred years, and reverting to one of the most disagreeable periods of English History, when the Nation was yet very slowly emerging from barbarism, and when gentle female foreigners, come over to be the wives of Scottish Kings, wept bitterly (as well they might) at being left alone among the savage Court, must be regarded with peculiar favour. As the time of ugly religious caricatures (called mysteries), it is thoroughly Pre-Raphael in its spirit; and may be deemed the twin brother to that great society. We should be certain of the Plague among many other advantages, if this Brotherhood were properly encouraged.

All these Brotherhoods, and any other society of the like kind, now in being or yet to be, have at once a guiding star, and a reduction of their great ideas to something palpable and obvious to the senses, in the sign to which we take the liberty of directing their attention. We understand that it is in the contemplation of each Society to become possessed, with all convenient speed, of a collection of such pictures; and that once, every year, to wit, upon the first of April, the whole intend to amalgamate in a high festival, to be called the Convocation of Eternal Boobies.

THE SUNDAY SCREW

[June 22, 1850]

This little instrument, remarkable for its curious twist, has been at work again. A small portion of the collective wisdom of the nation has affirmed the principle that there must be no collection or delivery of posted letters on a Sunday. The principle was discussed by something less than a fourth of the House of Commons, and affirmed by something less than a seventh.

Having no doubt whatever that this brilliant victory is, in effect, the affirmation of the principle that there ought to be No Anything but churches and chapels on a Sunday; or, that it is the beginning of a Sabbatarian Crusade, outrageous to the spirit of Christianity, irreconcilable with the health, the rational enjoyments, and the true religious feeling, of the community; and certain to result, if successful, in a violent reaction, threatening contempt and hatred of that seventh day which it is a great religious and social object to maintain in the popular affection; it would ill become us to be deterred from speaking out upon the subject, by any fear of being misunderstood, or by any certainty of being misrepresented.

Confident in the sense of the country, and not unacquainted with the habits and exigencies of the people, we approach the Sunday question, quite undiscomposed by the late storm of mad misstatement and all uncharitableness, which cleared the way for Lord Ashley's motion. The preparation may be likened to that which is usually described in the case of the Egyptian Sorcerer and the boy who has some dark liquid poured into the palm of his hand, which is presently to become a magic mirror. 'Look for Lord Ashley. What do you see?' 'Oh, here 's some one with a broom!' 'Well! what is he doing?' 'Oh, he 's sweeping away Mr. Rowland Hill! Now, there is a great crowd of people all sweeping Mr. Rowland Hill away; and now, there is a red flag with Intolerance on it; and now, they are pitching a great many Tents called Meetings. Now, the tents are all upset, and Mr. Rowland Hill has swept everybody else away. And oh! *now*, here 's Lord Ashley, with a Resolution in his hand!'

One Christian sentence is all-sufficient with us, on the theological part of this subject. 'The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.' No amount of signatures to petitions can ever sign away the meaning of those words; no end of volumes of Hansard's Parliamentary Debates can ever affect them in the least. Move and carry resolutions, bring in bills, have committees, upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber; read a first time, read a second time, read a third time, read thirty thousand times; the declared authority of the Christian dispensation over the letter of the Jewish Law, particularly in this especial instance, cannot be petitioned, resolved, read, or committee'd away.

It is important in such a case as this affirmation of a principle,

to know what amount of practical sense and logic entered into its assertion. We will inquire.

Lord Ashley (who has done much good, and whom we mention with every sentiment of sincere respect, though we believe him to be most mischievously deluded on this question), speaks of the people employed in the Country Post-Offices on Sunday, as though they were continually at work, all the livelong day. He asks whether they are to be 'a Pariah race, excluded from the enjoyments of the rest of the community?' He presents to our mind's eye, rows of Post-Office clerks, sitting, with dishevelled hair and dirty linen, behind small shutters, all Sunday long, keeping time with their sighs to the ringing of the church bells, and watering bushels of letters, incessantly passing through their hands, with their tears. Is this exactly the reality? The Upas tree is a figure of speech almost as ancient as our lachrymose friend the Pariah, in whom most of us recognise a respectable old acquaintance. Supposing we were to take it into our heads to declare in these *Household Words*, that every Post-Office clerk employed on Sunday in the country, is compelled to sit under his own particular sprig of Upas, planted in a flower-pot beside him for the express purpose of blighting him with its baneful shade, should we be much more beyond the mark than Lord Ashley himself? Did any of our readers ever happen to post letters in the Country on a Sunday? Did they ever see a notice outside a provincial Post-Office, to the effect that the presiding Pariah would be in attendance at such an hour on Sunday, and not before? Did they ever wait for the Pariah, at some inconvenience, until the hour arrived, and observe him come to the office in an extremely spruce condition as to his shirt collar, and do a little sprinkling of business in a very easy off-hand manner? We have such recollections ourselves. We have posted and received letters in most parts of this kingdom on a Sunday, and we never yet observed the Pariah to be quite crushed. On the contrary, we have seen him at church, apparently in the best health and spirits (notwithstanding an hour or so of sorting, earlier in the morning), and we have met him out a-walking with the young lady to whom he is engaged, and we have known him meet her again with her cousin, after the dispatch of the Mails, and really conduct himself as if he were not particularly exhausted or afflicted. Indeed, how *could* he be so, on Lord Ashley's own showing? There is a Saturday

before the Sunday. We are a people indisposed, he says, to business on a Sunday. More than a million of people are known, from their petitions, to be too scrupulous to hear of such a thing. Few counting-houses or offices are ever opened on a Sunday. The Merchants and Bankers write by Saturday night's post. The Sunday night's post may be presumed to be chiefly limited to letters of necessity and emergency. Lord Ashley's whole case would break down, if it were probable that the Post-Office Pariah had half as much confinement on Sunday, as the He-Pariah who opens my Lord's street door when anybody knocks, or the She-Pariah who nurses my Lady's baby.

If the London Post-Office be not opened on a Sunday, says Lord Ashley, why should the Post-Offices of provincial towns be opened on a Sunday? Precisely because the provincial towns are NOT London, we apprehend. Because London is the great capital, mart, and business-centre of the world; because in London there are hundreds of thousands of people, young and old, away from their families and friends; because the stoppage of the Monday's Post Delivery in London would stop, for many precious hours, the natural flow of the blood from every vein and artery in the world to the heart of the world, and its return from the heart through all those tributary channels. Because the broad difference between London and every other place in England, necessitated this distinction, and has perpetuated it.

But, to say nothing of petitioners elsewhere, it seems that two hundred merchants and bankers in Liverpool 'formed themselves into a committee, to forward the object of this motion.' In the name of all the Pharisees of Jerusalem, could not the two hundred merchants and bankers form themselves into a committee to write or read no business-letters themselves on a Sunday—and let the Post-Office alone? The Government establishes a monopoly in the Post-Office, and makes it not only difficult and expensive for me to send a letter by any other means, but illegal. What right has any merchant or banker to stop the course of any letter that I may have sore necessity to post, or may choose to post? If any one of the two hundred merchants and bankers lay at the point of death, on Sunday, would he desire his absent child to be written to—the Sunday Post being yet in existence? And how do they take upon themselves to tell us that the Sunday Post is not a 'necessity,' when

they know, every man of them, every Sunday morning, that before the clock strikes next, they and theirs may be visited by any one of incalculable millions of accidents, to make it a dire need? Not a necessity? Is it possible that these merchants and bankers suppose there is any Sunday Post, from any large town, which is not a very agony of necessity to some one? I might as well say, in my pride of strength, that a knowledge of bone-setting in surgeons is not a necessity, because I have not broken my leg.

There is a Sage of this sort in the House of Commons. He is of opinion that the Sunday Police is a necessity, but the Sunday Post is not. That is to say, in a certain house in London or Westminster, there are certain silver spoons, engraved with the family crest—a Bigot rampant—which would be pretty sure to disappear, on an early Sunday, if there were no Policemen on duty; whereas the Sage sees no present probability of his requiring to write a letter into the country on a Saturday night—and, if it should arise, he can use the Electric Telegraph. Such is the sordid balance some professing Heathens hold of their own pounds against other men's pennies, and their own selfish wants against those of the community at large! Even the Member for Birmingham, of all the towns in England, is afflicted by this selfish blindness, and, because *he* is 'tired of reading and answering letters on a Sunday,' cannot conceive the possibility of there being other people not so situated, to whom the Sunday Post may, under many circumstances, be an unspeakable blessing.

The inconsequential nature of Lord Ashley's positions, cannot be better shown, than by one brief passage from his speech. 'When he said the transmission of the Mail, he meant the Mail-bags; he did not propose to interfere with the passengers.' No? Think again, Lord Ashley.

When the Honourable Member for Whitened Sepulchres moves his resolution for the stoppage of Mail Trains—in a word, of all Railway travelling—on Sunday; and when that Honourable Gentleman talks about the Pariah clerks who take the money and give the tickets, the Pariah engine-drivers, the Pariah stokers, the Pariah porters, the Pariah police along the line, and the Pariah flys waiting at the Pariah stations to take the Pariah passengers, to be attended by Pariah servants at the Pariah Arms and other Pariah Hotels; what will Lord Ashley do then? Envy insinuated that Tom Thumb

made his giants first, and then killed them, but you cannot do the like by your Pariahs. You cannot get an exclusive patent for the manufacture and destruction of Pariah dolls. Other Honourable Gentlemen are certain to engage in the trade; and when the Honourable Member for Whitened Sepulchres makes *his* Pariahs of all these people, you cannot refuse to recognise them as being of the genuine sort, Lord Ashley. Railway and all other Sunday Travelling, suppressed, by the Honourable Member for Whitened Sepulchres, the same honourable gentleman, who will not have been particularly complimented in the course of that achievement by the *Times* Newspaper, will discover that a good deal is done towards the *Times* of Monday, on a Sunday night, and will Pariah the whole of that immense establishment. For, this is the great inconvenience of Pariah-making, that when you begin, they spring up like mushrooms: insomuch, that it is very doubtful whether we shall have a house in all this land, from the Queen's Palace downward, which will not be found, on inspection, to be swarming with Pariahs. Not touch the Mails, and yet abolish the Mail-bags? Stop all those silent messengers of affection and anxiety, yet let the talking traveller, who is the cause of infinitely more employment, go? Why, this were to suppose all men Fools, and the Honourable Member for Whitened Sepulchres even a greater Noodle than he is!

Lord Ashley supports his motion by reading some perilous bombast, said to be written by a working-man—of whom the intelligent body of working-men have no great reason, to our thinking, to be proud—in which there is much about not being robbed of the boon of the day of rest; but, with all Lord Ashley's indisputably humane and benevolent impulses, we grieve to say we know no robber whom the working-man, really desirous to preserve his Sunday, has so much to dread, as Lord Ashley himself. He is weakly lending the influence of his good intentions to a movement which would make that day no day of rest—rest to those who are overwrought, includes recreation, fresh air, change—but a day of mortification and gloom. And this not to one class only, be it understood. This is not a class question. If there be no gentleman of spirit in the House of Commons to remind Lord Ashley that the high-flown nonsense he quoted, concerning labour, is but another form of the stupidest socialist dogma, which seeks to represent that there is only one class of labourers on earth, it is well

that the truth should be stated somewhere. And it is indisputable, that three-fourths of us are labourers who work hard for our living; and that the condition of what we call the working-man, has its parallel, at a remove of certain degrees, in almost all professions and pursuits. Running through the middle classes, is a broad deep vein of constant, compulsory, indispensable work. There are innumerable gentlemen, and sons and daughters of gentlemen, constantly at work, who have no more hope of making fortunes in their vocation, than the working-man has in his. There are innumerable families in which the day of rest is the only day out of the seven where innocent domestic recreations and enjoyments are very feasible. In our mean gentility, which is the cause of so much social mischief, we may try to separate ourselves, as to this question, from the working-man; and may very complacently resolve that there is no occasion for his excursion trains and tea gardens, because we don't use them; but we had better not deceive ourselves. It is impossible that we can cramp his means of needful recreation and refreshment, without cramping our own, or basely cheating him. We cannot leave him to the Christian patronage of the Honourable Member for Whitened Sepulchres, and take ourselves off. We cannot restrain him and leave ourselves free. Our Sunday wants are pretty much the same as his, though his are far more easily satisfied; our inclinations and our feelings are pretty much the same; and it will be no less wise than honest in us, the middle classes, not to be Janus-faced about the matter.

What is it that the Honourable Member for Whitened Sepulchres, for whom Lord Ashley clears the way, wants to do? He sees on a Sunday morning, in the large towns of England, when the bells are ringing for church and chapel, certain unwashed, dim-eyed, dissipated loungers, hanging about the doors of public-houses, and loitering at the street corners, to whom the day of rest appeals in much the same degree as a sunny summer day does to so many pigs. Does he believe that any weight of handcuffs on the Post-Office, or any amount of restriction imposed on decent people, will bring Sunday home to these? Let him go, any Sunday morning, from the new town of Edinburgh where the sound of a piano would be profanation, to the old Town, and see what Sunday is in the Canongate. Or let him get up some statistics of the drunken people in Glasgow, while the churches are full—and work out the amount

of Sabbath observance which is carried downward, by rigid shows and sad-coloured forms.

But, there is another class of people, those who take little jaunts, and mingle in social little assemblages, on a Sunday, concerning whom the whole constituency of Whitened Sepulchres, with their Honourable Member in the chair, find their lank hair standing on end with horror, and pointing, as if they were all electrified, straight up to the skylights of Exeter Hall. In reference to this class, we would whisper in the ears of the disturbed assemblage, three short words, 'Let well alone!'

The English people have long been remarkable for their domestic habits, and their household virtues and affections. They are, now, beginning to be universally respected by intelligent foreigners who visit this country, for their unobtrusive politeness, their good-humour, and their cheerful recognition of all restraints that really originate in consideration for the general good. They deserve this testimony (which we have often heard, of late, with pride) most honourably. Long maligned and mistrusted, they proved their case from the very first moment of having it in their power to do so; and have never, on any single occasion within our knowledge, abused any public confidence that has been reposed in them. It is an extraordinary thing to know of a people, systematically excluded from galleries and museums for years, that their respect for such places, and for themselves as visitors to them, dates, without any period of transition, from the very day when their doors were freely opened. The national vices are surprisingly few. The people in general are not gluttons, nor drunkards, nor gamblers, nor addicted to cruel sports, nor to the pushing of any amusement to furious and wild extremes. They are moderate, and easily pleased, and very sensible to all affectionate influences. Any knot of holiday-makers, without a large proportion of women and children among them, would be a perfect phenomenon. Let us go into any place of Sunday enjoyment where any fair representation of the people resort, and we shall find them decent, orderly, quiet, sociable among their families and neighbours. There is a general feeling of respect for religion, and for religious observances. The churches and chapels are well filled. Very few people who keep servants or apprentices leave out of consideration their opportunities of attending church or chapel; the general demeanour within those edifices, is particularly grave and

decorous; and the general recreations without, are of a harmless and simple kind. Lord Brougham never did Henry Brougham more justice, than in declaring to the House of Lords, after the success of this motion in the House of Commons, that there is no country where the Sabbath is, on the whole, better observed than in England. Let the constituency of Whitened Sepulchres ponder, in a Christian spirit, on these things; take care of their own consciences; leave their Honourable Member to take care of his; and let well alone.

For, it is in nations as in families. Too tight a hand in these respects, is certain to engender a disposition to break loose, and to run riot. If the private experience of any reader, pausing on this sentence. cannot furnish many unhappy illustrations of its truth, it is a very fortunate experience indeed. Our most notable public example of it, in England, is just two hundred years old.

Lord Ashley had better merge his Pariahs into the body politic; and the Honourable Member for Whitened Sepulchres had better accustom his jaundiced eyes to the Sunday sight of dwellers in towns, roaming in green fields, and gazing upon country prospects. If he will look a little beyond them, and lift up the eyes of his mind, perhaps he may observe a mild, majestic figure in the distance, going through a field of corn, attended by some common men who pluck the grain as they pass along, and whom their Divine Master teaches that he is the Lord, even of the Sabbath-Day.

LIVELY TURTLE

[October 26, 1850]

I HAVE a comfortable property. What I spend, I spend upon myself; and what I don't spend I save. Those are my principles. I am warmly attached to my principles, and stick to them on all occasions.

I am not, as some people have represented, a mean man. I never denied myself anything that I thought I should like to have. I may have said to myself 'Snoady'—that is my name—'you will

get those peaches cheaper if you wait till next week'; or, I may have said to myself, 'Snoady, you will get that wine for nothing, if you wait till you are asked out to dine'; but I never deny myself anything. If I can't get what I want without buying it, and paying its price for it, I *do* buy it and pay its price for it. I have an appetite bestowed upon me; and, if I baulked it, I should consider that I was flying in the face of Providence.

I have no near relation but a brother. If he wants anything of me, he don't get it. All men are my brothers; and I see no reason why I should make his, an exceptional case.

I live at a cathedral town where there is an old corporation. I am not in the Church, but it may be that I hold a little place of some sort. Never mind. It may be profitable. Perhaps yes, perhaps no. It may, or it may not, be a sinecure. I don't choose to say. I never enlightened my brother on these subjects, and I consider all men my brothers. The Negro is a man and a brother—should I hold myself accountable for my position in life, *to him?* Certainly not.

I often run up to London. I like London. The way I look at it, is this. London is not a cheap place, but, on the whole, you can get more of the real thing for your money there—I mean the best thing, whatever it is—than you can get in most places. Therefore, I say to the man who has got the money, and wants the thing, 'Go to London for it, and treat yourself.'

When *I* go, I do it in this manner. I go to Mrs. Skim's Private Hotel and Commercial Lodging House, near Aldersgate Street, City, (it is advertised in Bradshaw's Railway Guide, where I first found it), and there I pay, 'for bed and breakfast, with meat, two and ninepence per day, including servants.' Now, I have made a calculation, and I am satisfied that Mrs. Skim cannot possibly make much profit out of *me*. In fact, if all her patrons were like me, my opinion is, the woman would be in the *Gazette* next month.

Why do I go to Mrs. Skim's when I could go to the Clarendon, you may ask? Let us argue that point. If I went to the Clarendon I could get nothing in bed but sleep; could I? No. Now, sleep at the Clarendon is an expensive article; whereas sleep, at Mrs. Skim's, is decidedly cheap. I have made a calculation, and I don't hesitate to say, all things considered, that it's cheap. Is it an inferior article, as compared with the Clarendon sleep, or is it of

the same quality? I am a heavy sleeper, and it is of the same quality. Then why should I go to the Clarendon?

But as to breakfast? you may say.—Very well. As to breakfast. I could get a variety of delicacies for breakfast at the Clarendon, that are out of the question at Mrs. Skim's. Granted. But I don't want to have them! My opinion is, that we are not entirely animal and sensual. Man has an intellect bestowed upon him. If he clogs that intellect by too good a breakfast, how can he properly exert that intellect in meditation, during the day, upon his dinner? That's the point. We are not to enchain the soul. We are to let it soar. It is expected of us.

At Mrs. Skim's, I get enough for breakfast (there is no limitation to the bread and butter, though there is to the meat) and not too much. I have all my faculties about me, to concentrate upon the object I have mentioned, and I can say to myself besides, 'Snoady, you have saved six, eight, ten, fifteen, shillings, already to-day. If there is anything you fancy for your dinner, have it. Snoady, you have earned your reward.'

My objection to London, is, that it is the headquarters of the worst radical sentiments that are broached in England. I consider that it has a great many dangerous people in it. I consider the present publication (if it's *Household Words*) very dangerous, and I write this with the view of neutralising some of its bad effects. My political creed is, let us be comfortable. We are all very comfortable as we are—*I* am very comfortable as I am—leave us alone!

All mankind are my brothers, and I don't think it Christian—if you come to that—to tell my brother that he is ignorant, or degraded, or dirty, or anything of the kind. I think it's abusive and low. You meet me with the observation that I am required to love my brother. I reply, 'I do.' I am sure I am always willing to say to my brother, 'My good fellow, I love you very much; go along with you; keep to your own road; leave me to mine; whatever is, is right; whatever isn't, is wrong; don't make a disturbance!' It seems to me, that this is at once the whole duty of man, and the only temper to go to dinner in.

Going to dinner in this temper in the City of London, one day not long ago, after a bed at Mrs. Skim's, with meat-breakfast and servants included, I was reminded of the observation which, if my

memory does not deceive me, was formerly made by somebody on some occasion, that man may learn wisdom from the lower animals. It is a beautiful fact, in my opinion, that great wisdom is to be learnt from that noble animal the Turtle.

I had made up my mind, in the course of the day I speak of, to have a Turtle dinner. I mean a dinner mainly composed of Turtle. Just a comfortable tureen of soup, with a pint of punch; and nothing solid to follow, but a tender juicy steak. I like a tender juicy steak. I generally say to myself when I order one, 'Snoady, you have done right.'

When I make up my mind to have a delicacy, expense is no consideration. The question resolves itself, then, into a question of the very best. I went to a friend of mine who is a Member of the Common Council, and with that friend I held the following conversation.

Said I to him, 'Mr. Groggles, the best Turtle is where?'

Says he, 'If you want a basin for lunch, my opinion is, you can't do better than drop into Birch's.'

Said I, 'Mr. Groggles, I thought you had known me better, than to suppose me capable of a basin. My intention is to dine. A tureen.'

Says Mr. Groggles, without a moment's consideration, and in a determined voice, 'Right opposite the India House, Leadenhall Street.'

We parted. My mind was not inactive during the day, and at six in the afternoon I repaired to the house of Mr. Groggles's recommendation. At the end of the passage, leading from the street into the coffee-room, I observed a vast and solid chest, in which I then supposed that a Turtle of unusual size might be deposited. But, the correspondence between its bulk and that of the charge made for my dinner, afterwards satisfied me that it must be the till of the establishment.

I stated to the waiter what had brought me there, and I mentioned Mr. Groggles's name. He feelingly repeated after me, 'A tureen of Turtle, and a tender juicy steak.' His manner, added to the manner of Mr. Groggles in the morning, satisfied me that all was well. The atmosphere of the coffee-room was odoriferous with Turtle, and the steams of thousands of gallons, consumed within its walls, hung, in savoury grease, upon their surface. I

could have inscribed my name with a penknife, if I had been so disposed, in the essence of innumerable Turtles. I preferred to fall into a hungry reverie, brought on by the warm breath of the place, and to think of the West Indies and the Island of Ascension.

My dinner came—and went. I will draw a veil over the meal, I will put the cover on the empty turcen, and merely say that it was wonderful—and that I paid for it.

I sat meditating, when all was over, on the imperfect nature of our present existence, in which we can eat only for a limited time, when the waiter roused me with these words.

Said he to me, as he brushed the crumbs off the table, 'Would you like to see the Turtle, Sir?'

'To see what Turtle, waiter?' said I (calmly) to him.

'The tanks of Turtle below, Sir,' said he to me.

Tanks of Turtle! Good Gracious! 'Yes!'

The waiter lighted a candle, and conducted me downstairs to a range of vaulted apartments, cleanly whitewashed and illuminated with gas, where I saw a sight of the most astonishing and gratifying description, illustrative of the greatness of my native country. 'Snoady,' was my first observation to myself, 'Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!'

There were two or three hundred Turtle in the vaulted apartments—all alive. Some in tanks, and some taking the air in long dry walks littered down with straw. They were of all sizes; many of them enormous. Some of the enormous ones had entangled themselves with the smaller ones, and pushed and squeezed themselves into corners, with their fins over water-pipes, and their heads downwards, where they were apoplectically struggling and splashing, apparently in the last extremity. Others were calm at the bottom of the tanks; others languidly rising to the surface. The Turtle in the walks littered down with straw, were calm and motionless. It was a thrilling sight. I admire such a sight. It rouses my imagination. If you wish to try its effect on yours, make a call right opposite the India House any day you please—dine—pay—and ask to be taken below.

Two athletic young men, without coats, and with the sleeves of their shirts tucked up to the shoulders, were in attendance on these noble animals. One of them, wrestling with the most enormous

Turtle in company, and dragging him up to the edge of the tank, for me to look at, presented an idea to me which I never had before. I ought to observe that I like an idea. I say, when I get a new one, 'Snoady, book that!'

My idea, on the present occasion, was,—Mr. Groggles! It was not a Turtle that I saw, but Mr. Groggles. It was the dead image of Mr. Groggles. He was dragged up to confront me, with his waistcoat—if I may be allowed the expression—towards me; and it was identically the waistcoat of Mr. Groggles. It was the same shape, very nearly the same colour, only wanted a gold watch-chain and a bunch of seals, to BE the waistcoat of Mr. Groggles. There was what I should call a bursting expression about him in general, which was accurately the expression of Mr. Groggles. I had never closely observed a Turtle's throat before. The folds of his loose cravat, I found to be precisely those of Mr. Groggles's cravat. Even the intelligent eye—I mean to say, intelligent enough for a person of correct principles, and not dangerously so—was the eye of Mr. Groggles. When the athletic young man let him go, and, with a roll of his head, he flopped heavily down into the tank, it was exactly the manner of Mr. Groggles as I have seen him ooze away into his seat, after opposing a sanitary motion in the Court of Common Council!

'Snoady,' I couldn't help saying to myself, 'you have done it. You have got an idea, Snoady, in which a great principle is involved. I congratulate you!' I followed the young man, who dragged up several Turtle to the brinks of the various tanks. I found them all the same—all varieties of Mr. Groggles—all extraordinarily like the gentlemen who usually eat them. 'Now, Snoady,' was my next remark, 'what do you deduce from this?'

'Sir,' said I, 'what I deduce from this, is, confusion to those Radicals and other Revolutionists who talk about improvement. Sir,' said I, 'what I deduce from this, is, that there isn't this resemblance between the Turtles and the Groggleses for nothing. It's meant to show mankind that the proper model for a Groggles, is a Turtle; and that the liveliness we want in a Groggles, is the liveliness of a Turtle, and no more.' 'Snoady,' was my reply to this, 'You have hit it. You are right!'

I admired the idea very much, because, if I hate anything in the world, it's change. Change has evidently no business in the world,

has nothing to do with it, and isn't intended. What we want is (as I think I have mentioned) to be comfortable. I look at it that way. Let us be comfortable, and leave us alone. Now, when the young man dragged a Groggles—I mean a Turtle—out of his tank, this was exactly what the noble animal expressed as he floundered back again.

I have several friends besides Mr. Groggles in the Common Council, and it might be a week after this, when I said, 'Snoady, if I was you, I would go to that court, and hear the debate to-day.' I went. A good deal of it was what I call a sound, old English discussion. One eloquent speaker objected to the French as wearing wooden shoes; and a friend of his reminded him of another objection to that foreign people, namely, that they eat frogs. I had feared, for many years, I am sorry to say, that these wholesale principles were gone out. How delightful to find them still remaining among the great men of the City of London, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty! It made me think of the Lively Turtle.

But, I soon thought more of the Lively Turtle. Some Radicals and Revolutionists have penetrated even to the Common Council—which otherwise I regard as one of the last strongholds of our afflicted constitution; and speeches were made, about removing Smithfield Market—which I consider to be a part of that Constitution—and about appointing a Medical Officer for the City, and about preserving the public health; and other treasonable practices, opposed to Church and State. These proposals Mr. Groggles, as might have been expected of such a man, resisted; so warmly, that, as I afterwards understood from Mrs. Groggles, he had rather a sharp attack of blood to the head that night. All the Groggles party resisted them too, and it was a fine constitutional sight to see waistcoat after waistcoat rise up in resistance of them and subside. But what struck me in the sight was this, 'Snoady,' said I, 'here is your idea carried out, Sir! These Radicals and Revolutionists are the athletic young men in shirt sleeves, dragging the Lively Turtle to the edges of the tank. The Groggleses are the Turtle, looking out for a moment, and flopping down again. Honour to the Groggleses! Honour to the Court of Lively Turtle! The wisdom of the Turtle is the hope of England!'

There are three heads in the moral of what I had to say. First, Turtle and Groggles are identical; wonderfully alike externally,

wonderfully alike mentally. Secondly, Turtle is a good thing every way, and the liveliness of the Turtle is intended as an example for the liveliness of man; you are not to go beyond that. Thirdly, we are all quite comfortable. Leave us alone!

A CRISIS IN THE AFFAIRS OF MR. JOHN BULL

AS RELATED BY MRS. BULL TO THE CHILDREN[1]

[November 23, 1850]

Mrs. Bull and her rising family were seated round the fire, one November evening at dusk, when all was mud, mist, and darkness, out of doors, and a good deal of fog had even got into the family parlour. To say the truth, the parlour was on no occasion fog-proof, and had, at divers notable times, been so misty as to cause the whole Bull family to grope about, in a most confused manner, and make the strangest mistakes. But, there was an excellent ventilator over the family fireplace (not one of Dr. Arnott's, though it was of the same class, being an excellent invention, called Common Sense), and hence, though the fog was apt to get into the parlour through a variety of chinks, it soon got out again, and left the Bulls at liberty to see what o'clock it was, by the solid, steady-going, family time-piece: which went remarkably well in the long run, though it was apt, at times, to be a trifle too slow.

Mr. Bull was dozing in his easy-chair, with his pocket-handkerchief drawn over his head. Mrs. Bull, always industrious, was hard at work, knitting. The children were grouped in various attitudes around the blazing fire. Master C. J. London (called after his Godfather), who had been rather late at his exercise, sat with his chin resting, in something of a thoughtful and penitential manner, on his slate, and his slate resting on his knees. Young Jonathan—a cousin of the little Bulls, and a noisy, overgrown lad—was making a tremendous uproar across the yard, with a new plaything. Occasion-

[1] Readers will easily detect the references to the 'No Popery' controversies of 1850, to Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Pusey, and other theologians of the time. Dickens's antipathy to anything Roman is well known, and may be illustrated in abundance from the *Child's History of England*.

ally, when his noise reached the ears of Mr. Bull, the good gentleman moved impatiently in his chair, and muttered 'Con—found that boy in the stripes, I wish he wouldn't make such a fool of himself!'

'He'll quarrel with his new toy soon, I know,' observed the discreet Mrs. Bull, 'and then he'll begin to knock it about. But we mustn't expect to find old heads on young shoulders.'

'That can't be, Ma,' said Master C. J. London, who was a sleek, shining-faced boy.

'And why, then, did you expect to find an old head on Young England's shoulders?' retorted Mrs. Bull, turning quickly on him.

'I didn't expect to find an old head on Young England's shoulders!' cried Master C. J. London, putting his left-hand knuckles to his right eye.

'You didn't expect it, you naughty boy?' said Mrs. Bull.

'No!' whimpered Master C. J. London. 'I am sure I never did. Oh, oh, oh!'

'Don't go on in that way, don't!' said Mrs. Bull, 'but behave better in future. What did you mean by playing with Young England at all?'

'I didn't mean any harm!' cried Master C. J. London, applying, in his increased distress, the knuckles of his right hand to his right eye, and the knuckles of his left hand to his left eye.

'I dare say you didn't!' returned Mrs. Bull. 'Hadn't you had warning enough about playing with candles and candlesticks? How often had you been told that your poor father's house, long before you were born, was in danger of being reduced to ashes by candles and candlesticks? And when Young England and his companions began to put their shirts on, over their clothes, and to play all sorts of fantastic tricks in them, why didn't you come and tell your poor father and me, like a dutiful C. J. London?'

'Because the rubric——' Master C. J. London was beginning, when Mrs. Bull took him up short.

'Don't talk to me about the Rubric, or you'll make it worse!' said Mrs. Bull, shaking her head at him. 'Just exactly what the Rubric meant then, it means now; and just exactly what it didn't mean then, it don't mean now. You are taught to act, according to the spirit, not the letter; and you know what its spirit must be, or *you* wouldn't be. No, C. J. London!' said Mrs. Bull, emphatically. 'If there were any candles or candlesticks in the spirit of your

lesson-book, Master Wiseman would have been my boy, and not you!'

Here, Master C. J. London fell a-crying more grievously than before, sobbing, 'Oh, Ma, Master Wiseman with his red legs, your boy! Oh, oh, oh!'

'Will you be quiet,' returned Mrs. Bull, 'and let your poor father rest? I am ashamed of you. *You* to go and play with a parcel of sentimental girls, and dandy boys! Is *that* your bringing up?'

'I didn't know they were fond of Master Wiseman,' protested Master C. J. London, still crying.

'You didn't know, Sir!' retorted Mrs. Bull. 'Don't tell me! Then you ought to have known. Other people knew. You were told often enough, at the time, what it would come to. You didn't want a ghost, I suppose, to warn you that when they got to candlesticks, they'd get to candles; and that when they got to candles, they'd get to lighting 'em; and that when they began to put their shirts on outside, and to play at monks and friars, it was as natural that Master Wiseman should be encouraged to put on a pair of red-stockings, and a red hat, and to commit I don't know what other Tom-fooleries and make a perfect Guy Fawkes of himself in more ways than one. Is it because you are a Bull, that you are not to be roused till they shake scarlet close to your very eyes?' said Mrs. Bull indignantly.

Master C. J. London, still repeating 'Oh, oh, oh!' in a very plaintive manner, screwed his knuckles into his eyes until there appeared considerable danger of his screwing his eyes out of his head. But, little John (who though of a spare figure was a very spirited boy), started up from the little bench on which he sat; gave Master C. J. London a hearty pat on the back (accompanied, however, with a slight poke in the ribs); and told him that if Master Wiseman, or Young England, or any of those fellows, wanted anything for himself, he (little John) was the boy to give it him. Hereupon, Mrs. Bull, who was always proud of the child, and always had been, since his measure was first taken for an entirely new suit of clothes, to wear in Common, could not refrain from catching him up on her knee and kissing him with great affection, while the whole family expressed their delight in various significant ways.

'You are a noble boy, little John,' said Mrs. Bull, with a mother's pride, 'and that's the fact, after everything is said and done!'

'I don't know about that, Ma'; quoth little John, whose blood was evidently up; 'but if these chaps and their backers, the Bulls of Rome——'

Here Mr. Bull, who was only half asleep, kicked out in such an alarming manner, that for some seconds, his boots gyrated fitfully all over the family hearth, filling the whole circle with consternation. For, when Mr. Bull *did* kick, his kick was tremendous. And he always kicked, when the Bulls of Rome were mentioned.

Mrs. Bull, holding up her finger as an injunction to the children to keep quiet, sagely observed Mr. Bull from the opposite side of the fireplace, until he calmly dozed again, when she recalled the scattered family to their former positions, and spoke in a low tone.

'You must be very careful,' said the worthy lady, 'how you mention that name; for your poor father has so many unpleasant experiences of those Bulls of Rome—Bless the man! he'll do somebody a mischief.'

Mr. Bull, lashing out again more violently than before, upset the fender, knocked down the fire-irons, kicked over the brass footman, and, whisking his silk handkerchief off his head, chased the Pussy on the rug clean out of the room into the passage, and so out of the street-door into the night; the Pussy having (as was well-known to the children in general) originally strayed from the Bulls of Rome into Mr. Bull's assembled family. After the achievement of this crowning feat, Mr. Bull came back, and in a highly excited state performed a sort of war-dance in his top-boots, all over the parlour. Finally, he sank into his arm-chair, and covered himself up again.

Master C. J. London, who was by no means sure that Mr. Bull in his heat would not come down upon him for the lateness of his exercise, took refuge behind his slate and behind little John, who was a perfect gamecock. But, Mr. Bull having concluded his war-dance without injury to any one, the boy crept out, with the rest of the family, to the knees of Mrs. Bull, who thus addressed them, taking little John into her lap before she began:

'The B.'s of R.,' said Mrs. Bull, getting, by this prudent device, over the obnoxious words, 'caused your poor father a world of trouble, before any one of you were born. They pretended to be related to us, and to have some influence in our family; but it can't be allowed for a single moment—nothing will ever induce your poor father to hear of it; let them disguise or constrain themselves

now and then, as they will, they are, by nature, an insolent, audacious, oppressive, intolerable race.'

Here little John doubled his fists, and began squaring at the Bulls of Rome, as he saw those pretenders with his mind's eye. Master C. J. London, after some considerable reflection, made a show of squaring, likewise.

'In the days of your great, great, great, great grandfather,' said Mrs. Bull, dropping her voice still lower, as she glanced at Mr. Bull in his repose, 'the Bulls of Rome were not so utterly hateful to our family as they are at present. We didn't know them so well, and our family were very ignorant and low in the world. But we have gone on advancing in every generation since then; and now we are taught by all our family history and experience, and by the most limited exercise of our national faculties, That our knowledge, liberty, progress, social welfare and happiness, are wholly irreconcilable and inconsistent with them. That the Bulls of Rome are not only the enemies of our family, but of the whole human race. That wherever they go, they perpetuate misery, oppression, darkness, and ignorance. That they are easily made the tools of the worst of men for the worst of purposes; and that they *cannot* be endured by your poor father, or by any man, woman, or child, of common sense, who has the least connection with us.'

Little John, who had gradually left off squaring, looked hard at his aunt, Miss Eringobragh, Mr. Bull's sister, who was grovelling on the ground, with her head in the ashes. This unfortunate lady had been, for a length of time, in a horrible condition of mind and body, and presented a most lamentable spectacle of disease, dirt, rags, superstition, and degradation.

Mrs. Bull, observing the direction of the child's glance, smoothed little John's hair, and directed her next observations to him.

'Ah! You may well look at the poor thing, John!' said Mrs. Bull; 'for the Bulls of Rome have had far too much to do with her present state. There have been many other causes at work to destroy the strength of her constitution, but the Bulls of Rome have been at the bottom of it; and, depend upon it, wherever you see a condition at all resembling hers, you will find, on inquiry, that the sufferer has allowed herself to be dealt with by the Bulls of Rome. The cases of squalor and ignorance, in all the world most like your aunt's, are to be found in their own household; on the steps of their doors; in

the heart of their homes. In Switzerland, you may cross a line, no broader than a bridge or a hedge, and know, in an instant, where the Bulls of Rome have been received, by the condition of the family. Wherever the Bulls of Rome have the most influence, the family is sure to be the most abject. Put your trust in those Bulls, John, and it's in the inevitable order and sequence of things, that you must come to be something like your Aunt, sooner or later.'

'I thought the Bulls of Rome had got into difficulties, and run away, Ma?' said little John, looking up into his mother's face inquiringly.

'Why, so they did get into difficulties, to be sure, John,' returned Mrs. Bull, 'and so they did run away; but, even the Italians, who had got thoroughly used to them, found them out, and they were obliged to go and hide in a cupboard, where they still talked big through the key-hole, and presented one of the most contemptible and ridiculous exhibitions that ever were seen on earth. However, they were taken out of the cupboard by some friends of theirs—friends, indeed! who care as much about them as I do for the sea-serpent; but who happened, at the moment, to find it necessary to play at soldiers, to amuse their fretful children, who didn't know what they wanted, and, what was worse, would have it—and so the Bulls got back to Rome. And at Rome they are anything but safe to stay, as you'll find, my dear, one of these odd mornings.'

'Then, if they are so unsafe, and so found out, Ma,' said Master C. J. London, 'how come they to interfere with us, now?'

'Oh, C. J. London!' returned Mrs. Bull, 'what a sleepy child you must be, to put such a question! Don't you know that the more they are found out, and the weaker they are, the more important it must be to them to impose upon the ignorant people near them, by pretending to be closely connected with a person so much looked up to as your poor father?'

'Why, of course!' cried little John to his brother. 'Oh, you stupid!'

'And I am ashamed to have to repeat, C. J. London,' said Mrs. Bull, 'that, but for your friend, Young England, and the encouragement you gave to that mewling little Pussy, when it strayed here—don't say you didn't, you naughty boy, for you did!'—

'You know you did!' said little John.

Master C. J. London began to cry again.

'Don't do that,' said Mrs. Bull, sharply, 'but be a better boy in future! I say, I am ashamed to have to repeat that, but for that, the Bulls of Rome would never have had the audacity to call their connection, Master Wiseman, your poor father's child, and to appoint him, with his red hat and stockings, and his mummery and flummery, to a portion of your father's estates—though, for the matter of that, there is nothing to prevent their appointing him to the Moon, except the difficulty of getting him there! And so, your poor father's affairs have been brought to this crisis: that he has to deal with an insult which is perfectly absurd, and yet which he must, for the sake of his family, in all time to come, decisively and seriously deal with, in order to detach himself, once and for ever, from these Bulls of Rome; and show how impotent they are. There's difficulty and vexation, you have helped to bring upon your father, you bad child '

'Oh, oh, oh!' cried Master C. J. London. 'Oh, I never went to do it. Oh, oh, oh!'

'Hold your tongue!' said Mrs. Bull, 'and do a good exercise! Now that your father has turned that Pussy out of doors, go on with your exercise like a man; and let us have no more playing with any one connected with those Bulls of Rome; between whom and you there is a great gulf fixed, as you ought to have known in the beginning. Take your fingers out of your eyes, Sir, and do your exercise!'

'—Or I'll come and pinch you!' said little John.

'John,' said Mrs. Bull, 'you leave him alone. Keep your eye upon him, and, if you find him relapsing, tell your father.'

'Oh, won't I neither!' cried little John.

'Don't be vulgar,' said Mrs. Bull. 'Now, John, I can trust *you*. Whatever you do, I know you won't wake your father unnecessarily. You are a bold, brave child, and I highly approve of your erecting yourself against Master Wiseman and all that bad set. But, be wary, John; and as you have, and deserve to have, great influence with your father, I am sure you will be careful how you wake him. If he was to make a wild rush, and begin to dance about, on the Platform in the Hall, I don't know where he'd stop.'

Little John, getting on his legs, began buttoning his jacket with great firmness and vigour, preparatory to action. Master C. J. London, with a dejected aspect and an occasional sob, went on with his exercise

MR. BULL'S SOMNAMBULIST

[November 25, 1854]

An extremely difficult case of somnambulism, occurring in the family of that respected gentleman Mr. Bull, and at the present time developing itself without any mitigation of its apparently hopeless symptoms, will furnish the subject of the present paper. Apart from its curious psychological interest, it is worth investigation, as having caused and still causing Mr. Bull great anxiety of mind when he falls into low spirits. I may observe, as one of the medical attendants of the family, that this is not very often the case, all things considered: Mr. Bull being of a sanguine temperament, good-natured to a fault, and highly confident in the strength of his constitution. This confidence, I regret to add, makes him too frequently neglect himself when there is an urgent necessity for his being careful.

The patient in whom are manifested the distressing symptoms of somnambulism I shall describe, is an old woman—Mrs. Abigail Dean. The recognised abbreviation of her almost obsolete Christian name is used for brevity's sake in Mr. Bull's family, and she is always known in the House as Abby Dean.[1] By that name I shall call her, therefore, in recording her symptoms.

As if everything about this old woman were destined to be strange and exceptional, it is remarkable that although Abby Dean is at the head of the Upper Servants' Hall, and occupies the post of housekeeper in Mr. Bull's family, nobody has the least confidence in her, and even Mr. Bull himself has not the slightest idea how she got into the situation. When pressed upon the subject, as I have sometimes taken the liberty of pressing him, he scratches his head, stares, and is unable to give any other explanation than 'Well! There she is. That's all *I* know!' On these occasions he is so exceedingly disconcerted and ashamed, that I have forborne to point out to him the absurdity of his taking her without a character, or ever having supposed (as I assume he must have supposed) that such a superannuated person could be worth her wages.

[1] Earl of Aberdeen, and it will be seen that the whole of this paper deals with the affairs of his administration and the members of his ministry.

The following extracts from my notes of the case will describe her in her normal condition: 'Abby Dean. Phlegmatic temperament. Bilious habit. Circulation, very sluggish. Speech, drowsy, indistinct, and confused. Senses, feeble. Memory, short. Pulse, very languid. A remarkably slow goer. At all times a heavy sleeper, and difficult to awaken. When awakened, peevish. Earlier in life had fits, and was much contorted—first on one side, and then on the other.'

It was within a few weeks of her inexplicable appearance at the head of Mr. Bull's family, that this ancient female fell into a state of somnambulism. Mr. Bull observed her—I quote his own words—'eternally mooning about the House,' and putting some questions to her, and finding that her replies were mere gibberish, sent for me. I found her on a bench in the Upper Servants' Hall, evidently fast asleep (though her eyelids were open), and breathing stertorously. After shaking her for some time with Mr. Bull's assistance, I inquired, 'Do you know who you are?' She replied, 'Lord! Abby Dean, to be sure!' I said, 'Do you know where you are?' She answered, with a sort of fretful defiance, 'At the head of Mr. Bull's establishment.' I put the question, 'Do you know what you have to do there?' Her reply was, 'Yes—nothing.' Mr. Bull then interposed, and informed me, with some heat, that this was the utmost satisfaction he had been able to elicit 'from the confounded old woman,' since she first brought her boxes into the family mansion.

She was smartly blistered, daily, for a considerable time. Mustard poultices were freely applied; caustic was used as a counter-irritant; setons were inserted in her neck; and she was trotted about, and poked, and pinched, almost unremittingly, by certain servants very zealous in their attachment to Mr. Bull. I regret to state that under this treatment, sharply continued at intervals from that period to the present, she has become worse instead of better. She has now subsided into a state of constant and confirmed somnambulism, from which there is no human hope of her recovery.

The case, being one of a comatose nature, is chiefly interesting for its obstinacy. Its phenomena are not generally attractive to the imagination. Indeed, I am of opinion that at no period of her invalided career has any moment of brilliancy irradiated the lethargic state of this unfortunate female. Her proceedings are in accordance with those of most of the dreariest somnambulists of whom we have

a reliable record. She will get up and dress herself, and go to Mr. Bull's Treasury, or take her seat on her usual Bench in the Upper Servants' Hall, avoiding on the way the knocking of her head against walls and doors, but giving no other sign of intellectual vigour. She will sometimes sit up very late at night, moaning and muttering, and occasionally rising on her legs to complain of being attacked by enemies. (The common delusion that people are conspiring against her, is, as might naturally be expected, a feature of her disease.) She will frequently cram into her pockets a large accumulation of Mr. Bull's bills, plans for the improvement of his estate, and other documents of importance, and will drop the same without any reason, and refuse to take them up again when they are offered to her. Other similar papers she will hide in holes and corners, quickly forgetting what she has done with them. Sometimes, she will fall to wringing her hands in the course of her wanderings in the House, and to declaring that unless she is treated with greater deference she will 'go out.' But, it is a curious illustration of the cunning often mingled with this disorder that she has never stirred an inch beyond the door; having, evidently, some latent consciousness in the midst of her stupor, that if she once went out, no earthly consideration would prevail on Mr. Bull to let her in again.

Her eyes are invariably open in the sleep-waking state, but their power of vision is much contracted. It has long been evident to all observers of her melancholy case, that she is blind to what most people can easily see.

The circumstance which I consider special to the case of Abby Dean, and greatly augmentive of its alarming character, I now proceed to mention. Mr. Bull has in his possession a Cabinet, of modern manufacture and curious workmanship, composed of various pieces of various woods, inlaid and dovetailed with tolerable ingenuity considering their great differences of grain and growth; but, it must be admitted, clumsily put together on the whole, and liable, at any time, to fall to pieces. It contains, however, some excellent specimens of English timber, that have, in previous pieces of furniture, been highly serviceable to Mr. Bull: among which may be mentioned a small though tough and sound specimen of genuine pollard oak, which Mr. Bull is accustomed to point out to his friends by the playful name of 'Johnny.'[1] This Cabinet has never been altogether

[1] Lord John Russell.

pleasing to Mr. Bull; but when it was sent home by the manufacturer, he consented to make use of it in default of a better. With a little grumbling he entrusted his choicest possessions to its safe-keeping, and placed it, in common with the rest of his worldly goods, under the care of Abby Dean. Now, I am not at the present moment prepared with a theory of the means by which this ill-starred female is enabled to exercise a subtle influence on inert matter; but, it is unquestionably a fact, known to many thousands of credible persons who have watched the case, that she has paralysed the whole Cabinet! Miraculous as it may appear, the Cabinet has derived infection from her somnambulistic guardianship. It is covered with dust, full of moth, gone to decay, and all but useless. The hinges are rusty, the locks are stiff, the creaking doors and drawers will neither open nor shut, Mr. Bull can insinuate nothing into it, and can get nothing out of it but office paper and red tape—of which article he is in no need whatever, having a vast supply on hand. Even Johnny is not distinguishable, in the general shrinking and warping of its ill-fitted materials; and I doubt if there ever were such a rickety piece of furniture beheld in the world!

Mr. Bull's distress of mind is so difficult to separate from his housekeeper's somnambulism, that I cannot present anything like a popular account of the old woman's disorder, without frequently naming her unfortunate master. Mr. Bull, then, has fallen into great trouble of late, the growth of which he finds it difficult to separate from his somnambulist. Thus. One Nick,[1] a mortal enemy of Mr. Bull's—and possessing so much family resemblance to his spiritual enemy of the same name, that if that Nick be the father of lies, this Nick is at least the uncle—became extremely overbearing and aggressive, and, among other lawless proceedings, seized a Turkey which was kept in a Crescent in Mr. Bull's neighbourhood. Now, Mr. Bull, sensible that if the plain rules of right and wrong were once overborne, the security of his own possessions was at an end, joined the Crescent in demanding that the Turkey should be restored. Not that he cared particularly about the bird itself, which was quite unfit for Christmas purposes, but, because Nick's principles were of vital importance to his peace. He therefore instructed Abby Dean to represent, with patience, but with the utmost resolution and firmness, that there must be no stealing of

[1] The Emperor of Russia.

Turkeys, or anything else, without punishment; and that if this Nick conducted himself in a felonious way, he (Mr. Bull) would feel constrained to chastise him. What does the old woman in pursuance of these instructions, but begin gabbling in a manner so drowsy, heavy, halting, and feeble, that the more Nick treats with her, the more persuaded he becomes—and naturally too—that Mr. Bull is a coward, who has no earnestness in him! Consequently, he sticks to his wicked intents, which there is a great probability he might otherwise have abandoned, and Mr. Bull is obliged to send his beloved children out to fight him.

The family of Mr. Bull is so brave, their nature is so astonishingly firm under difficulties, and they are a race so unsubduable in the might of their valour, that Mr. Bull cannot hear of their great exploits against his enemy, without enthusiastic emotions of pride and pleasure. But, he has a real tenderness for his children's lives in time of war—unhappily he is less sensible of the value of life in time of peace—and the good old man often weeps in private when he thinks of the gallant blood inexpressibly dear to him, that is shed, and is yet to be shed, in this cause. An exasperating part of Abby Dean's somnambulism is, that at this momentous and painful crisis in Mr. Bull's life, she still goes on 'mooning about' (I again quote the worthy gentleman's words), in her old heavy way; presenting a contrast to the energy of his children, which is so extremely disagreeable, that Mr. Bull, though not a violent man, is sometimes almost goaded into knocking her on the head.

Another feature in this case—which we find to obtain in other cases of somnambulism in the books—is, that the patient often becomes confused, touching her own identity. She is observed to confound herself with those noble children of Mr. Bull whom I have just mentioned, and to take to herself more or less of the soaring reputation of their deeds. I clearly foresee, on an attentive examination of the latest symptoms, that this delusion will increase, and that within a few months she will be found sleepily insinuating to all the House that she has some real share in the glory those faithful sons have won. I am of opinion also, that this is a part of her disease which she will be capable of mysteriously communicating to the Cabinet, and that we shall find the whole of that lumbering piece of furniture, at about the same time, similarly afflicted.

It is further to be observed, as an incident of this perplexed case

of sleep-waking, that the patient has sufficient consciousness to excuse herself from the performance of every duty she undertook to discharge in entering Mr. Bull's service, by one unvarying reference to the fight in which his children are engaged. The House is neglected, the estate is ill managed, the necessities and complaints of the people are unheeded, everything is put off and left undone, for this no-reason. 'Whereas,' as Mr. Bull observes—and there is no gainsaying it—'if I be unhappily involved in all this trouble at a distance, let me at least do some slight good at home. Let me have some compensating balance, here, for all my domestic loss and sorrow there. If my precious children be slain upon my right hand, let me, for God's sake, the better teach and nurture those now growing up upon my left.' But where is the use of saying this, or of saying anything, to a somnambulist? Further still, than this.—Abby, in her mooning about (for I again quote the words of Mr. Bull), is frequently overheard to mumble that if anybody touches her, it will be at the peril of Mr. Bull's brave children afar off, who will, in that event, suffer some mysterious damage. Now, although the meanest hind, within or without the House, might know better than to suppose this true or possible, I grieve to relate that it has a powerful effect in preventing efforts to awake her; and that many persons in the establishment who are capable of administering powerful shakes or wholesome wringings of the nose are restrained hereby from offering their salutary aid. I should observe, as the closing feature of the case, that these mumblings are echoed in an ominous tone, by the Cabinet; and I am of opinion, from what I observe, that its echoes will become louder in about January or February next, if it should hang together so long.

This is the patient's state. The question to be resolved is, Can she be awakened? It is highly important that she should be, if Science can devise a way; for, until she can be roused to some sense of her condition in reference to Mr. Bull and his affairs, Mr. Bull can by no humane means rid himself of her. That she should be got into a state to receive warning, I agree with Mr. Bull in deeming of the highest importance. Although I wish him to avoid undue excitement, I never can remonstrate with him when he represents to me (as he does very often) that, in this eventful time what he requires to have at the head of his establishment, is—emphatically, a Man.

OUR COMMISSION

[August 11, 1855]

The disclosures in reference to the adulteration of Food, Drinks, and Drugs, for which the public are indebted to the vigour and spirit of our contemporary *The Lancet*, lately inspired us with the idea of originating a Commission to inquire into the extensive adulteration of certain other articles which it is of the last importance that the country should possess in a genuine state. Every class of the general public was included in this large Commission; and the whole of the analyses, tests, observations, and experiments, were made by that accomplished practical chemist, Mr. Bull.

The first subject of inquiry was that article of universal consumption familiarly known in England as 'Government.' Mr. Bull produced a sample of this commodity, purchased about the middle of July in the present year, at a wholesale establishment in Downing Street. The first remark to be made on the sample before the Commission, Mr. Bull observed, was its excessive dearness. There was little doubt that the genuine article could be furnished to the public, at a fairer profit to the real producers, for about fifty per cent. less than the cost price of the specimen under consideration. In quality, the specimen was of an exceedingly poor and low description; being deficient in flavour, character, clearness, brightness, and almost every other requisite. It was what would be popularly termed wishy-washy, muddled, and flat. Mr. Bull pointed out to the Commission, floating on the top of this sample, a volatile ingredient, which he considered had no business there. It might be harmless enough, taken into the system at a debating-society, or after a public dinner, or a comic song; but in its present connection, it was dangerous. It had not improved with keeping. It had come into use as a ready means of making froth, but froth was exactly what ought not to be found at the top of this article, or indeed in any part of it. The sample before the Commission, was frightfully adulterated with immense infusions of the common weed called Talk. Talk, in such combination, was a rank Poison. He had obtained a precipitate of Corruption from this purchase. He did not mean metallic corruption, as deposits of gold, silver, or copper; but, that

species of corruption which, on the proper tests being applied, turned white into black, and black into white, and likewise engendered quantities of parasite vermin. He had tested the strength of the sample, and found it not nearly up to the mark. He had detected the presence of a Grey deposit in one large Department, which produced vacillation and weakness; indisposition to action to-day, and action upon compulsion to-morrow. He considered the sample, on the whole, decidedly unfit for use. Mr. Bull went on to say, that he had purchased another specimen of the same commodity at an opposition establishment over the way, which bore the sign of the British Lion, and proclaimed itself, with the aid of a Brass Band, as 'The only genuine and patriotic shop'; but, that he had found it equally deleterious; and that he had not succeeded in discovering any dealer in the commodity under consideration who sold it in a genuine or wholesome state.

The bitter drug called Public Offices, formed the next subject of inquiry. Mr. Bull produced an immense number of samples of this drug, obtained from shops in Downing Street, Whitehall, Palace Yard, the Strand, and elsewhere. Analysis had detected in every one of them, from seventy-five to ninety-eight per cent. of Noodledom. Noodledom was a deadly poison. An over-dose of it would destroy a whole nation, and he had known a recent case where it had caused the death of many thousand men. It was sometimes called Routine, sometimes Gentlemanly Business, sometimes The Best Intentions, and sometimes Amiable Incapacity; but, call it what you would, analysis always resolved it into Noodledom. There was nothing in the whole united domains of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, so incompatible with all the functions of life as Noodledom. It was producible with most unfortunate ease. Transplant anything from soil and conditions it was fit for, to soil and conditions it was not fit for, and you immediately had Noodledom. The germs of self-propagation contained within this baleful poison, were incalculable: Noodledom uniformly and constantly engendering Noodledom, until every available inch of space was over-run by it. The history of the adulteration of the drug now before the Commission, he conceived to be this:—Every wholesale dealer in that drug was sure to have on hand, in beginning business, a large stock of Noodledom; which was extremely cheap, and lamentably abundant. He immediately mixed the drug with the poison. Now, it was the

peculiarity of the Public Office trade that the wholesale dealers were constantly retiring from business, and having successors. A new dealer came into possession of the already adulterated stock, and he, in his turn, infused into it a fresh quantity of Noodledom from his own private store. Then, on his retirement, came another dealer who did the same; then, on *his* retirement, another dealer who did the same; and so on. Thus, many of the samples before the Commission, positively contained nothing but Noodledom—enough, in short, to paralyse the whole country. To the question, whether the useful properties of the drug before the Commission were not of necessity impaired by these malpractices, Mr. Bull replied, that all the samples were perniciously weakened, and that half of them were good for nothing. To the question, how he would remedy a state of things so much to be deplored, Mr. Bull replied, that he would take the drug out of the hands of mercenary dealers altogether.

Mr. Bull next exhibited three or four samples of Lawn-sleeves, warranted at the various establishments from which they had been procured, to be fine and spotless, but evidently soiled and composed of inferior materials ill made up. On one pair, he pointed out extensive stains of printer's-ink, of a very foul kind; also a coarse inter-weaving, which on examination clearly betrayed, without the aid of the microscope, the fibres of the thistle, Old Bailey Attorney-ism. A third pair of these sleeves, though sold as white, were really nothing but the ordinary Mammon pattern, chalked over—a fact which Mr. Bull showed to be beyond dispute, by merely holding them up to the light. He represented this branch of industry as overstocked, and in an unhealthy condition.

There were then placed upon the table, several samples of British Peasant, to which Mr. Bull expressed himself as particularly solicitous to draw the attention of the Commission, with one plain object: the good of his beloved country. He remarked that with that object before him, he would not inquire into the general condition, whether perfectly healthy or otherwise, of any of the samples now produced. He would not ask, whether this specimen or that specimen might have been stronger, larger, better fitted for wear and tear, and less liable to early decay, if the human creature were reared with a little more of such care, study, and attention, as were rightfully bestowed on the vegetable world around it. But, the samples before the Commission had been obtained from every county in England, and,

though brought from opposite parts of the kingdom, were alike deficient in the ability to defend their country by handling a gun or a sword, or by uniting in any mode of action, as a disciplined body. It was said in a breath, that the English were not a military people, and that they made (equally on the testimony of their friends and enemies), the best soldiers in the world. He hoped that in a time of war and common danger he might take the liberty of putting those opposite assertions into the crucible of Common Sense, consuming the Humbug, and producing the Truth—at any rate he would, whether or no. Now, he begged to inform the Commission that, in the samples before them and thousands of others, he had carefully analysed and tested the British Peasant, and had found him to hold in combination just the same qualities that he always had possessed. Analysing and testing, however, as a part of the inquiry, certain other matters not fairly to be separated from it, he (Mr. Bull) had found the said Peasant to have been some time ago disarmed by lords and gentlemen who were jealous of their game, and by administrations—hirers of spies and suborners of false witnesses—who were jealous of their power. 'So, if you wish to restore to these samples,' said Mr. Bull, 'the serviceable quality that I find to be wanting in them, and the absence of which so much surprises you, be a little more patriotic and a little less timorously selfish; trust your Peasant a little more; instruct him a little better in a freeman's knowledge—not in a good child's merely; and you will soon have your Saxon Bowmen with percussion rifles, and may save the charges of your Foreign Legion.'

Having withdrawn the samples to which his observations referred —the production whereof, in connection with Mr. Bull's remarks, had powerfully impressed the assembled Commission, some of whom even went so far as to register vows on the spot that they would look into this matter some day—Mr. Bull laid before the Commission a great variety of extremely fine specimens of genuine British Job. He expressed his opinion that these thriving Plants upon the public property, were absolutely immortal: so surprisingly did they flourish, and so perseveringly were they cultivated. Job was the only article he had found in England, in a perfectly unadulterated state. He congratulated the Commission on there being at least one commodity enjoyed by Great Britain, with which nobody successfully meddled, and of which the Public always had an ample supply,

unattended by the smallest prospect of failure in the perennial crop.

On the subsidence of the sensation of pleasure with which this gratifying announcement was received, Mr. Bull informed the Commission, that he now approached the most serious and the most discouraging part of his task. He would not shrink from a faithful description of the laborious and painful analysis which formed the crown of his labours, but he would prepare the Commission to be shocked by it. With these introductory words, he laid before them a specimen of Representative Chamber.

When the Commission had examined, obviously with emotions of the most poignant and painful nature, the miserable sample produced, Mr. Bull proceeded with his description. The specimen of Representative Chamber to which he invited their anxious attention, was brought from Westminster Market. It had been collected there in the month of July in the present year. No particular counter had been resorted to more than another, but the whole market had been laid under contribution to furnish the sample. Its diseased condition would be apparent, without any scientific aids, to the most short-sighted individual. It was fearfully adulterated with Talk, stained with Job, and diluted with large quantities of colouring matter of a false and deceptive nature. It was thickly overlaid with a varnish which he had resolved into its component parts, and had found to be made of Trash (both maudlin and defiant), boiled up with large quantities of Party Turpitude, and a heap of Cant. Cant, he need not tell the Commission, was the worst of poisons. It was almost inconceivable to him how an article in itself so wholesome as Representative Chamber, could have been got into this disgraceful state. It was mere Carrion, wholly unfit for human consumption, and calculated to produce nausea and vomiting.

On being questioned by the Commission, whether, in addition to the deleterious substances already mentioned, he had detected the presence of Humbug in the sample before them, Mr. Bull replied, 'Humbug? Rank Humbug, in one form or another, pervades the entire mass.' He went on to say, that he thought it scarcely in human nature to endure, for any length of time, the close contemplation of this specimen: so revolting was it to all the senses. Mr. Bull was asked, whether he could account; first, for this alarming degeneracy in an article so important to the Public; and secondly,

for its acceptance by the Public? The Commission observing that however the stomachs of the people might revolt at it—and justly—still they did endure it, and did look on at the Market in which it was exposed. In answer to these inquiries, Mr. Bull offered the following explanation.

In respect of the wretched condition of the article itself (he said), he attributed that result, chiefly, to its being in the hands of those unprincipled wholesale dealers to whom he had already referred. When one of those dealers succeeded to a business—or 'came in,' according to the slang of the trade—his first proceeding, after the adulteration of Public Office with Noodledom, was to consider how he could adulterate and lower his Representative Chamber. This he did by a variety of arts, recklessly employing the dirtiest agents. Now, the trade had been so long in the hands of these men, and one of them had so uniformly imitated another (however violent their trade-opposition might be among themselves), in adulterating this commodity, that respectable persons who wished to do business fairly, had been prevented from investing their capital, whatever it might be, in this branch of commerce, and had indeed been heard to declare in many instances that they would prefer the calling of an honest scavenger. Again, it was to be observed, that the before-mentioned dealers, being for the most part in a large way, had numbers of retainers, tenants, tradesmen, and workpeople, upon whom they put off their bad Representative Chamber, by compelling them to take it whether they liked it or not. In respect of the acceptance of this dreadful commodity by the Public, Mr. Bull observed, that it was not to be denied that the Public had been much too prone to accept the colouring matter in preference to the genuine article. Sometimes it was Blood, and sometimes it was Beer; sometimes it was Talk, and sometimes it was Cant; but, mere colouring-matter they certainly had too often looked for, when they should have looked for bone and sinew. They suffered heavily for it now, and he believed were penitent; there was no doubt whatever in his mind that they had arrived at the mute stage of indignation, and had thoroughly found this article out.

One further question was put by the Commission: namely, what hope had the witness of seeing this necessary of English life, restored to a genuine and wholesome state? Mr. Bull returned, that his sole hope was in the Public's resolutely rejecting all colouring matter

whatsoever—in their being equally inexorable with the dealers, whether they threatened or cajoled—and in their steadily insisting on being provided with the commodity in a pure and useful form. The Commission then adjourned, in exceedingly low spirits, *sine die.*

PROPOSALS FOR A NATIONAL JEST-BOOK

[May 3, 1856]

It has been ascertained, within the last two years, that Britannia is in want of nothing but an official joker. Having such exalted officer to poke her in the ribs when she considers her condition serious, and to put her off with a wink when she utters a groan, she must certainly be flourishing and it shall be heresy to doubt the fact. By this sign ye shall know it.

My patriotism and my national pride have been so warmed by the discovery, that, following out the great idea, I have reduced to writing a scheme for the re-establishment of the obsolete office of Court Joker. It would be less expensive to maintain than a First Lord of the Jokery, and might lead to the discovery of better jokes than issue from that Department. My scheme is an adaptation of a plan I matured some years ago, for the revival of the office of Lord Mayor's Fool; a design which, I am authorised to mention, would have been adopted by the City of London, but for that eminent body, the Common Council, agreeing to hold the office in Commission, and to satisfy the public, in all their Addresses to great personages, that they are never unmindful of its comic duties.

It is not, however, of either of these ingenious proposals (if I may be permitted to call them so) that I now desire to treat. It is of another and far more comprehensive project for the compilation of a National Jest-Book.

Few people, I submit, can fail to have observed what rich materials for such a collection are constantly being strewn about. The Parliamentary debates, the audiences given to deputations at the public offices, the proceedings of Courts of Enquiry, the published correspondence of distinguished personages, teem with the richest humour. Is it not a reproach to us, as a humorous nation, that we

have no recognised Encyclopædia of these facetious treasures, which may be preserved, and (in course of time), catalogued, by Signor Panizzi in the British Museum?

What I propose is, that a learned body of not fewer than forty members, each to receive two thousand five hundred pounds per annum, free of Income Tax, and the whole to be chosen from the younger sons, nephews, cousins and cousin-germans, of the Aristocracy, be immediately appointed in perpetuity for the compilation of a National Jest-Book. That, in these appointments, the preference shall be given to those young noblemen and gentlemen who know the least of the subject, and that every care shall be taken to exclude qualified persons. That, the First Lord of the Jokery be, in right of his office, the President of this Board, and that in his patronage the appointments shall rest. That, it shall meet as seldom as it thinks proper. That, no one shall be a quorum. That, on the first of April in every year, this learned society shall publish an annual volume, in imperial quarto, of the National Jest-Book, price Ten Pounds.

I foresee that I shall be met at this point by the objection that the proposed price is high, and that the sale of the National Jest-Book will not remunerate the country for the cost of its production. But, this objection will instantly vanish when I proceed to state that it is one of my leading ideas to make this gem of books the source of an immense addition to the public revenue, by passing an act of Parliament to render it compulsory on all householders rated to the relief of the poor in the annual value of twenty-five pounds, to take a copy. The care of this measure I would entrust to Mr. Frederick Peel, the distinguished Under-Secretary for War, whose modest talents, conciliatory demeanour, and remarkable success in quartering soldiers on all the private families of Scotland, particularly point him out as the Statesman for the purpose.

As the living languages are not much esteemed in the public schools frequented by the superior classes, and as it might be on the whole expedient to publish a National collection in the National tongue (though too common and accessible), it is probable that some revision of the labours of the learned Board would be necessary before any volume should be finally committed to the press. Such revision I would entrust to the Royal Literary Fund, finding it to have one professor of literature a member of its managing committee.

It might not be amiss to embellish the first volume of the National Jest-Book with a view of that wealthy institution, and with explanatory letterpress descriptive of its spending forty pounds in giving away a hundred; of its being governed by a council which can never meet nor be by any earthly power called together, of its boasted secrets touching the distresses of authors being officially accessible at all times, to more than one publisher; and of its being a neat example of a practical joke.

The style of the National Jest-Book, in narrating those choice pieces of wit and humour of which it will be the storehouse, to be strictly limited (as everything in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland ought to be), by precedent. No departure from the established Jest-Book method, to be sanctioned on any account. If the good old style were sufficient for our forefathers, it is sufficient for the present and all future generations. In my desire to render these proposals, plain, complete, and practical, I proceed to offer some specimens of the manner in which the National Jest-Book will require to be conducted.

As, in the precedents, there is a supposititious personage, by name Tom Brown, upon whom witty observations are fathered which there is a difficulty in fastening on any one else, so, in the National Collection, it will be indispensable to introduce a similar fiction. I propose that a certain imaginary Mr. Bull be established as the Tom Brown of the National collection.

Let us suppose, for example, that the learned Board, in pursuing their labours for the present year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, were reducing to writing the National jests of the month of April. They would proceed according to the following example.

BULL AND THE M.P.

A waggish member of Parliament, when vaccination had been introduced by Dr. Jenner upwards of half a century, and had saved innumerable thousands of people from premature death, from suffering, and from disfigurement—as, down to that time, had been equally well-known to wise men and fools—rose in his place in the House of Commons and denounced it forsooth. 'For,' says he, 'it is a failure, and the cause of death.' One meeting Mr. Bull, and telling him of this pretty speech, and further of its eliciting from

that astonishing assembly no demonstration. 'Aye,' cries Bull, looking mighty grave, 'but if the Member for Nineveh had mistaken, in that same place, the Christian name of a Cornet in the Guards, you should have had howling enough!'

Again, another example.

BULL AND THE BISHOP

A certain Bishop who was officially a learned priest and a devout, but who was individually either imbecile or an abusive and indecent common fellow, printed foul letters wherein he called folks by bad names, as Devils, Liars, and the like. A Cambridge man, meeting Bull, asked him of what family this Bishop was and to whom he was related? 'Nay, I know not,' cries Bull, 'but I take my oath he is neither of the line of the apostles, nor descends from their Master.' 'How, now,' quoth the Cambridge man, 'hath he no connection with the Fishermen?' 'He hath the connection that Billingsgate hath with Fishermen, and no other,' says Bull. 'But,' quoth the Cambridge man again, 'I understand him to be great in the dead tongues.' 'He may be that too,' says Bull, 'and yet be small in the living ones, for he can neither write his own tongue nor yet hold it.'

Sometimes it would be necessary, as in the Tom Brown precedents, to represent Bull in the light of being innocently victimised, and as not possessing that readiness which characterises him in the foregoing models. The learned body forming the National Collection would then adopt the following plan.

BULL GOT THE BETTER OF

Bull, riding once from market on a stout Galloway nag, was met upon the Tiverton highway by a footpad in a soldier's coat (an old hand), who rifled him of all he carried and jeered him besides, saying, 'A fig for you. I can wind you round my finger, I can pull your nose any day,'—and doing it, too, contemptuously, while he spoke, so that he brought the blood mounting into Bull's cheeks. 'Prithee tell me,' says Bull, pacifically, 'why do you want my money?' 'For the vigorous prosecution of your war against the birds of prey,' replies the fellow with his tongue in his cheek,—who indeed had been hired by Bull to scare those vermin, just when the farm-traps

and blunderbusses had been found to be horribly out of order, and were beginning to be put right. For which he now took all the credit. 'But what have you done?' asks Bull. 'Never *you* mind,' says the fellow, tweaking him by the nose again. 'You have not made one good shot in any direction that I know of,' cries Bull; 'is *that* vigorous prosecution?' 'Yes,' cries the fellow, tweaking him by the nose again. 'You have discomfited me the best and bravest boys I sent into the field,' says Bull; 'is *that* vigorous prosecution?' 'Yes,' cries the fellow, tweaking him by the nose again. 'You have brought down upon my head the heaviest and shamefullest book with a blue cover (called the Fall of Kars) in all my library,' says Bull; 'is *that* vigorous prosecution?' 'Yes,' says the fellow, tweaking him by the nose again. 'Then,' whispers Bull to his Galloway nag, as he gave him the rein, 'you and I had better jog along feebly, for it should seem to be the only true way of prospering.' And so sneaked off.

Occasionally, the learned body would resort to the dialogue form, for variety's sake. As thus;—throughout these instances, I suppose them engaged with the compilation for the month of April in the present year.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN BULL AND A PERSON OF QUALITY

PERSON OF Q. So, Bull, how dost?

BULL. My humble duty and service to your lordship, with your lordship's gracious leave—I am tolerable.

PERSON OF Q. The better for a firm, and durable, and glorious peace; eh, Bull?

BULL. Humph!

PERSON OF Q. Why, what a curmudgeon art thou, Bull! Dost thou begrudge the peace!

BULL. The Lord forbid, my humble duty and service to your noble lordship. But I was thinking (by your lordship's favour) how best to keep it.

PERSON OF Q. Be easy on that point. There shall be a great standing-army, and a great navy, and your relations and friends shall have more than their share of the bad, doubtful, and indifferent posts in both.

BULL. How as to the good posts, your honourable lordship?

PERSON OF Q. Humph! (laughing).

BULL. Will your noble honour vouchsafe me a word?

PERSON OF Q. Quickly then, Bull, and don't be prosy. I can't abide being bored.

BULL. I humbly thank your noble honourable lordship for your noble honour's kind permission. Army and navy, I know, will both be necessary; but, I was thinking (saving your noble lordship's gracious presence) that my good friends and allies the people of France can move in concert in large bodies, and are accustomed to the use of arms.

PERSON OF Q. (frowning). A military nation. None of that here, Bull, none of that here!

BULL. With your noble lordship's magnificent toleration, I would respectfully crave leave to scatter a few deferential syllables in the radiancy of your noble countenance. I find that this characteristic is not peculiar to my friends the French, but belongs, more or less, to all the peoples of Europe: whereof the English are the only people possessing the peculiarity of being quite untrained in the power of associating to defend themselves, their children, their women, and their native land. Will your noble honour's magnanimity bear with me if I represent that your noble lordship has for some years now, discouraged the old British spirit, and disarmed the British hand? Your noble honour's Game Preserves, and political sentiments, have been the cause of——

PERSON OF Q. (interrupting). 'Sdeath, Bull, I am bored. Make an end of this.

BULL. With your honour's gracious attention, I will finish this minute. I was about to represent, with my humblest duty to your noble lordship, that if your honourable grace could find it in your benignity to take the occasion of this Peace to trust your countrymen a little—to show some greater confidence in their love of their country and their loyalty to their sovereign—to think more of the peasants and less of the pheasants—and if your worship's loftiness could deign to encourage the common English clay to become moulded into so much of a soldierly shape as would make it a rampart for the whole empire, and place the Englishman on an equality with the Frenchmen, the Piedmontese, the German, the American, the Swiss, your noble honour would therein do a great right, timely, which you will otherwise, as certain as Death, (if your

noble lordship will excuse that levelling word), at last condescend to try to do in a hurry when it shall be too late.

PERSON OF Q. (yawning). Prithee, get out, Bull. This is revolutionary, and what not; and I am bored.

BULL. I humbly thank your noble lordship for your gracious attention. (And so, bowing low, retires, expressing his high sense of the courtesy and patience with which he has had the distinguished honour of being received.)

I shall conclude by offering one other example for the guidance of the learned Commission of forty compilers, which I have no doubt will be appointed within a short time after the publication of these suggestions. It is important, as introducing Mrs. Bull, and showing how she may be discreetly admitted into the National Jest-Book, on occasions, with the conjugal object of eliciting Mr. Bull's best points.

Example.

MRS. BULL'S CURLPAPERS

Bull, in this same month of April, takes it into his head that he will make a trip to France. So away he goes, after first repairing to the warehouse of honest Murray in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, to buy a guide-book, and travels with all diligence both to Paris and Bordeaux. Suddenly, and while Mrs. Bull supposeth him to be sojourning in the wine-growing countries, not drinking water there you may be sure, lo, he reappeareth at his own house in London, attended by a great wagon filled with newspapers! Mrs. Bull, admiring to see so many newspapers and those foreign, asks him why he hath returned so soon and with that cargo? Saith Bull, 'They are French curlpapers for thy head, my dear.' Mrs. Bull protests that in all her life she never can have need of a hundredth part of that store. 'Anyhow,' saith Bull, 'put them away in the dark, housewife, for I am heartily ashamed of them.' 'Ashamed of them!' says she. 'Yes,' retorts Bull, 'and thus it is. While I was in France, sweetheart, a deputation waited on the Government in England, touching the duties on foreign wines. And the French newspapers were so astounded by the jokery with which the deputation was received, and by the ignorance of the Government, which was wrong in all its statements (one of the best informed among them computes to the extent, in one calculation,

of seventeen hundred and fifty per cent.), that I was ashamed to see those journals lying about, and bought up all I could find!'

My project for a National Jest-Book is now before the Public. I would merely remark, in conclusion, that if the revenue arising from the compulsory purchase of the collection should enable our enlightened Government to dispense with the Income Tax, the Public will be the gainers: inasmuch as the new impost will provide them with something tangible to show for their money.

A DECEMBER VISION

[December 14, 1850]

I saw a mighty Spirit, traversing the world without any rest or pause. It was omnipresent, it was all powerful, it had no compunction, no pity, no relenting sense that any appeal from any of the race of men could reach. It was invisible to every creature born upon the earth, save once to each. It turned its shaded face on whatsoever living thing, one time; and straight the end of that thing was come. It passed through the forest, and the vigorous tree it looked on shrunk away; through the garden, and the leaves perished and the flowers withered; through the air, and the eagles flagged upon the wing and dropped; through the sea, and the monsters of the deep floated, great wrecks, upon the waters. It met the eyes of lions in their lairs, and they were dust; its shadow darkened the faces of young children lying asleep, and they awoke no more.

It had its work appointed; it inexorably did what was appointed to it to do; and neither sped nor slackened. Called to, it went on unmoved, and did not come. Besought, by some who felt that it was drawing near, to change its course, it turned its shaded face upon them, even while they cried, and they were dumb. It passed into the midst of palace chambers, where there were lights and music, pictures, diamonds, gold and silver; crossed the wrinkled and the grey, regardless of them; looked into the eyes of a bright bride; and vanished. It revealed itself to the baby on the old crone's knee, and left the old crone wailing by the fire. But,

whether the beholder of its face were, now a king, or now a labourer, now a queen, or now a seamstress; let the hand it palsied be on the sceptre, or the plough, or yet too small and nerveless to grasp anything: the Spirit never paused in its appointed work, and sooner or later turned its impartial face on all.

I saw a Minister of State, sitting in his Closet; and round about him, rising from the country which he governed, up to the Eternal Heavens, was a low dull howl of Ignorance. It was a wild, inexplicable mutter, confused, but full of threatening, and it made all hearers' hearts to quake within them. But, few heard. In the single city where this Minister of State was seated, I saw Thirty Thousand children, hunted, flogged, imprisoned, but not taught—who might have been nurtured by the wolf or bear, so little of humanity had they within them or without—all joining in this doleful cry. And, ever among them, as among all ranks and grades of mortals, in all parts of the globe, the Spirit went; and ever by thousands, in their brutish state, with all the gifts of God perverted in their breasts or trampled out, they died.

The Minister of State, whose heart was pierced by even the little he could hear of these terrible voices, day and night rising to Heaven, went among the Priests and Teachers of all denominations, and faintly said:

'Hearken to this dreadful cry! What shall we do to stay it?'

One body of respondents answered, 'Teach this!'

Another said, 'Teach that!'

Another said, 'Teach neither this nor that, but t'other!'

Another quarrelled with all the three; twenty others quarrelled with all the four, and quarrelled no less bitterly among themselves. The voices, not stayed by this, cried out day and night; and still, among those many thousands, as among all mankind, went the Spirit, who never rested from its labour; and still, in brutish sort, they died.

Then, a whisper murmured to the Minister of State:

'Correct this for thyself. Be bold! Silence these voices, or virtuously lose thy power in the attempt to do it. Thou canst not sow a grain of good seed in vain. Thou knowest it well. Be bold, and do thy duty!'

The Minister shrugged his shoulders, and replied 'It is a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME.' And so he put it from him.

Then, the whisper went among the Priests and Teachers, saying

to each, 'In thy soul thou knowest it is a truth, O man, that there are good things to be taught, on which all men may agree. Teach those, and stay this cry.'

To which, each answered in like manner, 'It is a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME.' And so *he* put it from him.

I saw a poisoned air, in which Life drooped. I saw Disease, arrayed in all its store of hideous aspects and appalling shapes, triumphant in every alley, by-way, court, back-street, and poor abode, in every place where human beings congregated—in the proudest and most boastful places, most of all. I saw innumerable hosts foredoomed to darkness, dirt, pestilence, obscenity, misery, and early death. I saw, wheresoever I looked, cunning preparations made for defacing the Creator's Image, from the moment of its appearance here on earth, and stamping over it the image of the Devil. I saw, from those reeking and pernicious stews, the avenging consequences of such Sin issuing forth, and penetrating to the highest places. I saw the rich struck down in their strength, their darling children weakened and withered, their marriageable sons and daughters perish in their prime. I saw that not one miserable wretch breathed out his poisoned life in the deepest cellar of the most neglected town, but, from the surrounding atmosphere, some particles of his infection were borne away, charged with heavy retribution on the general guilt.

There were many attentive and alarmed persons looking on, who saw these things too. They were well clothed, and had purses in their pockets; they were educated, full of kindness, and loved mercy. They said to one another, 'This is horrible, and shall not be!' and there was a stir among them to set it right. But, opposed to these, came a small multitude of noisy fools and greedy knaves, whose harvest was in such horrors; and they, with impudence and turmoil, and with scurrilous jests at misery and death, repelled the better lookers-on, who soon fell back, and stood aloof.

Then, the whisper went among those better lookers-on, saying, 'Over the bodies of those fellows, to the remedy!'

But, each of them moodily shrugged his shoulders, and replied, 'It is a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME!' And so they put it from them.

I saw a great library of laws and law-proceedings, so complicated, costly, and unintelligible, that, although numbers of lawyers united

in a public fiction that these were wonderfully just and equal, there was scarcely an honest man among them, but who said to his friend, privately consulting him, 'Better put up with a fraud or other injury than grope for redress through the manifold blind turnings and strange chances of this system.'

I saw a portion of the system, called (of all things) Equity, which was ruin to suitors, ruin to property, a shield for wrong-doers having money, a rack for right-doers having none: a by-word for delay, slow agony of mind, despair, impoverishment, trickery, confusion, insupportable injustice. A main part of it, I saw prisoners wasting in gaol; mad people babbling in hospitals; suicides chronicled in the yearly records; orphans robbed of their inheritance; infants righted (perhaps) when they were grey.

Certain lawyers and laymen came together, and said to one another, 'In only one of these our Courts of Equity, there are years of this dark perspective before us at the present moment. We must change this.'

Uprose, immediately, a throng of others, Secretaries, Petty Bags, Hanapers, Chaff-waxes, and what not, singing (in answer) 'Rule Britannia,' and 'God save the Queen'; making flourishing speeches, pronouncing hard names, demanding committees, commissions, commissioners, and other scarecrows, and terrifying the little band of innovators out of their five wits.

Then, the whisper went among the latter, as they shrunk back, saying, 'If there is any wrong within the universal knowledge, this wrong is. Go on! Set it right!'

Whereon, each of them sorrowfully thrust his hands in his pockets, and replied, 'It is indeed a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME!'—and so *they* put it from them.

The Spirit, with its face concealed, summoned all the people who had used this phrase about their Time, into its presence. Then, it said, beginning with the Minister of State:

'Of what duration is *your* Time?'

The Minister of State replied, 'My ancient family has always been long-lived. My father died at eighty-four; my grandfather, at ninety-two. We have the gout, but bear it (like our honours) many years.'

'And you,' said the Spirit to the Priests and Teachers, 'What may *your* time be?'

Some, believed they were so strong, as that they should number many more years than threescore and ten; others, were the sons of old incumbents who had long outlived youthful expectants. Others, for any means they had of calculating, might be long-lived or short-lived—generally (they had a strong persuasion) long. So, among the well-clothed lookers-on. So among the lawyers and laymen.

'But, every man, as I understand you, one and all,' said the Spirit, 'has his time?'

'Yes!' they exclaimed together.

'Yes,' said the Spirit: 'and it is—ETERNITY! Whosoever is a consenting party to a wrong, comforting himself with the base reflection that it will last his time, shall bear his portion of that wrong throughout ALL TIME. And, in the hour when he and I stand face to face, he shall surely know it, as my name is Death!'

It departed, turning its shaded face hither and thither as it passed along upon its ceaseless work, and blighting all on whom it looked.

Then went among many trembling hearers the whisper, saying, 'See, each of you, before you take your ease, O wicked, selfish men, that what will "last your time," be Just enough to last for ever!'

THE LAST WORDS OF THE OLD YEAR

[JANUARY 4, 1851]

THIS venerable gentleman, christened (in the Church of England) by the names One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty, who had attained the great age of three hundred and sixty-five (days), breathed his last, at midnight, on the thirty-first of December, in the presence of his confidential business-agents, the Chief of the Grave Diggers, and the Head Registrar of Births. The melancholy event took place at the residence of the deceased, on the confines of Time; and it is understood that his ashes will rest in the family vault, situated within the quiet precincts of Chronology.

For some weeks, it had been manifest that the venerable gentleman was rapidly sinking. He was well aware of his approaching end, and often predicted that he would expire at twelve at night, as

the whole of his ancestors had done. The result proved him to be correct, for he kept his time to the moment.

He had always evinced a talkative disposition, and latterly became extremely garrulous. Occasionally, in the months of November and December, he exclaimed, 'No Popery!' with some symptoms of a disordered mind; but, generally speaking, was in the full possession of his faculties, and very sensible.

On the night of his death, being then perfectly collected, he delivered himself in the following terms, to his friends already mentioned, the Chief of the Grave Diggers and the Head Registrar of Births:

'We have done, my friends, a good deal of business together, and you are now about to enter into the service of my successor. May you give every satisfaction to him and his!

'I have been,' said the good old gentleman, penitently, 'a Year of Ruin. I have blighted all the farmers, destroyed the land, given the final blow to the Agricultural Interest, and smashed the Country. It is true, I have been a Year of Commercial Prosperity, and remarkable for the steadiness of my English Funds, which have never been lower than ninety-four, or higher than ninety-seven and three-quarters. But you will pardon the inconsistencies of a weak old man.

'I had fondly hoped,' he pursued, with much feeling, addressing the Chief of the Grave Diggers, 'that, before my decease, you would have finally adjusted the turf over the ashes of the Honourable Board of Commissioners of Sewers; the most feeble and incompetent Body that ever did outrage to the common sense of any community, or was ever beheld by any member of my family. But, as this was not to be, I charge you, do your duty by them in the days of my successor!'

The Chief of the Grave Diggers solemnly pledged himself to observe this request. The Abortion of Incapables referred to, had (he said) done much for him, in the way of preserving his business, endangered by the recommendations of the Board of Health; but, regardless of all personal obligations, he thereby undertook to lay them low. Deeper than they were already buried in the contempt of the public (this he swore upon his spade) he would shovel the earth over their preposterous heads!

The venerable gentleman, whose mind appeared to be relieved of

an enormous load by this promise, stretched out his hand, and tranquilly returned, 'Thank you! Bless you!'

'I have been,' he said, resuming his last discourse, after a short interval of silent satisfaction, 'doomed to witness the sacrifice of many valuable and dear lives, in steamboats, because of the want of commonest and easiest precautions for the prevention of those legal murders. In the days of my great-grandfather, there yet existed an invention called Paddle-box Boats. Can either of you gild the few remaining sands fast running through my glass, with the hope that my great-grandson may see its adoption made compulsory on the owners of passenger steamships?"

After a despondent pause, the Head Registrar of Births gently observed that, in England, the recognition of any such invention by the legislature—particularly if simple, and of proved necessity—could scarcely be expected under a hundred years. In China, such a result might follow in fifty, but in England (he considered), in not less than a hundred. The venerable invalid replied, 'True, true!' and for some minutes appeared faint, but afterwards rallied.

'A stupendous material work'; these were his next words; 'has been accomplished in my time. Do I, who have witnessed the opening of the Britannia Bridge across the Menai Straits, and who claim the man who made that bridge for one of my distinguished children, see through the Tube, as through a mighty telescope, the Education of the people coming nearer?'

He sat up in his bed, as he spoke, and a great light seemed to shine from his eyes.

'Do I,' he said, 'who have been deafened by a whirlwind of sound and fury, consequent on a demand for Secular Education, see *any* Education through the opening years, for those who need it most?'

A film gradually came over his eyes, and he sunk back on his pillow. Presently, directing his weakened glance towards the Head Registrar of Births, he asked that personage:

'How many of those whom Nature brings within your province, in the spot of earth called England, can neither read nor write in after years?'

The Registrar answered (referring to the last number of the present publication[1]), 'about forty-five in every hundred.'

'And in my history for the month of May,' said the old year

[1] *Household Words.*

with a heavy groan, 'I find it written: "Two little children whose heads scarcely reached the top of the dock, were charged at Bow Street on the seventh, with stealing a loaf out of a baker's shop. They said, in defence, that they were starving, and their appearance showed that they spoke the truth. They were sentenced to be whipped in the House of Correction." To be whipped! Woe, woe! can the State devise no better sentence for its little children! Will it never sentence them to be taught!'

The venerable gentleman became extremely discomposed in his mind, and would have torn his white hair from his head, but for the soothing attentions of his friends.

'In the same month,' he observed, when he became more calm, 'and within a week, an English Prince was born. Suppose him taken from his Princely home (Heaven's blessing on it!), cast like these wretched babies on the streets, and sentenced to be left in ignorance; what difference, soon, between him, and the little children sentenced to be whipped? Think of it, Great Queen, and become the Royal Mother of them all!'

The Head Registrar of Births and the Chief of the Grave Diggers, both of whom have great experience of infancy, predestined (they do not blasphemously suppose, by God, but know, by man) to vice and shame, were greatly overcome by the earnestness of their departing friend.

'I have seen,' he presently said, 'a project carried into execution for a great assemblage of the peaceful glories of the world. I have seen a wonderful structure, reared in glass, by the energy and skill of a great natural genius, self-improved: worthy descendant of my Saxon ancestors: worthy type of industry and ingenuity triumphant! Which of my children shall behold the Princes, Prelates, Nobles, Merchants, of England, equally united, for another Exhibition—for a great display of England's sins and negligences, to be, by steady contemplation of all eyes, and steady union of all hearts and hands, set right? Come hither my Right Reverend Brothers, to whom an English tragedy presented in the theatre is contamination, but who art a Bishop, none the less, in right of the translation of Greek Plays; come hither, from a life of Latin Verses and Quantities, and study the Humanities through *these* transparent windows! Wake, Colleges of Oxford, from day-dreams of ecclesiastical melodrama, and look in on these realities in the daylight, for the night cometh when no man can work! Listen, my Lords and Gentlemen, to the

roar within, so deep, so real, so low down, so incessant and accumulative! Not all the reedy pipes of all the shepherds that eternally play one little tune—not twice as many feet of Latin verses as would reach from this globe to the Moon and back—not all the Quantities that are, or ever were, or will be, in the world—Quantities of Prosody, or Law, or State, or Church, or Quantities of anything but work in the right spirit, will quiet it for a second, or clear an inch of space in this dark Exhibition of the bad results of our doings! Where shall we hold it? When shall we open it? What courtier speaks?'

After the foregoing rhapsody, the venerable gentleman became, for a time, much enfeebled; and the Chief of the Grave Diggers took a few minutes' repose.

As the hands of the clock were now rapidly advancing towards the hour which the invalid had predicted would be his last, his attendants considered it expedient to sound him as to his arrangements in connection with his worldly affairs; both being in doubt whether these were completed, or, indeed, whether he had anything to leave. The Chief of the Grave Diggers, as the fittest person for such an office, undertook it. He delicately inquired, whether his friend and master had any testamentary wishes to express? If so, they should be faithfully observed.

'Thank you,' returned the old gentleman, with a smile, for he was once more composed; 'I have Something to bequeath to my successor; but not so much (I am happy to say) as I might have had. The Sunday Postage question, thank God, I have got rid of; and the Nepaulese Ambassadors are gone home. May they stay there!'

This pious aspiration was responded to, with great fervour, by both the attendants.

'I have seen you,' said the venerable Testator, addressing the Chief of the Grave Diggers, 'lay beneath the ground, a great Statesman and a fallen King of France.'

The Chief of the Grave Diggers replied, 'It is true.'

'I desire,' said the Testator, in a distinct voice, 'to entail the remembrance of them on my successors for ever. Of the Statesman, as an Englishman who rejected an adventitious nobility, and composedly knew his own. Of the King, as a great example that the monarch who addresses himself to the meaner passions of humanity, and governs by cunning and corruption, makes his bed of thorns, and sets his throne on shifting sand.'

The Head Registrar of Births took a note of the bequest.

'Is there any other wish,' inquired the Chief of the Grave Diggers, observing that his patron closed his eyes.

'I bequeath to my successor,' said the aged gentleman, opening them again, 'a vast inheritance of degradation and neglect in England; and I charge him, if he be wise, to get speedily through it. I do hereby give and bequeath to him, also, Ireland. And I admonish him to leave it to his successor in a better condition than he will find it. He can hardly leave it in a worse.'

The scratching of the pen used by the Head Registrar of Births, was the only sound that broke the ensuing silence.

'I do give and bequeath to him, likewise,' said the Testator, rousing himself by a vigorous effort, 'the Court of Chancery. The less he leaves of it to his successor, the better for mankind.'

The Head Registrar of Births wrote as expeditiously as possible, for the clock showed that it was within five minutes of midnight.

'Also, I do give and bequeath to him,' said the Testator, 'the costly complications of the English law in general. With which I do hereby couple the same advice.'

The Registrar, coming to the end of his note, repeated, 'The same advice.'

'Also, I do give and bequeath to him,' said the Testator, 'the Window Tax. Also, a general mismanagement of all public expenditure, revenues, and property, in Great Britain and its possessions.'

The anxious Registrar, with a glance at the clock, repeated, 'And its possessions.'

'Also, I do give and bequeath to him,' said the Testator, collecting his strength once more, by a surprising effort, 'Nicholas Wiseman and the Pope of Rome.'

The two attendants breathlessly inquired together, 'With what injunctions?'

'To study well,' said the Testator, 'the speech of the Dean of Bristol, made at Bristol aforesaid; and to deal with them and the whole vexed question, according to that speech. And I do hereby give and bequeath to my successor the said speech and the said faithful Dean, as great possessions and good guides. And I wish, with all my heart, the said faithful Dean were removed a little farther to the West of England and made Bishop of Exeter!'

With this, the Old Year turned serenely on his side, and breathed his last in peace. Whereon,

> ——'With twelve great shocks of sound,
> Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
> One after one,'

the coming of the New Year. He came on, joyfully. The Head Registrar, making, from mere force of habit, an entry of his birth, while the Chief of the Grave Diggers took charge of his predecessor; added these words in Letters of Gold. MAY IT BE A WISE AND HAPPY YEAR, FOR ALL OF US!

RAILWAY STRIKES

[JANUARY 11, 1851]

EVERYTHING that has a direct bearing on the prosperity, happiness, and reputation of the working-men of England should be a Household Word.

We offer a few remarks on a subject which has recently attracted their attention, and on which one particular and important branch of industry has made a demonstration, affecting, more or less, every other branch of industry, and the whole community; in the hope that there are few among the intelligent body of skilled mechanics who will suspect us of entertaining any other than friendly feelings towards them, or of regarding them with any sentiment but one of esteem and confidence.

The Engine Drivers and Firemen on the North Western line of Railway—the great iron high-road of the Kingdom, by which communication is maintained with Ireland, Scotland, Wales, the chief manufacturing towns of Great Britain, and the port which is the main artery of her commerce with the world—have threatened, for the second time, a simultaneous abandonment of their work, and relinquishment of their engagements with the Company they have contracted to serve.

We dismiss from consideration the merits of the case. It would be easy, we conceive, to show, that the complaints of the men, even assuming them to be beyond dispute, were not, from the beginning

of the manifestation, of a grave character, or by any means hopeless of fair adjustment. But we purposely dismiss that question. We purposely dismiss, also, the character of the Company, for careful, business-like, generous, and honourable management. We are content to assume that it stands no higher than the level of the very worst public servant bearing the name of railway, that the public possesses. We will suppose Mr. Glyn's communications with the men, to have been characterised by overbearing evasion, and not (as they undoubtedly have been) by courtesy, good temper, self-command, and the perfect spirit of a gentleman. We will suppose the case of the Company to be the worst that such a case could be, in this country, and in these times. Even with such a reduction of it to its lowest possible point, and a corresponding elevation of the case of the skilled Railway servants to its highest, we must deny the morals right or justification of the latter to exert the immense power they accidentally possess, to the public detriment and danger.

We say, accidentally possess, because this power has not been raised up by themselves. If there be ill-conditioned spirits among them who represent that it has been, they represent what is not true, and what a minute's rational consideration will show to be false. It is the result of a vast system of skilful combination, and a vast expenditure of wealth. The construction of the line, alone, against all the engineering difficulties it presented, involved an amount of outlay that was wonderful, even in England. To bring it to its present state of working efficiency, a thousand ingenious problems have been studied and solved, stupendous machines have been constructed, a variety of plans and schemes have been matured with incredible labour: a great whole has been pieced together by numerous capacities and appliances, and kept incessantly in motion. Even the character of the men, which stands deservedly high, has not been set up by themselves alone, but has been assisted by large contributions from these various sources. Without a good permanent way, and good engine power, they could not have established themselves in the public confidence as good drivers. Without good business-management in the complicated arrangements of trains for goods and passengers, they could not possibly have avoided accidents. They have done their part manfully; but they could not have done it, without efficient aid in like manful sort, from every department of the great executive staff. And because it happens that the whole

machine is dependent upon them in one important stage, and is delivered necessarily into their control—and because it happens that Railway accidents, when they do occur, are of a frightful nature, attended with horrible mutilation and loss of life—and because such accidents, with the best precautions, probably *must* occur, in the event of their resignation in a body—is it, therefore, defensible to strike?

To that, the question comes. It is just so narrow, and no broader. We all know, perfectly well, that there would be no strike, but for the extent of the power possessed. Can such an exercise of it be defended, after due consideration, by any honest man?

We firmly believe that these are honest men—as honest men as the world can produce. But, we believe, also, that they have not well considered what it is that they do. They are laboriously and constantly employed; and it is the habit of many men, so engaged, to allow other men to think for them. These deputy-thinkers are not the most judicious order of intellects. They are something quick at grievances. They drive Express Trains to that point, and Parliamentary to all other points. They are not always, perhaps, the best workmen. They are, sometimes, not workmen at all, but designing persons, who have, for their own base purposes, immeshed the workmen in a system of tyranny and oppression. Through these, on the one hand, and through an imperfect or misguided view of the details of a case on the other, a strike (always supposing this great power in the strikers) may be easily set a-going. Once begun, there is aroused a chivalrous spirit—much to be respected, however mistaken its manifestation—which forbids all reasoning. 'I will stand by my order, and do as the rest do. I never flinch from my fellow-workmen. I should not have thought of this myself; but I wish to be true to the backbone, and here I put my name among the others.' Perhaps in no class of society, in any country, is this principle of honour so strong, as among most great bodies of English artisans.

But there is a higher principle of honour yet; and it is that, we suggest to our friends the Engine Drivers and Firemen on the North Western Railway, which would lead to these greater considerations. First, what is my duty to the public, who are, after all, my chief employers? Secondly, what is my duty to my fellow-workmen of

all denominations: not only here, upon this Railway, but all over England?

We will suppose Engine Driver, John Safe, entering upon these considerations with his Fireman, Thomas Sparks. Sparks is one of the best of men, but he has a great belief in Caleb Coke of Wolverhampton, and Coke says (because somebody else has said so, to him) 'Strike!'

'But, Sparks,' argues John Safe, sitting on the side of the tender, waiting for the Down Express, 'to look at it in these two ways before we take any measures.—Here we are, a body of men with a great public charge; hundreds and thousands of lives every day. Individuals among us may, of course, and of course do, every now and again give up their part of that charge, for one reason or another—and right too! But I'm not so sure that we can all turn our backs upon it at once, and do right.'

Thomas Sparks inquires 'Why not?'

'Why, it seems to me, Sparks,' says John Safe, 'rather a murderous mode of action.'

Sparks, to whom the question has never presented itself in this light, turns pale.

'You see,' John Safe pursues, 'when I first came upon this line, I didn't know—how could I?—where there was a bridge and where a tunnel—where we took the turnpike road—where there was a cutting—where there was an embankment—where there was an incline—when full speed, when half, when slacken, when shut off, when your whistle going, when not. I got to know all such, by degrees; first, from them that was used to it; then, from my own use, Sparks.'

'So you did, John,' said Sparks.

'Well, Sparks! When we and all the rest that are used to it, Engine Drivers and Firemen, all down the line and up again, lay our heads together, and say to the public, "if you don't back us up in what we want, we'll all go to the right-about, such-a-day, so that Nobody shall know all such"—that's rather a murderous mode of action, it appears to me.'

Thomas Sparks, still uncomfortably pale, wishes Coke of Wolverhampton were present to reply.

'Because, it's saying to the public, "If you *don't* back us up, we'll do our united best towards your being run away with, and run

into, and smashed, and jammed, and dislocated, and having your heads took off, and your bodies gleaned for, in small pieces—and we hope you may!" Now, you know, that has a murdering appearance, Sparks, upon the whole!' says John Safe.

Sparks, much shocked, suggests that 'it mightn't happen.'

'True. But it might,' returns John Safe, 'and we know it might, no men better. We threaten that it might. Now, when we entered into this employment, Sparks, I doubt if it was any part of our fair bargain, that we should have a monopoly of this line, and a manslaughtering sort of a power over the public. What do *you* think?'

Thomas Sparks thinks certainly not. But, Coke of Wolverhampton said, last Wednesday (as somebody else had said to him), that every man worthy of the name of Briton must stick up for his rights.

'There again!' says John Safe. 'To my mind, Sparks, it's not at all clear that any person's rights *can be* another person's wrongs. And, that our strike must be a wrong to the persons we strike against, call 'em Company or Public, seems pretty plain.'

'What do they go and unite against us for, then?' demands Thomas Sparks.

'I don't know what they do,' replies John Safe. 'We took service with this company as Individuals, ourselves, and not as a body; and you know very well we no more ever thought of turning them off, as one man, than they ever thought of turning us off as one man. If the Company is a body, now, it was a body all the same when we came into its employment with our eyes wide open, Sparks.'

'Why do they make aggravating rules then, respecting the Locomotives?' demands Mr. Sparks, 'which, Coke of Wolverhampton says, is Despotism!'

'Well, anyways they're made for the public safety, Sparks,' returns John Safe; 'and what's for the public safety, is for yours and mine. The first things to go, in a smash, is, generally, the Engine and Tender.'

'*I* don't want to be made more safe,' growls Thomas Sparks. '*I* am safe enough, *I* am.'

'But, it don't signify a cinder whether you want it or don't want it,' returns his companion. 'You must be made safe, Sparks,

whether you like or not,—if not on your own account, on other people's.'

'Coke of Wolverhampton says, Justice! That's what Coke says!' observes Mr. Sparks, after a little deliberation.

'And a very good thing it is to say,' returns John Safe. 'A better thing to do. But, let's be sure we do it. I can't see that we good workmen do it to ourselves and families, by letting in bad un's that are out of employment. That's as to ourselves. I am sure we don't do it to the Company or Public, by conspiring together, to turn an accidental advantage against 'em. Look at other people! Gentlemen don't strike. Union doctors are bad enough paid (which we are not), but *they* don't strike. Many dispensary and hospital-doctors are not over well treated, but *they* don't strike, and leave the sick a-groaning in their beds. So much for the use of power. Then for taste. The respectable young men and women that serve in the shops, *they* didn't strike, when they wanted early closing.'

'All the world wasn't against *them*,' Thomas Sparks puts in.

'No; if it had been, a man might have begun to doubt their being in the right,' returns John Safe.

'Why, you don't doubt *our* being in the right, I hope?' says Sparks.

'If I do, I an't alone in it. You know there are scores and scores of us that, of their own accord, don't want no striking, nor anything of the kind.'

'Suppose we all agreed that we was a prey to despotism, what then?' asks Sparks.

'Why, even then, I should recommend our doing our work, true to the public, and appealing to the public feeling against the same,' replies John Safe. 'It would very soon act on the Company. As to the Company and the Public siding together against us, I don't find the Public too apt to go along with the Company when it can help it.'

'Don't we owe nothing to our order?' inquires Thomas Sparks.

'A good deal. And when we enter on a strike like this, we don't appear to me to pay it. We are rather of the upper sort of our order; and what we owe to other workmen, is, to set 'em a good example, and to represent them well. Now, there is, at present, a deal of general talk (here and there, with a great deal of truth in it) of combinations of capital, and one power and another, against workmen. I leave you to judge how it serves the workman's case,

at such a time, to show a small body of his order, combined, in a misuse of power, against the whole community!'

It appears to us, not only that John Safe might reasonably urge these arguments and facts; but, that John Safe did actually present many of them, and not remotely suggest the rest, to the consideration of an aggregate meeting of the Engine Drivers and Firemen engaged on the Southern Division of the line, which was held at Camden Town on the day after Christmas Day. The sensible, moderate, and upright tone of some men who spoke at that meeting, as we find them reported in the *Times*, commands our admiration and respect, though it by no means surprises us. We would especially commend to the attention of our readers, the speech of an Engine Driver on the Great Western Railway, and the letter of the Enginemen and Firemen at the Bedford Station. Writing, in submission to the necessities of this publication, immediately after that meeting was held, we are, of course, in ignorance of the issue of the question, though it will probably have transpired before the present number appears. It can, however, in no wise affect the observations we have made, or those with which we will conclude.

To the men, we would submit, that if they fail in adjusting the difference to their complete satisfaction, the failure will be principally their own fault, as inseparable, in a great measure, from the injudicious and unjustifiable threat into which the more sensible portion of them have allowed themselves to be betrayed. What the Directors might have conceded to temperate remonstrance, it is easy to understand they may deem it culpable weakness to yield to so alarming a combination against the public service and safety.

To the public, we would submit, that the steadiness and patriotism of English workmen may, in the long run, be safely trusted; and that this mistake, once remedied, may be calmly dismissed. It is natural, in the first hot reception of such a menace, to write letters to newspapers, urging strong-handed legislation, or the enforcement of pains and penalties, past, present, or to come, on such deserters from their posts. But, it is not agreeable, on calmer reflection, to contemplate the English artisan as working under a curb or yoke, or even as being supposed to require one. His spirit is of the highest; his nature is of the best. He comes of a great race, and his character is famous in the world. If a false step on the part of any man should be generously forgotten, it should be forgotten in him

RED TAPE

[February 15, 1851]

Your public functionary who delights in Red Tape—the purpose of whose existence is to tie up public questions, great and small, in an abundance of this official article—to make the neatest possible parcels of them, ticket them, and carefully put them away on a top shelf out of human reach—is the peculiar curse and nuisance of England. Iron, steel, adamant, can make no such drag-chain as Red Tape. An invasion of Red Ants in innumerable millions, would not be half so prejudicial to Great Britain, as its intolerable Red Tape.

Your Red Tapist is everywhere. He is always at hand, with a coil of Red Tape, prepared to make a small official parcel of the largest subject. In the reception-room of a Government Office, he will wind Red Tape round and round the sternest deputation that the country can send to him. In either House of Parliament, he will pull more Red Tape out of his mouth, at a moment's notice, than a conjuror at a Fair. In letters, memoranda, and dispatches, he will spin himself into Red Tape, by the thousand yards. He will bind you up vast colonies, in Red Tape, like cold roast chickens at a rout-supper; and when the most valuable of them break it (a mere question of time), he will be amazed to find that they were too expansive for his favourite commodity. He will put a girdle of Red Tape round the earth, in quicker time than Ariel. He will measure, from Downing Street to the North Pole, or the heart of New Zealand, or the highest summit of the Himalaya Mountains, by inches of Red Tape. He will rig all the ships in the British Navy with it, weave all the colours in the British Army from it, completely equip and fit out the officers and men of both services in it. He bound Nelson and Wellington hand and foot with it—ornamented them, all over, with bunches of it—and sent them forth to do impossibilities. He will stand over the side of the steamship of the state, sounding with Red Tape, for imaginary obstacles; and when the office-seal at the end of his pet line touches a floating weed, will cry majestically, 'Back her! Stop her!' He hangs great social efforts, in Red Tape,

about the public offices, to terrify like evil-minded reformers, as great highwaymen used to be hanged in chains on Hounslow Heath. He has but one answer to every demonstration of right, or exposition of wrong; and it is, 'My good Sir, this is a question of Tape.'

He is the most gentlemanly of men. He is mysterious; but not more so than a man who is cognisant of so much Tape ought to be. Butterflies and gadflies who disport themselves, unconscious of the amount of Red Tape required to keep Creation together, may wear their hearts upon their sleeves; but he is another sort of person. Not that he is wanting in conversation. By no means. Every question mooted, he has to tie up according to form, and put away. Church, state, territory native and foreign, ignorance, poverty, crime, punishment, popes, cardinals, jesuits, taxes, agriculture and commerce, land and sea—all Tape. 'Nothing but Tape, Sir, I assure you. Will you allow me to tie this subject up, with a few yards, according to the official form? Thank you. Thus, you see. A knot here; the end cut off there; a twist in this place; a loop in that. Nothing can be more complete. Quite compact, you observe. I ticket it, you perceive, and put it on the shelf. It is now disposed of. What is the next article?'

The quantity of Red Tape officially employed in the defence of such an imposition (in more senses than one) as the Window Tax; the array of Red Tapists and the amount of Red Taping employed in its behalf, within the last six or seven years, is something so astounding in itself, and so illustrative of the enormous quantities of Tape devoted to the public confusion, that we take the liberty, at this appropriate time, of disentangling an odd thousand fathoms or so, as a sample of the commodity.

The Window Tax is a tax of that just and equitable description, that it charges a house with twenty windows at the rate of six shillings and twopence farthing a window; and houses with nine times as many windows, to wit a hundred and eighty, at the rate of eightpence a window, *less*. It is a beautiful feature in this tax (and a mighty convenient one for large country-houses) that, after progressing in a gradually ascending scale or charge, from eight windows to seventy-nine, it then begins to descend again, and charges a house with five hundred windows, just a farthing a window more than a house with nine. This has been, for so many years, proved—by Red Tape—to be the perfection of human reason, that we merely remark

upon the circumstance, and there leave it, for another ornamental branch of the subject.

Light and air are the first essentials of our being. Among the facts demonstrated by Physical Science, there is not one more indisputable, than that a large amount of Solar Light is necessary to the development of the nervous system. Lettuces, and some other vegetables, may be grown in the dark, at no greater disadvantage than a change in their natural colour; but, the nervous system of Animals must be developed by Light. The higher the Animal, the more stringent and absolute the necessity of a free admission to it of the Sun's bright rays. All human creatures bred in darkness, droop, and become degenerate. Among the diseases distinctly known to be engendered and propagated by the want of Light, and by its necessary concomitant, the want of free Air, those dreadful maladies, Scrofula and Consumption, occupy the foremost place.

At this time of day, and when the labours of Sanitary Reformers and Boards of Health have educated the general mind in the knowledge of such truths, we almost hesitate to recapitulate these simple facts: which are as palpable and certain as the growth of a tree, or the curling of a wave. But, within a few years, it was a main fault of practical Philosophy, to hold too much herself apart from the daily business and concerns of life. Consequently, within a few years, even these truths were imperfectly and narrowly known. Red Tape, as a great institution quite superior to Nature, positively refused to receive them—strangled them, out of hand—labelled them Impositions, and shelved them with great resentment.

This is so incredible, that our readers will naturally inquire, when, where, and how? Thus. In the Spring of 1844, there sat enthroned, in the office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Downing Street, London, the Incarnation of Red Tape. There waited upon this enshrinement of Red Tape in the body and flesh of man, a Deputation from the Master Carpenters' Society, and another from the Metropolitan Improvement Society: which latter, comprising among its members some distinguished students of Natural Philosophy, took the liberty of representing the before-mentioned fact in connection with Light, as a small result of Infinite Wisdom, eternally established before Tape was. And, forasmuch as the Window Tax excluded light from the dwellings of the poor in large towns, where the poor lived,

crowded together in large old houses; by tempting the landlords of those houses to block up windows and save themselves the payment of duty, which they notoriously did—and, forasmuch, as in every room and corner thus made dark and airless, the poor, for want of space, were fain to huddle beds—and, forasmuch, as a large and a most unnatural percentage of them, were, in consequence, scrofulous, and consumptive, and always sliding downwards into Pauperism—the Deputation prayed the Right Honourable Red Tape, M.P., at least so to modify this tax, as to modify that inhuman and expensive wrong. To which, the Right Honourable Red Tape, M.P., made reply, that he didn't believe that the Tax had anything to do with scrofula; 'for,' said he, 'the window-duties don't affect the cottager; and I have seen numerous instances of scrofula in my own neighbourhood, among the families of the agricultural peasantry.' Now, this was the perfection of what may be called Red Tapeosophy. For, not to mention the fact, well known to every traveller about England, that the cottages of agricultural labourers, in general, are a perfect model of sanitary arrangement, and are, in particular remarkable for the capacious dimensions of their windows (which are usually of the bay or oriel form: never less than six feet high, commonly fitted with plate glass, and always capable of being opened freely), it is to be carefully noticed that such cottages always contain a superabundance of room, and especially of sleeping-room: also, that nothing can be farther from the custom of a cottager than to let a sleeping-room to a single man, to diminish his rent: and to crowd himself and family into one small chamber, where by reason of the dearness of fuel he stops up crevices, and shuts out air. These being things which no English landlord, dead or alive, ever heard of, it is clear—as clear as the agricultural labourer's cottage is light and airy—that the exclusion of light and air can have nothing to do with Scrofula. So, the Right Honourable Red Tape, M.P., gave the lie (politely) to the Deputation, and proved his case against Nature, to the great admiration of the office Messengers!

Well! But, on the same occasion, there was more Red Tape yet, in the background, ready, in nautical phrase, to be paid out. The Deputation, rather pertinaciously dwelling on the murderous effects of a prohibition of ventilation in the thickly-peopled habitations of the poor, the same authority returned, 'You *can* ventilate

them, if you choose. Here is Deputy Red Tape, from the Stamp Office, at my elbow; and he tells you, that perforated plates of zinc, may be placed in the external walls of houses, without becoming liable to duty.' Now, the Deputation were very glad to hear this, because they knew it to be a part of the perfect wisdom of the Acts of Parliament establishing the Window Tax, that they required all stopped-up windows to be stopped up with precisely the same substance as that of which the external walls of a house were made; and that, in a variety of cases, where such walls were of stone, for example, and such windows were stopped up with wood, they were held to be chargeable with duty: though they admitted no ray of light through that usually opaque material. Besides which, the Deputation knew, from the Government Returns, that, under the same Acts of Parliament, a little unglazed hole in a wall, made for a cat to creep through, and a little trap in a cellar to shoot coals down, had been solemnly decided to be windows. Therefore, they were so much relieved by this perforated-zinc discovery, that the good and indefatigable Doctor Southwood Smith (who was one of the deputation) was seen, by Private John Towler of the Second Grenadier Guards, sentry on duty at the Treasury, to fall upon the neck of Mr. Toynbee (who was another of the deputation) and shed tears of joy in Parliament Street.

But, the President of the Carpenters' Society, a man of rule and compasses, whose organ of veneration appears (in respect of Red Tape) to have been imperfectly developed, doubted. And he, writing to the Stamp Office on the point, caused more Red Tape to be spun into this piece of information, 'that perforated plates of zinc would be chargeable if so perforated as to afford light, but not if so as to serve the purpose of ventilation only!' It not being within the knowledge of the Carpenters' Society (which was a merely practical body) how to construct perforations of such a peculiar double-barrelled action as at once to let in air and shut out light, the Right Honourable Red Tape, M.P., himself, was referred to for an explanation. This, he gave in the following skein, which has justly been considered the highest specimen of the manufacture. 'There has been no mistake, as the parties suppose, in stating that openings for ventilation might be made which would not be chargeable as windows, and I cannot think it at all inconsistent with such a statement to decline expressing, beforehand, a general opinion as to

whether certain openings when made would or would not be considered as windows, and as such liable to charge.'

To crown all, with a wreath of blushing Tape of the first official quality, it may be briefly mentioned, that no existing Act of Parliament made any such exception, and that it had no existence out of Tape. For, a local act, for Liverpool only, was *afterwards passed*, exempting from the Window Tax circular ventilating apertures, not exceeding seven inches in diameter; provided, that if they were made in a direct line, they should be protected by a grating of cast-iron, the interstices thereof not exceeding one quarter of an inch in width.

One other choice sample of the best Red Tape presents itself in the nefarious history of the Window Tax. In July of the same year, Lord Althorp—whose name is ever to be respected, as having, perhaps, less association with Red Tape than that of any Minister whomsoever—made a short speech in the House of Commons, descriptive of an enactment he then introduced, for allaying something of the indignation which this tax had raised. It was, he said, 'a clause, enabling persons to open fresh windows in houses at present existing, without any additional charge. Its only effect is, to prevent an increase of the revenue, in the case of houses already existing.' On the faith of this statement, numbers of house-occupiers opened new windows. The instant the clause got into the Government offices, it was immeshed in a very net of Red Tape. The Stamp Office, in its construction of it, substituted existing occupiers, for existing houses; into the clause itself were introduced, before it became law, words, confining this privilege to persons 'duly assessed for the year ending 5th April 1835.' What followed? Red Tape made the discovery that no one who took advantage of that clause, and opened new windows, was duly assessed in 1835—the whole Government Assessment: made, be it remembered, by Government Assessors: having been loosely and carelessly made—and all those openers of new windows, upon the faith of that plain speech of a plain gentleman, were surcharged; to the increase of the revenue, the dishonour of the public character of the country, and the very canonisation of Red Tape.

For the collection and clear statement of these facts, we are indebted to an excellent pamphlet reprinted, at the time, from the *Westminster Review*. The facts and the subject are worthy of one another.

RED TAPE

O give your public functionary, who delights in Red Tape, a good social improvement to deal with! Let him come back to his Tapewits, after being frightened out of them, for a little while, by the ravages of a Plague; and count, if you can, the miles of Red Tape he will pile into barriers, against—a General Interment Bill, say, or a Law for the suppression of infectious and disgusting nuisances! O the cables of Red Tape he will coil away in dispatch boxes, the handcuffs he will make of Red Tape to fetter useful hands; the interminable perspectives of Exchequers, Woods and Forests, and what not, all hung with Red Tape, up and down which he will languidly wander, to the weariness of all whose hard fate it is, to have to pursue him!

But, give him something to play with—give him a park to slice away—a hideous scarecrow to set up in a public place, where it may become the ludicrous horror of the civilised earth—a marble arch to move—and who so brisk as he! He will rig you up a scaffolding with Red Tape, and fall to, joyfully. These are the things in which he finds relief from unlucky Acts of Parliament that are more troublesome improvements than they were meant to be. Across and across them, he can spin his little webs of Red Tape, and catch summer flies: or, near them, litter down official dozing-places, and roll himself over and over in Red Tape, like the Hippopotamus wallowing in his bath.

Once upon a time, there was a dusty dry old shop in Long Acre, London, where, displayed in the windows, in tall slim bottles, were numerous preparations, looking, at first sight, like unhealthy maccaroni. On a nearer inspection these were found to be Tapeworms, extracted from the internal mechanism of certain ladies and gentlemen who were delicately referred to, on the bottles, by initial letters. Doctor Gardner's medicine had effected these wonderful results; but, the Doctor, probably apprehensive that his patients might 'blush to find it fame,' enshrined them in his museum, under a thin cloud of mystery. We have a lively remembrance of a white basin, which, in the days of our boyhood, remained, for eight or ten years, in a conspicuous part of the museum, and was supposed to contain a specimen so recent that there had not yet been time for its more elaborate preservation. It bore, as we remember, the label, 'This singular creature, with ears like a mouse, was last week found destroying the inside of Mr. O— in the City Road.' But, this

was an encroachment on the province of the legitimate Tapeworms. That species were all alike except in length. The smallest, according to the labels, measured, to the best of our recollection, about two hundred yards.

If, in any convenient part of the United Kingdom (we suggest the capital as the centre of resort), a similar museum could be established, for the destruction and exhibition of the Red Tapeworms with which the British public are so sorely afflicted, there can be no doubt that it would be, at once, a vast national benefit, and a curious national spectacle. Nor can there be a doubt that the people in general would cheerfully contribute to the support of such an establishment. The labels might be neatly and legibly written, according to the precedent we have mentioned. 'The Right Honourable Mr. X— from the Exchequer. Seven thousand yards.' 'Earl Y— from the Colonial Office. Half as long again.' 'Lord Z— from the Woods and Forests. The longest ever known.' 'This singular creature,'—not mentioning its ears—'was found destroying the patience of Mr. John B— in the House of Commons.' If it were practicable to open such an Institution before the departure of All Nations (which can scarcely be hoped) it might be desirable to translate these abstracts into a variety of languages, for the wider understanding of one of our most agreeable and improving sights.

THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART

[May 10, 1851]

There are reasons, sufficiently obvious to our readers without explanation, which render the present a fitting place for a few words of remark on the proposed Institution bearing this name.

Its objects, as stated in the public advertisement, are, 'to encourage life assurance and other provident habits among authors and artists; to render such assistance to both, as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new Institution where honourable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties.'

THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART ADMISSION TICKET.

The authors and artists associated in this endeavour would be but indifferent students of human nature, and would be but poorly qualified for the pursuit of their art, if they supposed it possible to originate any scheme that would be free from objection. They have neither the right, nor the desire, to take offence at any discussion of the details of their plan. All that they claim, is, such consideration for it as their character and position may justly demand, and such moderate restraint in regard of misconception or misrepresentation as is due to any body of gentlemen disinterestedly associated for an honourable purpose.

It is proposed to form a Society of Authors and Artists by profession, who shall all effect some kind of Insurance on their lives;—whether for a hundred pounds or a thousand pounds—whether on high premiums terminable at a certain age, or on premiums payable through the whole of life—whether for deferred annuities, or for pensions to widows, or for the accumulation of sums destined to the education or portioning of children—is in this, as in all other cases, at the discretion of the individual insuring. The foundation of a New Life Insurance Office, expressly for these purposes, would be, obviously, a rash proceeding, wholly unjustifiable in the infancy of such a design. Therefore its proposers recommend one existing Insurance Office—firstly, because its constitution appears to secure to its insurers better terms than they can meet with elsewhere; secondly, because in Life Insurance, as in most other things, a body of persons can obtain advantages which individuals cannot. The chief advantage thus obtained in this instance, is stated in the printed Prospectus as a deduction of five per cent. from all the premiums paid by Members of the Society to that particular office. It is needless to add, that if an author or an artist be already insured in another office, or if he have any peculiar liking, in effecting a new insurance, for paying five per cent. more than he need, he is at perfect liberty to insure where he pleases, and in right of any insurance whatever to become a Member of the Society if he will.

But, there may be cases in which, on account of impaired health or of advanced age at the present time, individuals desirous of joining the Society, may be quite unable to obtain acceptance at any Life Office. In such instances the required qualification of Life Insurance will be dispensed with. In cases of proved

temporary inability to meet a periodical payment due on an Insurance, the Society proposes to assist the insurer from its funds.

'In connection with this Society,' the Prospectus proceeds, 'by which it is intended to commend and enforce the duties of prudence and foresight, especially incumbent on those whose income is wholly, or mainly, derived from the precarious profit of a profession, it is proposed to establish and endow an Institute, having at its disposal certain salaries, to which certain duties will be attached; together with a limited number of free residences, which, though sufficiently small to be adapted to a very moderate income, will be completed with due regard to the ordinary habits and necessary comforts of gentlemen. The offices of Endowment will consist:

'First,—Of a Warden, with a house and a salary of two hundred pounds a year;

'Second,—Of Members, with a house and one hundred and seventy pounds, or, without a house, two hundred pounds a year;

'Third,—Of Associates, with a salary of one hundred pounds a year.

'For these offices all who are Insurers in the Society above mentioned are qualified to offer themselves as Candidates. Such Insurance is to be considered an indispensable qualification, saving in exceptional cases (should any such arise) where an individual can prove that he has made every effort to insure his life, but cannot find acceptance at any Life Office, by reason of impaired health, or of advanced age, at the date of this prospectus.

'Each Member will be required to give, either personally or by a proxy selected from the Associates, with the approval of the Warden, three lectures in each year—one in London, the others at the Mechanics' Institutes, or some public building suited for the purpose, in the principal provincial towns. Considering the many duties exacting time and attention that will devolve on the Warden, he will not be required to give more than one lecture annually (which, if delivered by a proxy, he will, health permitting, be expected to compose himself), and that in the Metropolis.

'These lectures will be subject to the direction and control of the managing body of the Endowment. They will usually relate to Letters or Art, and will invariably avoid all debatable ground of Politics or Theology. It will be the endeavour of the Committee to address them to points on which the public may be presumed

to be interested, and to require dispassionate and reliable information—to make them, in short, an educational and improving feature of the time.

'The duties of Associates will be defined and fixed by the Council (consisting of the Warden, the Members, and a certain number of the Associates themselves), according to the previous studies and peculiar talent of each—whether in gratuitous assistance to any learned bodies, societies for the diffusion of knowledge, etc., or, as funds increase, and the utilities of the Institution develop themselves, in co-operating towards works of national interest and importance, but on subjects of a nature more popular, and at a price more accessible, than those which usually emanate from professed academies. It is well to add, that while, on every account, it is deemed desirable to annex to the receipt of a salary the performance of a duty, it is not intended that such duty should make so great a demand upon the time and labour, either of Member or Associate, as to deprive the public of their services in those departments in which they have gained distinction, or to divert their own efforts for independence from their accustomed professional pursuits.

'The design of the Institution proposed, is, to select for the appointment of Members (who will be elected for life) those Writers and Artists of established reputation, and generally of mature years (or, if young, in failing health), to whom the income attached to the appointment may be an object of honourable desire; while the office of Associate is intended partly for those whose toils or merits are less known to the general public than their professional brethren, and partly for those, in earlier life, who give promise of future eminence, and to whom a temporary income of one hundred pounds a year may be of essential and permanent service. There are few men professionally engaged in Art or Letters, even though their labours may have raised them into comparative wealth, who cannot look back to some period of struggle in which an income so humble would have saved them from many a pang, and, perhaps, from the necessity of stooping their ambition to occupations at variance with the higher aims of their career.

'An Associate may, therefore, be chosen for life, or for one or more years, according to the nature of his claims, and the discretion of the Electors.'

With the view of bringing this project into general notice,

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton (besides a gift of land) has written a new comedy,[1] and presented it to the friends associated with him in the origination of the scheme. They will act it, first, before Her Majesty at Devonshire House, and afterwards publicly. Over and above the profits that may arise from these dramatic representations, the copyright of the comedy, both for acting and publishing, being unconditionally given to the Association, has already enabled it to realise a handsome sum of money.

Many of our readers are aware that this company of amateur actors has been for some time in existence. Its public existence was accidental. It was originally formed for the private amusement of a leisure hour. Yielding to urgent entreaty, it then had the good fortune to render service to the Sanatorium, one of the most useful and most necessary Institutions ever founded in this country. It was subsequently enabled to yield timely assistance to three distinguished literary men, all of whom Her Majesty has since placed on the Pension List, and entirely to support one of them for nearly three years. It is now about to renew its exertions for the cause we have set forth. To say that its members do not merely seek their own entertainment and display (easily attainable by far less troublesome and responsible means) is to award them the not very exalted praise of being neither fools nor impostors.

The Guild of Literature and Art may be a good name or a bad name; the details of this endowment—mere suggestions at present, and not to be proceeded with, until much work shall have been patiently done—may be perfect or most imperfect; the retirement proposed, may be taken for granted to be everything that it is not intended to be; and still we conceive the real question to remain untouched. It is, whether Literature shall continue to be an exception from all other professions and pursuits, in having no resource for its distressed and divided followers but in eleemosynary aid; or, whether it is good that they should be provident, united, helpful of one another, and independent.

No child can suppose that the profits of the comedy alone will be sufficient for such an Endowment as is sought to be established. It is expressly stated in the Prospectus that 'for farther support to the Endowment by subscription, and especially by annual subscription, it is intended to appeal to the Public.' If the Public

[1] *Not so Bad as we Seem.*

will disembarrass the question of any little cobwebs that may be spun about it, and will confine it to this, it will be faithful to its ever generous and honest nature.

There is no reason for affecting to conceal that the writer of these few remarks is active in the project, and is impelled by a zealous desire to advance what he knows to be a worthy object. He would be false to the trust placed in him by the friends with whom he is associated, and to the secret experience of his daily life, and of the calling to which he belongs, if he had any dainty reserve in such a matter. He is one of an order beyond which he affects to be nothing, and aspires to be nothing. He knows—few men can know, he thinks, with better reason—that he does his duty to it in taking this part; and he wishes his personal testimony to tell for what it is worth.

THE FINISHING SCHOOLMASTER

[May 17, 1851]

It was recently supposed and feared that a vacancy had occurred in this great national office. One of the very few public instructors—we had almost written the only one—as to whose moral lessons all sorts of Administrations and Cabinets are united in having no kind of doubt, was so much engaged in enlightening the people of England, that an occasion for his services arose, when it was dreaded they could not be rendered. It is scarcely necessary to say who this special public instructor is. Our administrative legislators cannot agree on the teaching of The Lord's Prayer, the Sermon on the Mount, the Christian History; but they are all quite clear as to the public teaching of the Hangman. The scaffold is the blessed neutral ground on which conflicting Governments may all accord, and Mr. John Ketch is the great state Schoolmaster.

Maria Clarke was left for execution at Ipswich, Suffolk, on Tuesday the 22nd of April. It was Easter Tuesday; and besides the decent compliment to the Festival of Easter that may be supposed to be involved in a Public Execution at that time, it was important that the woman should be hanged upon a holiday, as

so many country people were then at leisure to profit by the improving spectacle. It happened, however, that the great finishing Schoolmaster was pre-engaged to lecture, that morning, to other pupils in another part of the country, and thus a paragraph found its way into the newspapers announcing that his humanising office might, perhaps, be open for the nonce to competition.

A gentleman of the country, distinguished for his truth and goodness, has placed in our hands copies of the letters addressed to the Sheriff by the various candidates for this post of instruction. We proceed to lay them before our readers, as we have received them, without names or addresses. In all other respects they are exact copies from the originals. This is no jest, we beg it to be understood. The letters we present, are literal transcripts of the letters written to the High Sheriff of Suffolk, on the occasion in question.

The first, is in the form of a polite note, and has an air of genteel commonplace—like an invitation, or an answer to one.

Mr. residing at Southwark will accept the office unavoidably declined by Calcraft on Wednesday next viz to execute Maria Clarke a speedy answer will oblige stating terms say not less than £20.

To the High Sheriff of Suffolk.

The second, has a Pecksniffian morality in it, which is very edifying.

Sir *20 April*

This day i Was Reading the newspaper When i saw the advertise for A hangman for that unfortunate Woman if there is not A person come fored and and that you cannot Get no one by the time i Will come as A suBstitute to finish that wich the law require

Yours respect
fully

for the Govener of the
prepaid ipsWich Goal
Suffolk

The third, is respectful towards the great finishing Schoolmaster,

though—such is fame!—it mis-spells a name, with which (as we have elsewhere observed) the public has become familiarised.

Sir *Saturday April* 19/51

Seeing a statement in the Times of this day that you wanted a person to execute Maria Clarke & you could not get a substitute as Mr. Calcroft was engaged on Wednesday next if well Paid I am Redey to do it myself an early communication will oblige yours &c

P S. You must pay all expences Down as I am in Desperate Circumstances hoping this is in secreecy I am

In the fourth, the writer modestly recommends himself as a self-reliant trustworthy person.

Sir *April th*21/51

having understood you Want a Man on Wednesday Morning to Perform the Office Of hangman i beg most respectfully To Offer Myself to your Notice feeling Confident i Am Abel to undertake it.

From your obedient
Servant
No
Street
Square
White Chappel

The fifth, appears to know his value as Public Instructor, and Head of the National System of Education, if elected.

Southwark London

Mr. Sherriff *April 20th* 1851

Sir I will perform the duties of Hangman for the execution of Maria Clarke on Wednesday in consideration of sixty pounds for my services

Yours respectfully

to the High Sheriff of
Suffolk
on haste
to the
High Sheriff for the
County of Suffolk
p. paid *Ipswhich*

The sixth, is workmanlike.

Honoured Sir *Deal. April* 21/51

Understanding that you cannot get a man to take the job of hanging the Woman on Wednesday next I will volunteer to do the business if the terms are liberal and suit me

I remain your respected
Servant

The seventh, is also business-like, and is more particular. The writer's mention of himself as a married man shows considerable delicacy.

Sir *Manchester April* 19/51

Seeing the enclosed printed paper in the Newspaper if it is a facte I am your man if your trums will suit me that is what am I to have for the work and how am I to get there

I am yours &c

P S. my height is 5 feet 5 and my age is 32 years—and I am a married man

The writer of the eighth is, we may infer from his tone respecting the eminent 'Calcraft,' a Constant Reader.

To the Sheriff of Ipswitch
Sir *April* 20

Hearing that Calcraft is unable to attend on Wednesday next to execute Maria Clarke I offer myself as a substitute being able and competent to fulfill his place on this occasion upon the same terms as Calcraft if you think proper to engage me a note addressed to me will meet with immediate attention

Your humble Servant

The ninth, is cautious and decisive, though it evidently proceeds from a Saxon, and is characteristically unjust toward the only part of the earth which is in no way responsible for its own doings.

Honor'd Sir *April* 20*th*/51.

Seeing that you ware at present in some difficulty to find an Executioner to perform your Duties on the person of Maria Clarke whose execution is fixed for Wednesday next I beg to offer to perform the office

of hangsman on that occasion for the sum of £50 to be paid on the completion of the same In order to prevent the public from Knowing my real name and address I shall request you to address to M. B. care of

should you accede to my proposal an answer per return of Post will reach me on Tuesday morning which will afford me time to make the Journey per Rail

I of course shall expect my expences paid in addition to the sum named

This is no idle offer as I shall most Certainly attend to perform the duties imposed on you, at the time required Should you accept this offer

I have the Honor to be
Honord Sir
Your Obdt Servt

To the High Sheriff
of the County of Suffolk

P. S I of course expect the name to be kept a secret should you not accept the offer And if the offer be accepted I shall assume the name of Patrick Keley of Kildare Ireland

The tenth, as proceeding from an individual who is honoured with the acquaintance of the real finishing Schoolmaster, and who even aspires to succeed him, claims great respect. If we selected any particular beauty from the rest, it would be his mention of the post as a 'birth.'

Gentlemen *April 19th* 1851

Seeing a paragraph in the paper of this day that you are in want of an executioner in the place of Calcraft I have taken the liberty to inform you that you can have me the writer of this note I have been for some time after the birth and am well acquainted with calcraft and I wonder he did not mention my name when you dispatched a messenger to him I made application at horsemonger lane for the last job there but Calcraft attended himself Gentlemen if you should think fit to nominate me for the job, you will find me a fitt and proper person to fulfill it

An Answer to this application
will oblidge
Your most Humble Servant

And will meet with immediate attention

Gent^en^

Should this meet your approbation you will oblidge by sending me instructions when and how to come down

You will be Kind enough to communicate this to the High Sheriff as soon as Convenient

To the Governer
of Ipswich Gaol

The connection of 'the sad office,' in the eleventh, with 'the amount,' unites a heart of sentiment with an eye to business.

Cockermouth Apl 21 1851

Sir having seen in the paper that Calcraft cannot come up. will undertake the sad Office if well remunerated and as time is short please to say the amount and I will come by return of Post you may depend on me Yours.

This is the twelfth and last—from a plain man accustomed to job-work.

Sir *Wigan April* 20 1851

Having seen in the Newspaper that you was in want of a Man to oficiate in the place of Calcraft at the execution of Maria Clarke if you will pay my expences from Wigan & Back & 5 pounds for the job Please to send my expences from Wigan to Ipswich & direct to the & he will let me Know

Your obedient Servant

These letters, we repeat, are genuine. They may set our readers thinking. It may be well to think a little now and then, however distasteful it be to do so, of this public teaching by the finishing Schoolmaster; and to consider how often he has at once begun and ended—and how long he should continue to begin and end—the only State Education the State can adjust to the perfect satisfaction of its conscience.

A FEW CONVENTIONALITIES

[June 28, 1851]

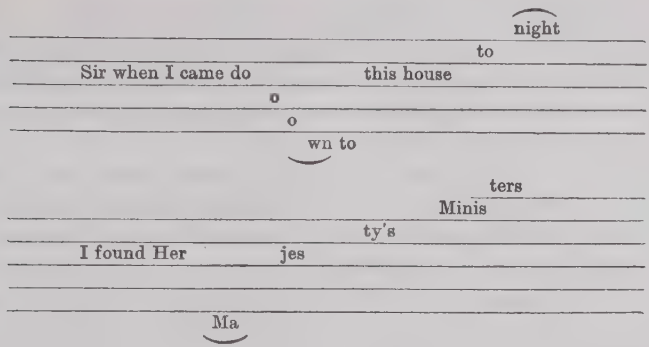
A child inquired of us, the other day, why a gentleman always said his first prayer in church, in the crown of his hat. We were reduced to the ignominious necessity of replying that we didn't know—but it was the custom.

Having dismissed our young friend with a severe countenance (which we always assume under the like circumstances of discomfiture) we began to ask ourselves a few questions.

Our first list had a Parliamentary reference.

Why must an honourable gentleman always '*come down*' to this house? Why can't he sometimes 'come up'—like a horse—or 'come in' like a man? What does he mean by invariably coming down? Is it indispensable that he should 'come down' to get into the House of Commons—say, for instance, from Saint Albans? Or is that house on a lower level than most other houses? Why is he always 'free to confess'? It is well known that Britons never never never will be slaves; then why can't he say what he has to say, without this superfluous assertion of his freedom? Why must an Irish Member always 'taunt' the noble Lord with this, that, or the other? Can't he tell him of it civilly, or accuse him of it plainly? *Must* he so ruthlessly taunt him? Why does the Honourable Member for Groginhole call upon the Secretary of State for the Home Department to 'lay his hand upon his heart,' and proclaim to the country such and such a thing? The Home Secretary is not in the habit of laying his hand upon his heart. When he has anything to proclaim to the country, he generally puts his hands under his coat-tails. Why is he thus personally and solemnly adjured to lay one of them on the left side of his waistcoat for any Honourable Member's gratification? What makes my Honourable friend, the Member for Gammonrife, feel so acutely that he is required to 'pin his faith' upon the measures of Her Majesty's Government? Is he always required to attach it in that particular manner only;

and are needle and thread, hooks and eyes, buttons, wafers, sealing-wax, paste, bird-lime, gum, and glue, utterly prohibited to him? Who invested the unfortunate Speaker with all the wealth and poverty of the Empire, that he should be told—'Sir, when you look around you, and behold your seas swarming with ships of every variety of tonnage and construction—when you behold your flag waving over the forts of a territory so vast that the Sun never sets upon it—when you consider that your storehouses are teeming with the valuable products of the earth—and when you reflect that millions of your poor are held in the bonds of pauperism and ignorance—can you, I ask, reconcile it to yourself; can you, I demand, justify it to your conscience; can you, I inquire, Sir, stifle the voice within you, by these selfish, these time-serving, these shallow, hollow, mockeries of legislation?' It is really dreadful to have an innocent and worthy gentleman bullied in this manner. Again, why do 'I hold in my hand' all sorts of things? Can I never lay them down, or carry them under my arm? There was a Fairy in the *Arabian Nights* who could hold in her hand a pavilion large enough to shelter the Sultan's army, but she could never have held half the petitions, blue books, bills, reports, returns, volumes of Hansard, and other miscellaneous papers, that a very ordinary Member for a very ordinary place will hold in his hands nowadays. Then again, how did it come to be necessary to the Constitution that I should be such a very circuitous and prolix peer as to 'take leave to remind you, my Lords, of what fell from the noble and learned lord on the opposite side of your Lordships' house, who preceded my noble and learned friend on the cross Benches when he addressed himself with so much ability to the observations of the Right Reverend Prelate near me, in reference to the measure now brought forward by the Noble Baron'—when, all this time, I mean, and only want to say, Lord Brougham? Is it impossible for my honourable friend the Member for Drowsyshire, to wander through his few dreary sentences immediately before the division, without premising that 'at this late hour of the night and in this stage of the debate,' etc.? Because if it be not impossible why does he never do it? And why, why, above all, in either house of Parliament must the English language be set to music—bad and conventional beyond any parallel on earth—and delivered, in a manner barely expressible to the eye as follows:



Is Parliament included in the Common Prayer-book under the denomination of 'quires and places where they sing'? And if so, wouldn't it be worth a small grant to make some national arrangement for instruction in the art by Mr. Hullah?

Then, consider the theatrical and operatic questions that arise, likewise admitting of no solution whatever.

No man ever knew yet, no man ever will know, why a stage-nobleman is bound to go to execution with a stride and a stop alternately, and cannot proceed to the scaffold on any other terms. It is not within the range of the loftiest intellect to explain why a stage-letter, before it can be read by the recipient, must be smartly rapped back, after being opened, with the knuckles of one hand. It is utterly unknown why choleric old gentlemen always have a trick of carrying their canes behind them, between the waist-buttons of their coat. Several persons are understood to be in Bedlam at the present time, who went distracted in endeavouring to reconcile the bran-new appearance of Mr. Cooper, in *John Bull* bearing a highly polished surgical instrument-case under his arm, with the fact of his having been just fished out of the deep sea, in company with the case in question. Inexplicable phenomena continually arise at the Italian Opera, where we have ourself beheld (it was in the time of Robert of Normandy) Nuns buried in garments of that perplexing nature that the very last thing one could possibly suppose they had taken, was a veil of any order. Who knows how it came about that the young Swiss maiden in the ballet should, as an established custom, revolve, on her nuptial morning, so airily and often, that at length she stands before us, for some seconds, like a beautiful

white muslin pen-wiper? Why is her bed-chamber always immediately over the cottage-door? Why is she always awakened by three taps of her lover's hands? Why does her mother always spin? Why is her residence invariably near a bridge? In what Swiss canton do the hardy mountaineers pursue the chamois in silk stockings, pumps, blue breeches, cherry-coloured bows, and their shirt-sleeves? When the Tenor Prince is made more tenor by the near approach of death from steel or poison; when the Bass enemy growls glutted vengeance; and the Heroine (who was so glad in the beginning of her story to see the villagers that she had an irrepressible impulse to be always shaking hands with them) is rushing to and fro among the living and disturbing the wig of the dead: why do we always murmur our Bra—a—avo! or our Bra—a—ava! as the case may be, in exactly the same tone, at exactly the same places, and execute our little audience conventionalities with the punctuality and mechanism of the stage itself? Why does the Primo Buffo always rub his hands and tap his nose? When did mankind enter into articles of agreement that a most uncompromising and uncomfortable box, with the lid at a certain angle, should be called a mossy bank? Who first established an indissoluble connection between the Demon and the brass instruments? When the sailors become Bacchanalian, how do they do it out of such little mugs, replenished from pitchers that have always been turned upside down? Granted that the Count must go a-hunting, why must he therefore wear fur round the tops of his boots, and never follow the chase with any other weapon than a spear with a large round knob at the blunt end?

Then, at public dinners and meetings, why must Mr. Wilson refer to Mr. Jackson as 'my honourable friend, if he will permit me to call him so'? Has Wilson any doubt about it? Why does Mr. Smithers say that he is sensible he has already detained you too long, and why *you* say, 'No, no; go on!' when you know you are sorry for it directly afterwards? You are not taken by surprise when the Toastmaster cries, in giving the Army and Navy, 'Upstanding, gentlemen, *and* good fires'—then what do you laugh for? No man could ever say why he was greatly refreshed and fortified by forms of words, as 'Resolved. That this meeting respectfully but firmly views with sorrow and apprehension, not unmixed with abhorrence and dismay'—but they *do* invigorate the patient, in

most cases, like a cordial. It is a strange thing that the chairman is obliged to refer to 'the present occasion';—that there is a horrible fascination in the phrase which he can't elude. Also, that there should be an unctuous smack and relish in the enunciation of titles, as 'And I may be permitted to inform this company that when I had the honour of waiting on His Royal Highness, to ask His Royal Highness to be pleased to bestow his gracious patronage on our excellent Institution, His Royal Highness did me the honour to reply, with that condescension which is ever His Royal Highness's most distinguishing characteristic'—and so forth. As to the singular circumstance that such and such a duty should not have been entrusted to abler hands than mine, everybody is familiar with that phenomenon, but it 's very strange that it *must* be so!

Again, in social matters. It is all very well to wonder who invents slang phrases, referential to Mr. Ferguson or any such mythological personage, but the wonder does not stop there. It extends into Belgravia. Saint James's has its slang, and a great deal of it. Nobody knows who first drawled, languidly, that so and so, or such and such a thing, was 'good fun,' or 'capital fun,' or 'a—the best fun in the world, I 'm told'—but some fine gentleman or lady did so, and accordingly a thousand do. They don't know why. We have the same mysterious authority for inquiring, in our faint way, if Cawberry is a nice person—if he is a superior person—for a romance being so charmingly horrible, or a woman so charmingly ugly—for the Hippopotamus being quite charming in his bath, and the little Elephant so charmingly like its mother—for the glass palace being (do you know) so charming to me that I absolutely bore every creature with it—for those horrid sparrows not having built in the dear gutters, which are so charmingly ingenious—for a great deal more, to the same very charming purpose.

When the old stage-coaches ran, and overturns took place in which all the passengers were killed or crippled, why was it invariably understood that no blame whatever was attributable to the coachman? In railway accidents of the present day, why is the coroner always convinced that a searching inquiry must be made, and that the railway authorities are affording every possible facility in aid of the elucidation of this unhappy disaster? When a new building tumbles into a heap of ruins, why are architect, contractor, and

materials always the best that could be got for money, with additional precautions—as if that splendid termination were the triumph of construction, and all buildings that don't tumble down were failures? When a boiler bursts, why was it the very best of boilers; and why, when somebody thinks that if the accident were not the boiler's fault it is likely to have been the engineer's, is the engineer then morally certain to have been the steadiest and skilfullest of men? If a public servant be impeached, how does it happen that there never was such an excellent public servant as he will be shown to be by Red-Tape-osophy? If an abuse be brought to light, how does it come to pass that it is sure to be, in fact, (if rightly viewed) a blessing? How can it be, that we have gone on, for so many years, surrounding the grave with ghastly, ruinous, incongruous and inexplicable mummeries, and curtaining the cradle with a thousand ridiculous and prejudicial customs?

All these things are conventionalities. It would be well for us if there were no more and no worse in common use. But, having run the gauntlet of so many, in a breath, we must yield to the unconventional necessity of taking breath, and stop here.

A NARRATIVE OF EXTRAORDINARY SUFFERING

[July 12, 1851]

A gentleman of credit and of average ability, whose name we have permission to publish—Mr. Lost, of the Maze, Ware—was recently desirous to make a certain journey in England. Previous to entering on this excursion, which we believe had a commercial object (though Mr. Lost has for some years retired from business as a Woolstapler, having been succeeded in 1831 by his son who now carries on the firm of Lost and Lost, in the old-established premises at Stratford on Avon, Warwickshire, where it may be interesting to our readers to know that he married, in 1834, a Miss Shakespeare, supposed to be a lineal descendant of the immortal bard), it was necessary that Mr. Lost should come to London, to adjust some unsettled accounts

with a merchant in the Borough, arising out of a transaction in Hops. His Diary originating on the day previous to his leaving home is before us, and we shall present its rather voluminous information to our readers in a condensed form: endeavouring to extract its essence only.

It would appear that Mrs. Lost had a decided objection to her husband's undertaking the journey in question. She observed, 'that he had much better stay at home, and not go and make a fool of himself'—which she seems to have had a strong presentiment that he would ultimately do. A young person in their employ as confidential domestic, also protested against his intention, remarking 'that Master warn't the man as was fit for Railways, and Railways warn't the spearses as was fit for Master.' Mr. Lost, however, adhering to his purpose, in spite of these dissuasions, Mrs. Lost made no effort (as she might easily have done with perfect success) to restrain him by force. But, she stipulated with Mr. Lost, that he should purchase an Assurance Ticket of the Railway Passengers' Assurance Company, entitling his representatives to three thousand pounds in case of the worst. It was also understood that in the event of his failing to write home by any single night's post, he would be advertised in the *Times*, at full length, next day.

These satisfactory preliminaries concluded, Mr. Lost sent out the confidential domestic (Mary Anne Mag by name, and born of poor but honest parents) to purchase a Railway Guide. This document was the first shock in connection with his extraordinary journey which Mr. Lost and family received. For, on referring to the Index, to ascertain how Ware stood in reference to the Railways of the United Kingdom and the Principality of Wales, they encountered the following mysterious characters:—

WARE TU 6

No farther information could be obtained. They thought of page six, but there was no such page in the book, which had the sportive eccentricity of beginning at page eight. In desperate remembrance of the dark monosyllable Tu, they turned to the 'classification of Railways,' but found nothing there under the letter T except 'Taff Vale and Aberdare'—and who (as the confidential domestic said) could ever want *them*! Mr. Lost has placed it on record that his 'brain reeled' when he glanced down the page, and found himself,

in search of Ware, wandering among such names as Ravenglass, Bootle, and Sprouston.

Reduced to the necessity of proceeding to London by turnpike-road, Mr. Lost made the best of his way to the metropolis in his own one-horse chaise, which he then dismissed in charge of his man, George Flay, who had accompanied him for that purpose. Proceeding to Southwark, he had the satisfaction of finding that the total of his loss upon the Hop transaction did not exceed three hundred and forty-seven pounds, four shillings, and twopence halfpenny. This, he justly regarded as, on the whole, a success for an amateur in that promising branch of speculation; in commemoration of his good fortune, he gave a plain but substantial dinner to the Hop Merchant and two friends at Tom's Coffee House on Ludgate Hill.

He did not sleep at that house of entertainment, but repaired in a hackney cab (No. 482) to the Euston Hotel, adjoining the terminus of the North-Western Railway. On the following morning his remarkable adventures may be considered to have commenced.

It appears that with a view to the farther prosecution of his contemplated journey, it was, in the first place, necessary for Mr. Lost to make for the ancient city of Worcester. Knowing that place to be attainable by way of Birmingham, he started by the train at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and proceeded, pleasantly and at an even pace, to Leighton. Here he found, to his great amazement, a powerful black bar drawn across the road, hopelessly impeding his progress!

After some consideration, during which, as he informs us, his 'brain reeled' again, Mr. Lost returned to London. Having partaken of some refreshment, and endeavoured to compose his mind with sleep (from which, however, he describes himself to have derived but little comfort, in consequence of being fitfully pursued by the mystic signs Ware Tu 6), he awoke unrefreshed, and at five minutes past five in the afternoon once again set forth in quest of Birmingham. But now, he was even less fortunate than in the morning; for, on arriving at Tring, some ten miles short of his former place of stoppage, he suddenly found the dreaded black barrier across the road, and was thus warned by an insane voice, which seemed to have something supernatural in its awful sound. 'Rugby to Leicester, Nottingham, and Derby!'

With the spirit of an Englishman, Mr. Lost absolutely refused

to proceed to either of those towns. If such were the meaning of the voice, it fell powerless upon him. Why should he go to Leicester, Nottingham, and Derby; and what right had Rugby to interfere with him at Tring? He again returned to London, and, fearing that his mind was going, took the precaution of being bled.

When he arose on the following morning, it was with a haggard countenance, on which the most indifferent observer might have seen the traces of a corroding anxiety, and where the practised eye might have easily detected what was really wrong within. Even conscience does not sear like mystery. Where now were the glowing cheek, the double chin, the mellow nose, the dancing eye? Fled. And in their place——

In the silent watches of the night, he had formed the resolution of endeavouring to reach the object of his pursuit, by Gloucester, on the Great-Western Railway. Leaving London once more, this time at half an hour after twelve at noon, he proceeded to Swindon Junction. Not without difficulty. For, at Didcot, he again found the black barrier across the road, and was violently conducted to seven places, with none of which he had the least concern—in particular, to one dreadful spot with the savage appellation of Aynho. But, escaping from these hostile towns after undergoing a variety of hardships, he arrived (as has been said) at Swindon Junction.

Here, all hope appeared to desert him. It was evident that the whole country was in a state of barricade, and that the insurgents (whoever they were) had taken their measures but too well. His imprisonment was of the severest kind. Tortures were applied, to induce him to go to Bath, to Bristol, Yatton, Clevedon Junction, Weston-super-Mare Junction, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Falmouth, and the remotest fastnesses of West Cornwall. No chance of Gloucester was held out to him for a moment. Remaining firm, however, and watching his opportunity, he at length escaped—more by the aid of good fortune, he considers, than through his own exertions—and sliding underneath the dreaded barrier, departed by way of Cheltenham for Gloucester.

And now indeed he might have thought that after combating with so many obstacles, and undergoing perils so extreme, his way at length lay clear before him, and a ray of sunshine fell upon his dismal path. The delusive hope, if any such were entertained by the forlorn man, was soon dispelled. It was his horrible fate to

depart from Cirencester exactly an hour before he arrived there, and to leave Gloucester ten minutes before he got to it!

It were vain to endeavour to describe the condition to which Mr. Lost was reduced by this overwhelming culmination of his many hardships. It had been no light shock to find his native country in the hands of a nameless foe, cutting off the communication between one town and another, and carrying out a system of barricade, little if at all inferior, in strength and skill, to the fortification of Gibraltar. It had been no light shock to be addressed by maniac voices urging him to fly to various remote parts of the kingdom. But, this tremendous blow, the annihilation of time, the stupendous reversal of the natural sequence and order of things, was too much for his endurance—too much, perhaps, for the endurance of humanity. He quailed beneath it, and became insensible.

When consciousness returned, he found himself again on the North-Western line of Railway, listlessly travelling anywhere. He remembers, he says, Four Ashes, Spread Eagle, and Penkridge. They were black, he thinks, and coaly. He had no business there; he didn't care whether he was there or not. He knew where he wanted to go, and he knew he couldn't go where he wanted. He was taken to Manchester, Bangor, Liverpool, Windermere, Dundee and Montrose, Edinburgh and Glasgow. He repeatedly found himself in the Isle of Man; believes he was, several times, all over Wales; knows he was at Kingstown and Dublin, but has only a general idea how he got there. Once, when he thought he was going his own way at last, he was dropped at a North Staffordshire Station called (he thinks in mockery) Mow Cop. As a general rule he observed that whatsoever divergence he made, he came to Edinburgh. But, there were exceptions—as when he was set down on the extreme verge of land at Holyhead, or put aboard a Steamboat, and carried by way of Paris into the heart of France. He thinks the most remarkable journey he was made to take, was from Euston Square into Northamptonshire; so, by the fens of Lincolnshire round to Rugby; thence, through the whole of the North of England and a considerable part of Scotland, to Liverpool; thence, to Douglas in the Isle of Man; and back, by way of Ireland, Wales, Great Yarmouth, and Bishop Stortford, to Windsor Castle. Throughout the whole of these travels, he observed the black-barrier system in active operation, and was always stopped when he least expected it. He

invariably travelled against his will, and found a code of cabalistic signs in use all over the country.

Anxiety and disappointment had now produced their natural results. His face was wan, his voice much weakened, his hair scanty and grey, the whole man expressive of fatigue and endurance. It is an affecting instance of the influence of uneasiness and depression on the mind of Mr. Lost, that he now commenced wildly to seek the object of his journey in the strangest directions. Abandoning the Railroads on which he had undergone so much, he began to institute a feverish inquiry for it among a host of boarding-houses and hotels. 'Bed, breakfast, boots, and attendance, two and sixpence per day.'—'Bed and boots, seven shillings per week.'—'Wines and spirits of the choicest quality.'—'Night Porter in constant attendance.'—'For night arrivals, ring the private door bell.'—'Omnibuses to and from all parts of London, every minute.'—'Do not confound this house with any other of the same name.' Among such addresses to the public, did Mr. Lost now seek for a way to Worcester. As he might have anticipated—as he *did* anticipate in fact, for he was hopeless now—it was not to be found there. His intellect was greatly shaken.

Mr. Lost has left, in his Diary, a record so minute of the gradual deadening of his intelligence and benumbing of his faculties, that he can be followed downward, as it were step by step. Thus, we find that when he had exhausted the boarding-houses and hotels, family, commercial and otherwise (in which he found his intellect much enfeebled by the constant recurrence of the hieroglyphic '1—6—51—W. J. A.'), he addressed himself, with the same dismal object, to Messrs. Moses and Son, and to Mr. Medwin, bootmaker to His Royal Highness Prince Albert. After them, even to inanimate things, as the Patent Compendium Portmanteau, the improved Chaff Machines and Corn Crushers, the Norman Razor, the Bank of England Sealing Wax, Schweepe's Soda Water, the Extract of Sarsaparilla, the Registered Paletot, Rowlands' Kalydor, the Cycloidal Parasol, the Cough Lozenges, the universal night-light, the poncho, Allsopp's pale ale, and the patent knife-cleaner. Failing, naturally, in all these appeals, and in a final address to His Grace the Duke of Wellington in the gentlemanly summer garment, and to Mr. Burton of the General Furnishing Ironmongery Warehouse, he sank into a stupor, and abandoned hope.

Mr. Lost is now a ruin. He is at the Euston Square Hotel. When advised to return home he merely shakes his head and mutters 'Ware Tu . . 6.' No Cabman can be found who will take charge of him on those instructions. He sits continually turning over the leaves of a small, dog's-eared quarto volume with a yellow cover, and babbling in a plaintive voice, 'BRADSHAW, BRADSHAW.'

A few days since, Mrs. Lost, having been cautiously made acquainted with his condition, arrived at the hotel, accompanied by the confidential domestic. The first words of the heroic woman were:

'John Lost, don't make a spectacle of yourself, don't. Who am I?'

He replied 'BRADSHAW.'

'John Lost,' said Mrs. Lost, 'I have no patience with you. Where have you been to?'

Fluttering the leaves of the book, he answered 'To BRADSHAW.'

'Stuff and nonsense you tiresome man,' said Mrs. Lost. 'You put me out of patience. What on earth has brought you to this stupid state?'

He feebly answered, 'BRADSHAW.'

No one knows what he means.

WHOLE HOGS

[AUGUST 23, 1851]

THE public market has been of late more than usually remarkable for transactions on the American principle in Whole and indivisible Hogs. The market has been heavy—not the least approach to briskness having been observed in any part of it; but, the transactions, such as they have been, have been exclusively for Whole Hogs. Those who may only have had a retail inclination for sides, ribs, limbs, cheeks, face, trotters, snout, ears, or tail, have been required to take the Whole Hog, sinking none of the offal, but consenting to it all—and a good deal of it too.

It has been discovered that mankind at large can only be regenerated by a Teetotal Society, or by a Peace Society, or by always

dining on Vegetables. It is to be particularly remarked that either of these certain means of regeneration is utterly defeated, if so much as a hair's-breadth of the tip of either ear of that particular Pig be left out of the bargain. Qualify your water with a teaspoonful of wine or brandy—we beg pardon—alcohol—and there is no virtue in Temperance. Maintain a single sentry at the gate of the Queen's Palace, and it is utterly impossible that you can be peaceful. Stew so much as the bone of a mutton chop in the pot with your vegetables, and you will never make another Eden out of a Kitchen Garden. You must take the Whole Hog, Sir, and every bristle on him, or you and the rest of mankind will never be regenerated.

Now, without inquiring at present whether means of regeneration that are so easily spoiled, may not a little resemble the pair of dancing-shoes in the story, which the lady destroyed by walking across a room in them, we will consider the Whole Hog question from another point of view.

First, stand aside to see the great Teetotal Procession come by. It is called a Temperance Procession—which is not an honest use of a plain word, but never mind that. Hurrah! hurrah! The flags are blue and the letters golden. Hurrah! hurrah! Here are a great many excellent, straightforward, thoroughly well-meaning, and exemplary people, four and four, or two and two. Hurrah! hurrah! Here are a great many children, also four and four, or two and two. Who are they?—They, Sir, are the Juvenile Temperance Bands of Hope.—Lord bless me! What are the Juvenile Temperance Bands of Hope?—They are the Infantine Brigade of Regenerators of Mankind.—Indeed? Hurrah! hurrah! These young citizens being pledged to total abstinence, and being fully competent to pledge themselves to anything for life; and it being the custom of such young citizens' parents, in the existing state of unregenerated society, to bring them up on ardent spirits and strong beer (both of which are commonly kept in Barrels, behind the door, on tap, in all large families, expressly for persons of tender years, of whom it is calculated that seven-eighths always go to bed drunk); this is a grand show. So, again, Hurrah! hurrah!

Who are these gentlemen walking two and two, with medals on their stomachs and bows in their button-holes? These, Sir, are the Committee.—Are they? Hurrah! hurrah! One cheer more for the

Committee! Hoo-o-o-o-rah! A cheer for the Reverend Jabez Fireworks—fond of speaking; a cheer for the gentleman with the stand-up collar, Mr. Gloss—fond of speaking; a cheer for the gentleman with the massive watch-chain, who smiles so sweetly on the surrounding Fair, Mr. Glib—fond of speaking; a cheer for the rather dirty little gentleman who looks like a converted Hyæna, Mr. Scradger—fond of speaking; a cheer for the dark-eyed, brown gentleman, the Dove Delegate from America—fond of speaking; a cheer for the swarm who follow, blackening the procession,—Regenerators from everywhere in general—all good men—all fond of speaking; and all going to speak.

I have no right to object, I am sure. Hurrah, hurrah!

The Reverend Jabez Fireworks, and the great Mr. Gloss, and the popular Mr. Glib, and the eminent Mr. Scradger, and the Dove Delegate from America, and the distinguished swarm from everywhere, have ample opportunity (and profit by it, too) for speaking to their heart's content. For, is there not, to-day, a Grand Demonstration Meeting; and to-morrow, another Grand Demonstration Meeting; and, the day after to-morrow, a Grand United Regenerative Zoological Visitation; and, the day after that, a Grand Aggregate General Demonstration; and, the day after that, a Grand Associated Regenerative Breakfast; and, the day after that, a Grand Associated Regenerative Tea; and, the day after that, a Final Grand Aggregate Compounded United and Associated Steamboat River Demonstration; and do the Regenerators go anywhere without speaking, by the bushel? Still, what offence to me? None. Still, I am content to cry, Hurrah! hurrah! If the Regenerators, though estimable men, be the most tiresome men (as speakers) under Heaven; if their sincerest and best followers cannot, in the infirmity of human nature, bear the infliction of such oratory, but occupy themselves in preference with tea and rolls, or resort for comfort to the less terrible society of Lions, Elephants, and Bears, or drown the Regenerative eloquence in the clash of brazen Bands; I think it sensible and right and still exclaim, Hurrah!

But how, if with the matter of such eloquence, when any of it happens to be heard, and also happens not to be a singular compound of references to the Bible, and selections from Joe Miller, I find, on drawing nearer, that I *have* some business? How, if I find that the distinguished swarm are not of that quiet class of gentlemen whom

Mr. Carlyle describes as consuming their own smoke; but that they emit a vast amount of smoke, and blacken their neighbours very considerably? Then, as a neighbour myself, I have perhaps a right to speak.

In Bedlam, and in all other madhouses, Society is denounced as being wrongfully combined against the patient. In Newgate, and in all other prisons, Society is denounced as being wrongfully combined against the criminal. In the speeches of the Reverend Jabez, and the other Regenerators, Society is denounced as being wrongfully and wickedly combined against their own particular Whole Hog—who must be swallowed, every bristle, or there is no Pork in him.

The proof? Society won't come in and sign the pledge; Society won't come in and recruit the Juvenile Temperance bands of hope. Therefore, Society is fond of drunkenness, sees no harm in it, favours it very much, *is* a drunkard—a base, worthless, sensual, profligate brute. Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, divines, physicians, lawyers, editors, authors, painters, poets, musicians, Queen, lords, ladies, and commons, are all in league against the Regenerators, are all violently attached to drunkenness, are all the more dangerous if by any chance they be personal examples of temperance, in the real meaning of the word!—which last powerful steam-hammer of logic has become a pet one, and is constantly to be observed in action.

Against this sweeping misrepresentation, I take the liberty of entering my feeble protest. With all respect for Jabez, for Gloss, for Glib, for Dove Delegate, and for Scradger, I must make so bold as to observe that when a Malay runs amuck he cannot be considered in a temperate state of mind; also, that when a thermometer stands at Fever Heat, it cannot claim to indicate Temperate weather. A man, to be truly temperate, must be temperate in many respects—in the rejection of strong words no less than of strong drinks—and I crave leave to assert against my good friends the Regenerators, that in such gross statements, they set a most intemperate example. I even doubt whether an equal number of drunkards, under the excitement of the strongest liquors, could set a worse example.

And I would beg to put it seriously to the consideration of those who have sufficient powers of endurance to stand about the platform,

listening, whether they think of this sufficiently? Whether they ever knew the like of this before? Whether they have any experience or knowledge of a good cause that was ever promoted by such bad means? Whether they ever heard of an association of people, deliberately, by their chosen vessels, throwing overboard every effort but their own, made for the amelioration of the condition of men; unscrupulously vilifying all other labourers in the vineyard; calumniously setting down as aiders and abettors of an odious vice which they know to be held in general abhorrence, and consigned to general shame, the great compact mass of the community—of its intelligence, of its morality, of its earnest endeavour after better things? If, upon consideration, they know of no such other case, then the inquiry will perhaps occur to them, whether, in supporting a so-conducted cause, they really be upholders of Temperance, dealing with words, which should be the signs for Truth, according to the truth that is in them?

Mankind can only be regenerated, proclaim the fatteners of the Whole Hog Number Two, by means of a Peace Society. Well! I call out of the nearest Peace Society my worthy friend John Bates—an excellent workman and a sound man, lineally descended from that sturdy soldier of the same name who spake with King Henry the Fifth, on the night before the battle of Agincourt. 'Bates,' says I, 'how about this Regeneration? *Why* can it only be effected by means of a Peace Society?' Says Bates in answer, 'Because War is frightful, ruinous, and unchristian. Because the details of one battle, because the horrors of one siege, would so appal you, if you knew them, that probably you never could be happy afterwards. Because man was not created in the image of his Maker to be blasted with gunpowder, or pierced with bayonets, or gashed with swords, or trampled under iron hoofs of horses, into a puddle of mire and blood. Because War is a wickedness that always costs us dear. Because it wastes our treasure, hardens our hearts, paralyses our industry, cripples our commerce, occasions losses, ills, and devilish crimes, unspeakable and out of number.' Says I, sadly, 'But have I not, O Bates, known all this for this many a year?' 'It may be so,' says Bates; 'then come into the Peace Society.' Says I, 'Why come in there, Bates?' Says Bates, 'Because we declare we won't have War or show of War. We won't have armies, navies, camps, or ships. England shall be disarmed, we say, and all these horrors

ended.' Says I, 'How ended, Bates?' Says Bates, 'By arbitration. We have a Dove Delegate from America, and a Mouse Delegate from France; and we are establishing a Bond of Brotherhood, and that'll do it.' 'Alas! It will NOT do it, Bates. I, too, have thought upon the horrors of war, of the blessings of peace, and of the fatal distraction of men's minds from seeking them, by the roll of the drum and the thunder of the inexorable cannon. However, Bates, the world is not so far upon its course, yet, but that there are tyrants and oppressors left upon it, watchful to find Freedom weak that they may strike, and backed by great armies. O John Bates, look out towards Austria, look out towards Russia, look out towards Germany, look out towards the purple Sea, that lies so beautiful and calm beyond the filthy jails of Naples! Do you see nothing there?' Says Bates (like the sister in Blue Beard, but much more triumphantly) 'I see nothing there, but dust';—and this is one of the inconveniences of a fattened Whole and indivisible Hog, that it fills up the doorway, and its breeders cannot see beyond it. 'Dust!' says Bates. I tell Bates that it is because there are, behind that dust, oppressors and oppressed, arrayed against each other—that it is because there are, beyond his Dove Delegate and his Mouse Delegate, the wild beasts of the Forest—that it is because I dread and hate the miseries of tyranny and war—that it is because I would not be soldier-ridden, nor have other men so—that I am not for the disarming of England, and cannot be a member of his Peace Society: admitting all his premises, but denying his conclusion. Whereupon Bates, otherwise just and sensible, insinuates that not being for his Whole and indivisible Hog, I can be for no part of his Hog; and that I have never felt or thought what his Society now tells me it, and only it, feels and thinks as a new discovery; and that when I am told of the new discovery I don't care for it!

Mankind can only be regenerated by dining on Vegetables. Why? Certain worthy gentlemen have dined, it seems, on vegetables for ever so many years, and are none the worse for it. Straightway, these excellent men, excited to the highest pitch, announce themselves by public advertisement as 'DISTINGUISHED VEGETARIANS,' vault upon a platform, hold a vegetable festival, and proceed to show, not without prolixity and weak jokes, that a vegetable diet is the only true faith, and that, in eating meat, mankind is wholly mistaken and partially corrupt. Distinguished

Vegetarians. As the men who wear Nankeen trousers might hold a similar meeting, and become Distinguished Nankeenarians! But am I to have no meat? If I take a pledge to eat three cauliflowers daily in the cauliflower season, a peck of peas daily in the pea time, a gallon of broad Windsor beans daily when beans are 'in,' and a young cabbage or so every morning before breakfast, with perhaps a little ginger between meals (as a vegetable substance, corrective of that windy diet), may I not be allowed half an ounce of gravy-beef to flavour my potatoes? Not a shred? Distinguished Vegetarians can acknowledge no imperfect animal. Their Hog must be a Whole Hog, according to the fashion of the time.

Now, we would so far renew the custom of sacrificing animals, as to recommend that an altar be erected to Our Country, at present sheltering so many of these very inconvenient and unwieldy Hogs, on which their grosser portions should be 'burnt and purged away.' The Whole Hog of the Temperance Movement, divested of its intemperate assumption of infallibility and of its intemperate determination to run grunting at the legs of the general population of this empire, would be a far less unclean and a far more serviceable creature than at present. The Whole Hog of the Peace Society, acquiring the recognition of a community of feeling between itself and many who hold war in no less abhorrence, but who yet believe, that, in the present era of the world, some preparation against it is a preservative of peace and a restraint upon despotism, would become as much enlightened as its learned predecessor Toby, of Immortal Memory. And if distinguished Vegetarians, of all kinds, would only allow a little meat; and if distinguished Flesh-meatarians, of all kinds, would only yield a little vegetable; if the former, quietly devouring the fruits of the earth to any extent, would admit the possible morality of mashed potatoes with beef—and if the latter would concede a little spinach with gammon; and if both could manage to get on with a little less platforming—there being at present rather an undue preponderance of cry over wool—if all of us, in short, were to yield up something of our whole and entire animals, it might be very much the better in the end, both for us and for them.

After all, my friends and brothers, even the best Whole and indivisible Hog may be but a small fragment of the higher and greater work, called Education!

SUCKING PIGS

[November 8, 1851]

As we both preach and practise Temperance according to the English signification of the word, and as we have lately observed with ashes on our head that one or two respected models of that virtue have been thrown into an ill-humour by our paper on Whole Hogs, we trust they will be soothed by their present reference to the milder and gentler class of swine: which *may* become Whole Hogs if they live, but which we fear are but a measly description of Pork, extremely likely to be cut off in their Bloom.

The accidental use of the foregoing flowery expression, brings us to the subject of our present observations: namely, that last tender and innocent offspring of Whole Hogs, on which has been bestowed the name of Bloomerism.

It is a confession of our ignorance which we make with feelings of humiliation, but when the existence of this little porker first became known to us, we supposed its name to have been conferred upon it in right of its fresh and gushing nature. We have since learnt, not without impressions of solemnity, that it is admiration's tribute to 'Mrs. Colonel Bloomer,' of the United States of America. What visions rise upon our mind's eye, as our fancy contemplates that eminent lady, and the Colonel in whose home she is a well-spring of joy, we will here make no ineffectual endeavour to describe.

Neither will we enter upon the great question of the Rights of Women; whether Majors, Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, Non-commissioned Officers, or Privates, under Mrs. Colonel Bloomer; or members of any other corps. Personally, we admit that our mind would be disturbed, if our own domestic well-spring were to consider it necessary to entrench herself behind a small table ornamented with a water-bottle and tumbler, and from that fortified position to hold forth to the public. Similarly, we should doubt the expediency of her putting up for Marylebone, or being one of the Board of Guardians for St. Pancras, or serving on a Grand Jury for Middlesex, or acting as High Sheriff of any county,

or taking the chair at a Meeting on the subject of the Income-Tax. We think it likely that we might be a little discomfited, if we found her appealing to her sex through the advertising columns of the *Times*, in such terms as, 'Women of the Borough and of Tooley Street, it is for your good that I come among you!' or, 'Hereditary bondswomen of Liverpool, know you not, who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!' Assuming (for the sake of argument) our name to be Bellows, we would rather that no original proceeding, however striking, on the part of Mrs. Bellows, led to the adoption, at the various minor theatres and in the Christmas pantomimes, of the Bellows Costume; or to the holding at any public assembly-rooms of a Bellows Ball; or to the composition of countless Bellows Polkas; or to the publication of a ballad (though a pleasing melody with charming words, and certain to become a favourite) entitled, 'I should like to be a Bellows!' In a word, if there were anything that we could dispense with in Mrs. Bellows above all other things, we believe it would be a Mission. We should put the question thus to Mrs. Bellows. 'Apple of our eye, we will freely admit your inalienable right to step out of your domestic path into any phase of public appearance and palaver that pleases you best; but we doubt the wisdom of such a sally. Beloved one, does your sex seek influence in the civilised world? Surely it possesses influence therein to no mean extent, and has possessed it since the civilised world was. Should we love our Julia (assuming, for the sake of argument, the Christian name of Mrs. Bellows to be Julia),—should we love our Julia better, if she were a Member of Parliament, a Parochial Guardian, a High Sheriff, a Grand Juror, or a woman distinguished for her able conduct in the chair? Do we not, on the contrary, rather seek in the society of our Julia, a haven of refuge from Members of Parliament, Parochial Guardians, High Sheriffs, Grand Jurors, and able chairmen? Is not the home-voice of our Julia as the song of a bird, after considerable bow-wowing out of doors? And is our Julia certain that she has a small table and water-bottle Mission round the corner, when here are nine (say, for the sake of argument, nine) little Bellowses to mend, or mar, at home? Does our heart's best treasure refer us to the land across the Atlantic for a precedent? Then let us remind our Julia, with all respect for the true greatness of that great country, that it is not generally renowned for its domestic

MRS. AMELIA BLOOMER.

rest, and that it may have yet to form itself for its best happiness on the domestic patterns of other lands.' Such would be, in a general way, the nature of our ground in reasoning the point with Mrs. Bellows; but we freely admit all this to be a question of taste.

To return to the sucking pig, Bloomerism. The porcine likeness is remarkable in many particulars. In the first place, it will not do for Mrs. Bellows to be a Budder or a Blower. She must come out of that altogether, and be a Bloomer. It is not enough for Mrs. Bellows to understand that the Bloomer costume is the perfection of delicacy. She must further distinctly comprehend that the ordinary evening dress of herself and her two eldest girls (as innocent and good girls as can be) is the perfection of *in*delicacy. She must not content herself with defending the Bloomer modesty. She must run amuck, and slander in the new light of her advanced refinement, customs that to our coarse minds are harmless and beautiful. What is not indicated (in something of the fashion of a ship's figurehead) through the tight medium of a Bloomer waistcoat, must be distinctly understood to be, under any other circumstances, absolutely shocking to persons of true refinement.

What is the next reason for which Mrs. Bellows is called upon, in a strong-minded way, to enroll herself a Bloomer? Tight lacing has done a deal of harm in the world; and Mrs. Bellows cannot by any possibility leave off her stays, or lace them loosely, without Blooming all over, from head to foot. In this will be observed the true Whole Hog philosophy. Admitting (what, of course, is obvious to every one) that there can be no kind of question as to the universality among us of this custom of tight lacing; admitting that there has been no improvement since the days of the now venerable caricatures, in which a lady's figure was always represented like an hour-glass or a wasp; admitting that there has been no ray of enlightenment on this subject; that marriageable Englishmen invariably choose their wives for the smallness of their waists, as Chinese husbands choose theirs for the smallness of their feet; that portrait painters always represent their beauties in the old conventional stays; and that the murderous custom of tight whaleboning and lacing is not confined to a few ignorant girls here and there, probably under the direction of some dense old woman in velvet, the weight of whose gorgeous turban would seem to have

settled on her brain and addled her understanding;—admitting all this, which is so self-evident and clear, the next triumphant proposition is, that Mrs. Bellows cannot come out of a pair of stays, without instantly going into a waistcoat, and can by no human ingenuity be set right about the waist, without standing pledged to pantaloons gathered and tied about the ankles.

It further appears, that when Mrs. Bellows goes out for a walk in dirty weather, she splashes her long dress and spoils it, or raises it with one hand and wounds the feelings of Mrs. Colonel Bloomer to an insupportable extent. Now, Mrs. Bellows may not, must not, cannot, will not, shall not, shorten her long dress, or adopt any other mode that her own ingenuity (and she is a very ingenious woman) may suggest to her of remedying the inconvenience; but she must be a Bloomer, a whole Bloomer, and nothing but a Bloomer, or remain for ever a Slave and a Pariah.

And it is a similar feature in this little pig, that even if Mrs. Bellows chooses to become, of her own free will and liking, a Bloomer, that won't do. She must agitate, agitate, agitate. She must take to the little table and water-bottle. She must go in to be a public character. She must work away at a Mission. It is not enough to do right for right's sake. There can be no satisfaction for Mrs. Bellows, in satisfying her mind after due reflection that the thing she contemplates is right, and therefore ought to be done, and so in calmly and quietly doing it, conscious that therein she sets a righteous example which never can in the nature of things be lost and thrown away. Mrs. Bellows has no business to be self-dependent, and to preserve a quiet little avenue of her own in the world, begirt with her own influences and duties. She must discharge herself of a vast amount of words, she must enlist into an Army composed entirely of Trumpeters, she must come (with the Misses Bellows) into a resounding Spartan Hall for the purpose. To be sure, however, it is to be remarked, that this is the noisy manner in which all great social deeds have been done. Mr. Howard, for example, put on a shovel hat turned up with sky-blue fringe, the moment he conceived the humane idea of his life, and (instead of calmly executing it) ever afterwards perpetually wandered about, calling upon all other men to put on shovel hats with sky-blue fringe, and declare themselves Howardians. Mrs. Fry, in like manner, did not tamely pass her time in Jails, devoted

with unwavering steadiness, to one good purpose, sustained by that good purpose, by her strong conscience, and her upright heart, but restlessy went up and down the earth, requiring all women to come forward and be Fryars. Grace Darling, her heroic action done, never retired (as the vulgar suppose) into the solitary Lighthouse which her father kept, content to pass her life there in the discharge of ordinary unexciting duties, unless the similar peril of a fellow-creature should rouse her to similar generous daring; but instantly got a Darling medal struck and made a tour through the Provinces, accompanied by several bushels of the same, by a table, water-bottle, tumbler, and money-taker, and delivered lectures calling on her sex to mount the medal—pledge themselves, with three times three, never to behold a human being in danger of drowning without putting off in a boat to that human being's aid—and enroll themselves Darlings, one and all.

We had in our contemplation, in beginning these remarks, to suggest to the troops under the command of Mrs. Colonel Bloomer, that their prowess might be usefully directed to the checking, rather than to the encouragement, of masquerade attire. As for example, we observe a certain sanctimonious waistcoat breaking out among the junior clergy of this realm, which we take the liberty to consider by far the most incensing garment ever cut: calculated to lead to breaches of the peace, as moving persons of a temperament open to aggravating influences, to seize the collar and shake off the buttons. Again, we cannot be unmindful of the popularity, among others of the junior clergy, of a meek, spare, large-buttoned, long-skirted, black frock coat, curiously fastened at the neck round a smooth white band; two ordinary wearers of which cassock we beheld, but the other day, at a Marriage Ceremony whereunto we had the honour to be bidden, mysteriously and gratuitously emerge during the proceedings from a stage-door near the altar, and grimly make motions at the marriage-party with certain of their right-hand fingers, resembling those which issued from the last live Guy Fawkes whom we saw carried in procession round a certain public place at Rome. Again, some clerical dignitaries are compelled (therefore they are to be sympathised with, and not condemned) to wear an apron: which few unaccustomed persons can behold with gravity. Further, Her Majesty's Judges at law, than whom a class more worthy of all respect and honour does not live, are required on most

public occasions, but especially on the first day of term, to maintain an elevated position behind little desks, with the irksome consciousness of being grinned at in the Cheshire manner (on account of their extraordinary attire) by all comers.

Hence it was that we intended to throw out that suggestion of possible usefulness to the Bloomer forces at which we have sufficiently hinted. But on second thoughts we feel no need to do so, being convinced that they already have, as all things in the world are said to have, their use. They serve

To point the moral and adorn the tail

of Whole Hogs. In the lineaments of the Sucking Pig, Bloomerism, we observe a kind of miniature, with a new and pleasant absurdity in it, of that family. The service it may help to do, is, to divest the family of what is unreasonable and groundlessly antagonistic in its character—which never can be profitable—and so to strengthen the good that is in it—which is very great.

A SLEEP TO STARTLE US

[March 13, 1852]

At the top of Farringdon Street in the City of London, once adorned by the Fleet Prison and by a diabolical jumble of nuisances in the middle of the road called Fleet Market, is a broad new thoroughfare in a state of transition. A few years hence, and we of the present generation will find it not an easy task to recall, in the thriving street which will arise upon this spot, the wooden barriers and hoardings—the passages that lead to nothing—the glimpses of obscene Field Lane and Saffron Hill—the mounds of earth, old bricks, and oyster-shells—the arched foundations of unbuilt houses—the backs of miserable tenements with patched windows—the odds and ends of fever-stricken courts and alleys—which are the present features of the place. Not less perplexing do I find it now, to reckon how many years have passed since I traversed these byways one night before they were laid bare, to find out the first Ragged School.

If I say it is ten years ago, I leave a handsome margin. The discovery was then newly made, that to talk soundingly in Parliament, and cheer for Church and State, or to consecrate and confirm without end, or to perorate to any extent in a thousand market-places about all the ordinary topics of patriotic songs and sentiments, was merely to embellish England on a great scale with whited sepulchres, while there was, in every corner of the land where its people were closely accumulated, profound ignorance and perfect barbarism. It was also newly discovered, that out of these noxious sinks where they were born to perish, and where the general ruin was hatching day and night, the people *would not come* to be improved. The gulf between them and all wholesome humanity had swollen to such a depth and breadth, that they were separated from it as by impassable seas or deserts; and so they lived, and so they died: an always increasing band of outlaws in body and soul, against whom it were to suppose the reversal of all laws, human and divine, to believe that Society could at last prevail.

In this condition of things, a few unaccredited messengers of Christianity, whom no Bishop had ever heard of, and no Government-office Porter had ever seen, resolved to go to the miserable wretches who had lost the way to them; and to set up places of instruction in their own degraded haunts. I found my first Ragged School, in an obscure place called West Street, Saffron Hill, pitifully struggling for life, under every disadvantage. It had no means, it had no suitable rooms, it derived no power or protection from being recognised by any authority, it attracted within its wretched walls a fluctuating swarm of faces—young in years but youthful in nothing else—that scowled Hope out of countenance. It was held in a low-roofed den, in a sickening atmosphere, in the midst of taint and dirt and pestilence: with all the deadly sins let loose, howling and shrieking at the doors. Zeal did not supply the place of method and training; the teachers knew little of their office; the pupils with an evil sharpness, found them out, got the better of them, derided them, made blasphemous answers to scriptural questions, sang, fought, danced, robbed each other; seemed possessed by legions of devils. The place was stormed and carried, over and over again; the lights were blown out, the books strewn in the gutters, and the female scholars carried off triumphantly to their old wickedness. With no strength in it but its purpose, the school

stood it all out and made its way. Some two years since, I found it, one of many such, in a large convenient loft in this transition part of Farringdon Street—quiet and orderly, full, lighted with gas, well whitewashed, numerously attended, and thoroughly established.

The number of houseless creatures who resorted to it, and who were necessarily turned out when it closed, to hide where they could in heaps of moral and physical pollution, filled the managers with pity. To relieve some of the more constant and deserving scholars, they rented a wretched house, where a few common beds—a dozen or a dozen-and-a-half perhaps—were made upon the floor. This was the Ragged School Dormitory; and when I found the School in Farringdon Street, I found the Dormitory in a court hard by, which in the time of the Cholera had acquired a dismal fame. The Dormitory was, in all respects, save as a small beginning, a very discouraging Institution. The air was bad; the dark and ruinous building, with its small close rooms, was quite unsuited to the purpose; and a general supervision of the scattered sleepers was impossible. I had great doubts at the time whether, excepting that they found a crazy shelter for their heads, they were better there than in the streets.

Having heard, in the course of last month, that this Dormitory (there are others elsewhere) had grown as the School had grown, I went the other night to make another visit to it. I found the School in the same place, still advancing. It was now an Industrial School too; and besides the men and boys who were learning—some, aptly enough; some, with painful difficulty; some, sluggishly and wearily; some, not at all—to read and write and cipher; there were two groups, one of shoemakers, and one (in a gallery) of tailors, working with great industry and satisfaction. Each was taught and superintended by a regular workman engaged for the purpose, who delivered out the necessary means and implements. All were employed in mending, either their own dilapidated clothes or shoes, or the dilapidated clothes or shoes of some of the other pupils. They were of all ages, from young boys to old men. They were quiet, and intent upon their work. Some of them were almost as unused to it as I should have shown myself to be if I had tried my hand, but all were deeply interested and profoundly anxious to do it somehow or other. They presented a very remarkable instance

of the general desire there is, after all, even in the vagabond breast, to know something useful. One shock-headed man when he had mended his own scrap of a coat, drew it on with such an air of satisfaction, and put himself to so much inconvenience to look at the elbow he had darned, that I thought a new coat (and the mind could not imagine a period when that coat of his was new!) would not have pleased him better. In the other part of the School, where each class was partitioned off by screens adjusted like the boxes in a coffee-room, was some very good writing, and some singing of the multiplication-table—the latter, on a principle much too juvenile and innocent for some of the singers. There was also a ciphering-class, where a young pupil teacher out of the streets, who refreshed himself by spitting every half-minute, had written a legible sum in compound addition, on a broken slate, and was walking backward and forward before it, as he worked it, for the instruction of his class, in this way:

Now then! Look here, all on you! Seven and five, how many?

Sharp Boy (in no particular clothes). Twelve!

Pupil Teacher. Twelve—and eight?

Dull Young Man (with water on the brain). Forty-five!

Sharp Boy. Twenty!

Pupil Teacher. Twenty. You're right. And nine?

Dull Young Man (after great consideration). Twenty-nine!

Pupil Teacher. Twenty-nine it is. And nine?

Reckless Guesser. Seventy-four!

Pupil Teacher (drawing nine strokes). How can that be? Here's nine on 'em! Look! Twenty-nine, and one's thirty, and one's thirty-one, and one's thirty-two, and one's thirty-three, and one's thirty-four, and one's thirty-five, and one's thirty-six, and one's thirty-seven, and one's what?

Reckless Guesser. Four-and-two-pence farden!

Dull Young Man (who has been absorbed in the demonstration). Thirty-eight!

Pupil Teacher (restraining sharp boy's ardour). Of course it is! Thirty-eight pence. There they are! (writing 38 in slate-corner). Now what do you make of thirty-eight pence? Thirty-eight pence, how much? (Dull young man slowly considers and gives it up, under a week.) How much you? (to sleepy boy, who stares and says nothing). How much, *you*?

Sharp Boy. Three-and-twopence!

Pupil Teacher. Three-and-twopence. How do I put down three-and-twopence?

Sharp Boy. You puts down the two, and you carries the three.

Pupil Teacher. Very good. Where do I carry the three?

Reckless Guesser. T' other side the slate!

Sharp Boy. You carries him to the next column on the left hand, and adds him on!

Pupil Teacher. And adds him on! and eight and three 's eleven, and eight 's nineteen, and seven 's what?

——And so on.

The best and most spirited teacher was a young man, himself reclaimed through the agency of this School from the lowest depths of misery and debasement, whom the Committee were about to send out to Australia. He appeared quite to deserve the interest they took in him, and his appearance and manner were a strong testimony to the merits of the establishment.

All this was not the Dormitory, but it was the preparation for it. No man or boy is admitted to the Dormitory, unless he is a regular attendant at the school, and unless he has been in the school two hours before the time of opening the Dormitory. If there be reason to suppose that he can get any work to do and will not do it, he is admitted no more, and his place is assigned to some other candidate for the nightly refuge: of whom there are always plenty. There is very little to tempt the idle and profligate. A scanty supper and a scanty breakfast, each of six ounces of bread and nothing else (this quantity is less than the present penny-loaf), would scarcely be regarded by Mr. Chadwick himself as a festive or uproarious entertainment.

I found the Dormitory below the School: with its bare walls and rafters, and bare floor, the building looked rather like an extensive coach-house, well lighted with gas. A wooden gallery had been recently erected on three sides of it; and, abutting from the centre of the wall on the fourth side, was a kind of glazed meat-safe, accessible by a ladder; in which the presiding officer is posted every night, and all night. In the centre of the room, which was very cool, and perfectly sweet, stood a small fixed stove; on two sides, there were windows; on all sides, simple means of admitting fresh air, and releasing foul air. The ventilation of the

place, devised by Doctor Arnott, and particularly the expedient for relieving the sleepers in the galleries from receiving the breath of the sleepers below, is a wonder of simplicity, cheapness, efficiency, and practical good sense. If it had cost five or ten thousand pounds, it would have been famous.

The whole floor of the building, with the exception of a few narrow pathways, was partitioned off into wooden troughs, or shallow boxes without lids—not unlike the fittings in the shop of a dealer in corn and flour, and seeds. The galleries were parcelled out in the same way. Some of these berths were very short—for boys; some, longer—for men. The largest were of very contracted limits; all were composed of the bare boards; each was furnished only with one coarse rug, rolled up. In the brick pathways were iron gratings communicating with trapped drains, enabling the entire surface of these sleeping-places to be soused and flooded with water every morning. The floor of the galleries was cased with zinc, and fitted with gutters and escape-pipes, for the same reason. A supply of water, both for drinking and for washing, and some tin vessels for either purpose, were at hand. A little shed, used by one of the industrial classes, for the chopping up of firewood, did not occupy the whole of the spare space in that corner; and the remainder was devoted to some excellent baths, available also as washing troughs, in order that those who have any rags of linen may clean them once a-week. In aid of this object, a drying-closet, charged with hot-air, was about to be erected in the wood-chopping shed. All these appliances were constructed in the simplest manner, with the commonest means, in the narrowest space, at the lowest cost; but were perfectly adapted to their respective purposes.

I had scarcely made the round of the Dormitory, and looked at all these things, when a moving of feet overhead announced that the School was breaking up for the night. It was succeeded by profound silence, and then by a hymn, sung in a subdued tone, and in very good time and tune, by the learners we had lately seen. Separated from their miserable bodies, the effect of their voices, united in this strain, was infinitely solemn. It was as if their souls were singing—as if the outward differences that parted us had fallen away, and the time was come when all the perverted good that was in them, or that ever might have been in them, arose imploringly to Heaven.

The baker who had brought the bread, and who leaned against a pillar while the singing was in progress, meditating in his way, whatever his way was, now shouldered his basket and retired. The two half-starved attendants (rewarded with a double portion for their pains) heaped the six-ounce loaves into other baskets, and made ready to distribute them. The night-officer arrived, mounted to his meat-safe, unlocked it, hung up his hat, and prepared to spend the evening. I found him to be a very respectable-looking person in black, with a wife and family; engaged in an office all day, and passing his spare time here, from half-past nine every night to six every morning, for a pound a-week. He had carried the post against two hundred competitors.

The door was now opened, and the men and boys who were to pass that night in the Dormitory, in number one hundred and sixty-seven (including a man for whom there was no trough, but who was allowed to rest in the seat by the stove, once occupied by the night-officer before the meat-safe was), came in. They passed to their different sleeping-places, quietly and in good order. Every one sat down in his own crib, where he became presented in a curiously foreshortened manner; and those who had shoes took them off, and placed them in the adjoining path. There were, in the assembly, thieves, cadgers, trampers, vagrants, common outcasts of all sorts. In casual wards and many other Refuges, they would have been very difficult to deal with; but they were restrained here by the law of kindness, and had long since arrived at the knowledge that those who gave him that shelter could have no possible inducement save to do them good. Neighbours spoke little together—they were almost as uncompanionable as mad people—but everybody took his small loaf when the baskets went round, with a thankfulness more or less cheerful, and immediately ate it up.

There was some excitement in consequence of one man being missing; 'the lame old man.' Everybody had seen the lame old man upstairs asleep, but he had unaccountably disappeared. What he had been doing with himself was a mystery, but, when the inquiry was at its height, he came shuffling and tumbling in, with his palsied head hanging on his breast—an emaciated drunkard, once a compositor, dying of starvation and decay. He was so near death, that he could not be kept there, lest he should die in the night; and, while it was under deliberation what to do with him, and while his

dull lips tried to shape out answers to what was said to him, he was held up by two men. Beside this wreck, but all unconnected with it and with the whole world, was an orphan boy with burning cheeks and great gaunt eager eyes, who was in pressing peril of death, too, and who had no possession under the broad sky but a bottle of physic and a scrap of writing. He brought both from the house-surgeon of a Hospital that was too full to admit him, and stood, giddily staggering in one of the little pathways, while the Chief Samaritan read, in hasty characters underlined, how momentous his necessities were. He held the bottle of physic in his claw of a hand, and stood, apparently unconscious of it, staggering, and staring with his bright glazed eyes; a creature, surely, as forlorn and desolate as Mother Earth can have supported on her breast that night. He was gently taken away, along with the dying man, to the workhouse; and he passed into the darkness with his physic-bottle as if he were going into his grave.

The bread eaten to the last crumb; and some drinking of water and washing in water having taken place, with very little stir or noise indeed; preparations were made for passing the night. Some, took off their rags of smock frocks; some, their rags of coats or jackets, and spread them out within their narrow bounds for beds: designing to lie upon them, and use their rugs as a covering. Some, sat up, pondering, on the edges of their troughs; others, who were very tired, rested their unkempt heads upon their hands and their elbows on their knees, and dozed. When there were no more who desired to drink or wash, and all were in their places, the night officer, standing below the meat-safe, read a short evening service, including perhaps as inappropriate a prayer as could possibly be read (as though the Lord's Prayer stood in need of it by way of Rider), and a portion of a chapter from the New Testament. Then, they all sang the Evening Hymn, and then they all lay down to sleep.

It was an awful thing, looking round upon those one hundred and sixty-seven representatives of many thousands, to reflect that a Government, unable, with the least regard to truth, to plead ignorance of the existence of such a place, should proceed as if the sleepers never were to wake again. I do not hesitate to say—why should I, for I know it to be true!—that an annual sum of money, contemptible in amount as compared with any charges upon any

list, freely granted in behalf of these Schools, and shackled with no preposterous Red Tape conditions, would relieve the prisons, diminish county rates, clear loads of shame and guilt out of the streets, recruit the army and navy, waft to new countries, Fleets full of useful labour, for which their inhabitants would be thankful and beholden to us. It is no depreciation of the devoted people whom I found presiding here, to add, that with such assistance as a trained knowledge of the business of instruction, and a sound system adjusted to the peculiar difficulties and conditions of this sphere of action, their usefulness could be increased fifty-fold in a few months.

My Lords and Gentlemen, can you, at the present time, consider this at last, and agree to do some little easy thing! Dearly beloved brethren elsewhere, do you know that between Gorham controversies, and Pusey controversies, and Newman controversies, and twenty other edifying controversies, a certain large class of minds in the community is gradually being driven out of all religion? Would it be well, do you think, to come out of the controversies for a little while, and be simply Apostolic thus low down!

BETTING-SHOPS

[June 26, 1852]

In one sporting newspaper for Sunday, June the fourteenth, there are nine-and-twenty advertisements from Prophets, who have wonderful information to give—for a consideration ranging from one pound one, to two-and-sixpence—concerning every 'event' that is to come off upon the Turf. Each of these Prophets has an unrivalled and unchallengeable 'Tip,' founded on amazing intelligence communicated to him by illustrious unknowns (traitors of course, but that is nobody's business) in all the racing stables. Each, is perfectly clear that his enlightened patrons and correspondents *must* win; and each, begs to guard a too-confiding world against relying on the other. They are all philanthropists. One Sage announces 'that when he casts his practised eye on the broad surface of

struggling society, and witnesses the slow and enduring perseverance of some, and the infatuous rush of the many who are grappling with a cloud, he is led with more intense desire to hold up the lamp of light to all.' He is also much afflicted, because 'not a day passes, without his witnessing the public squandering away their money on worthless rubbish.' Another, heralds his re-appearance among the lesser stars of the firmament with the announcement, 'Again the Conquering Prophet comes!' Another moralist intermingles with his 'Pick,' and 'Tip,' the great Christian precept of the New Testament. Another, confesses to a small recent mistake which has made it 'a disastrous meeting for us,' but considers that excuses are unnecessary (after making them), for, 'surely, after the unprecedented success of the proofs he has lately afforded of his capabilities in fishing out the most carefully-hidden turf secrets, he may readily be excused one blunder.' All the Prophets write in a rapid manner, as receiving their inspiration on horseback, and noting it down, hot and hot, in the saddle, for the enlightenment of mankind and the restoration of the golden age.

This flourishing trade is a melancholy index to the round numbers of human donkeys who are everywhere browzing about. And it is worthy of remark that the great mass of disciples were, at first, undoubtedly to be found among those fast young gentlemen, who are so excruciatingly knowing that they are not by any means to be taken in by Shakespeare, or any sentimental gammon of that sort. To us, the idea of this would-be keen race being preyed upon by the whole Betting-Book of Prophets, is one of the most ludicrous pictures the mind can imagine; while there is a just and pleasant retribution in it which would awaken in us anything but animosity towards the Prophets, if the mischief ended here.

But, the mischief has the drawback that it does not end here. When there are so many Picks and Tips to be had, which will, of a surety, pick and tip their happy owners into the lap of Fortune, it becomes the duty of every butcher's boy and errand lad who is sensible of what is due to himself, immediately to secure a Pick and Tip of the cheaper sort, and to go in and win. Having purchased the talisman from the Conquering Prophet, it is necessary that the noble sportsman should have a handy place provided for him, where lists of the running horses and of the latest state of the odds, are kept, and where he can lay out his money (or somebody else's) on

the happy animals at whom the Prophetic eye has cast a knowing wink. Presto! Betting-shops spring up in every street! There is a demand at all the brokers' shops for old, fly-blown, coloured prints of race-horses, and for any odd folio volumes that have the appearance of Ledgers. Two such prints in any shop-window, and one such book on any shop-counter, will make a complete Betting-office, bank, and all.

The Betting-shop may be a Tobacconist's, thus suddenly transformed; or it may be nothing but a Betting-shop. It may be got up cheaply, for the purposes of Pick and Tip investment, by the removal of the legitimate counter, and the erection of an official partition and desk in one corner; or, it may be wealthy in mahogany fittings, French polish, and office furniture. The presiding officer, in an advanced stage of shabbiness, may be accidentally beheld through the little window—whence from the inner mysteries of the Temple, he surveys the devotees before entering on business—drinking gin with an admiring client; or he may be a serenely condescending gentleman of Government Office appearance, who keeps the books of the establishment with his glass in his eye. The Institution may stoop to bets of single shillings, or may reject lower ventures than half-crowns, or may draw the line of demarcation between itself and the snobs at five shillings, or seven-and-sixpence, or half-a-sovereign, or even (but very rarely indeed), at a pound. Its note of the little transaction may be a miserable scrap of limp pasteboard with a wretchedly printed form, worse filled up; or, it may be a genteelly tinted card, addressed 'To the Cashier of the Aristocratic Club,' and authorising that important officer to pay the bearer two pounds fifteen shillings, if Greenhorn wins the Fortunatus's Cup; and to be very particular to pay it the day after the race. But, whatever the Betting-shop be, it has only to be somewhere—anywhere, so people pass and repass—and the rapid youth of England, with its slang intelligence perpetually broad awake and its weather eye continually open, will walk in and deliver up its money, like the helpless Innocent that it is.

> 'Pleased to the last, it thinks its wager won,
> And licks the hand by which it's surely Done!'

We cannot represent the headquarters of *Household Words* as being situated peculiarly in the midst of these establishments, for,

they prevade the whole of London and its suburbs. But, our neighbourhood yields an abundant crop of Betting-shops, and we have not to go far to know something about them. Passing the other day, through a dirty thoroughfare, much frequented, near Drury Lane Theatre, we found that a new Betting-shop had suddenly been added to the number under the auspices of Mr Cheerful.

Mr. Cheerful's small establishment was so very like that of the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, unfurnished, and hastily adapted to the requirements of secure and profitable investment, that it attracted our particular notice. It burst into bloom, too, so very shortly before the Ascot Meeting, that we had our suspicions concerning the possibility of Mr. Cheerful having devised the ingenious speculation of getting what money he could, up to the day of the race, and then—if we may be allowed the harsh expression—bolting. We had no doubt that investments would be made with Mr. Cheerful, notwithstanding the very unpromising appearance of his establishment; for, even as we were considering its exterior from the opposite side of the way (it may have been opened that very morning), we saw two newsboys, an incipient baker, a clerk, and a young butcher, go in, and transact business with Mr. Cheerful in a most confiding manner.

We resolved to lay a bet with Mr. Cheerful, and see what came of it. So we stepped across the road into Mr. Cheerful's Betting-shop, and, having glanced at the lists hanging up therein, while another noble sportsman (a boy with a blue bag) laid another bet with Mr. Cheerful, we expressed our desire to back Tophana for the Western Handicap, to the spirited amount of half-a-crown. In making this advance to Mr. Cheerful, we looked as knowing on the subject, both of Tophana and the Western Handicap, as it was in us to do: though, to confess the humiliating truth, we neither had, nor have, the least idea in connection with those proper names, otherwise than as we suppose Tophana to be a horse, and the Western Handicap an aggregate of stakes. It being Mr. Cheerful's business to be grave and ask no questions, he accepted our wager, booked it, and handed us over his railed desk the dirty scrap of pasteboard, in right of which we were to claim—the day after the race; we were to be very particular about that—seven-and-sixpence sterling, if Tophana won. Some demon whispering us that here was an opportunity of discovering whether Mr.

Cheerful had a good bank of silver in the cash-box, we handed in a sovereign. Mr. Cheerful's head immediately slipped down behind the partition, investigating imaginary drawers; and Mr. Cheerful's voice was presently heard to remark, in a stifled manner, that all the silver had been changed for gold that morning. After which, Mr. Cheerful reappeared in the twinkling of an eye, called in from a parlour the sharpest small boy ever beheld by human vision, and dispatched him for change. We remarked to Mr. Cheerful that if he would obligingly produce half-a-sovereign (having so much gold by him) we would increase our bet, and save him trouble. But, Mr. Cheerful, sliding down behind the partition again, answered that the boy was gone, now—trust him for that; he had vanished the instant he was spoken to—and it was no trouble at all. Therefore, we remained until the boy came back, in the society of Mr. Cheerful, and of an inscrutable woman who stared out resolutely into the street, and was probably Mrs. Cheerful. When the boy returned, we thought we once saw him faintly twitch his nose while we received our change, as if he exulted over a victim; but, he was so miraculously sharp, that it was impossible to be certain.

The day after the race, arriving, we returned with our document to Mr. Cheerful's establishment, and found it in great confusion. It was filled by a crowd of boys, mostly greasy, dirty, and dissipated; and all clamouring for Mr. Cheerful. Occupying Mr. Cheerful's place, was the miraculous boy; all alone, and unsupported, but not at all disconcerted. Mr. Cheerful, he said, had gone out on 'tickler bizniz' at ten o'clock in the morning, and wouldn't be back till late at night. Mrs. Cheerful was gone out of town for her health, till the winter. Would Mr. Cheerful be back to-morrow? cried the crowd. 'He won't be *here*, to-morrow,' said the miraculous boy. 'Coz it's Sunday, and he always goes to church, a' Sunday.' At this, even the losers laughed. 'Will he be here a' Monday, then?' asked a desperate young green-grocer. 'A' Monday?' said the miracle, reflecting. 'No, I don't think he'll be here, a' Monday, coz he's going to a sale a' Monday.' At this, some of the boys taunted the unmoved miracle with meaning 'a sell instead of a sale,' and others swarmed over the whole place, and some laughed, and some swore, and one errand boy, discovering the book—the only thing Mr. Cheerful had left behind him—declared it to be a 'stunning good 'un.' We took the liberty of looking over it, and found

it so. Mr. Cheerful had received about seventeen pounds, and, even if he had paid his losses, would have made a profit of between eleven and twelve pounds. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Cheerful has been so long detained at the sale that he has never come back. The last time we loitered past his late establishment (over which is inscribed Boot and Shoe Manufactory), the dusk of evening was closing in, and a young gentleman from New Inn was making some rather particular enquiries after him of a dim and dusty man who held the door a very little way open, and knew nothing about anybody, and less than nothing (if possible) about Mr. Cheerful. The handle of the lower door-bell was most significantly pulled out to its utmost extent, and left so, like an Organ stop in full action. It is to be hoped that the poor gull who had so frantically rung for Mr. Cheerful, derived some gratification from that expenditure of emphasis. He will never get any other, for his money.

But the public in general are not to be left a prey to such fellows as Cheerful. O, dear no! We have better neighbours than *that*, in the Betting-shop way. Expressly for the correction of such evils, we have The Tradesmen's Moral Associative Betting Club; the Prospectus of which Institution for the benefit of tradesmen (headed in the original with a racing woodcut), we here faithfully present without the alteration of a word.

'The Projectors of the Tradesmen's Moral Associative Betting Club, in announcing an addition to the number of Betting Houses in the Metropolis, beg most distinctly to state that they are not actuated by a feeling of rivalry towards old established and honourably conducted places of a similar nature, but in a spirit of fair competition, ask for the support of the public, guaranteeing to them more solid security for the investment of their monies, than has hitherto been offered.

'The Tradesmen's Moral Associative Betting Club is really what its name imports, viz., an Association of Tradesmen, persons in business, who witnessing the robberies hourly inflicted upon the humbler portion of the sporting public, by parties bankrupts alike in character and property, have come to the conclusion that the establishment of a club wherein their fellow-tradesmen, and the speculator of a few shillings, may invest their money with assured consciousness of a fair and honourable dealing, will be deemed worthy of public support.

'The Directors of this establishment feel that much of the odium attached to Betting Houses, (acting to the prejudice of those which have striven hard by honourable means to secure public confidence) has arisen from the circumstance, that many offices have been fitted up in a style of gaudy imitative magnificence, accompanied by an expense, which, if defrayed, is obviously out of keeping with the profits of a legitimate concern. Whilst, in singular contrast, others have presented such a poverty stricken appearance, that it is evident the design of the occupant was only to receive money of *all*, and terminate in paying *none*.

'Avoiding these extremes of appearance, and with a determination never to be induced to speculate to an extent, that may render it even probable that we shall be unable "to pay the day after the race."

'The business of the club will be carried on at the house of a highly respectable and well-known tradesman, situate in a central locality, the existence of an agreement with whom, on the part of the directors, forms the strongest possible guarantee of our intention to keep faith with the public.

'The market odds will be laid on all events, and every ticket issued be signed by the director only, the monies being invested,' etc. etc.

After this, Tradesmen are quite safe in laying out their money on their favourite horses. And their families, like the people in old fireside stories, will no doubt live happy ever afterwards!

Now, it is unquestionable that this evil has risen to a great height, and that it involves some very serious social considerations. But, with all respect for opinions which we do not hold, we think it a mistake to cry for legislative interference in such a case. In the first place, we do not think it wise to exhibit a legislature which has always cared so little for the amusements of the people, in repressive action only. If it had been an educational legislature, considerate of the popular enjoyments, and sincerely desirous to advance and extend them during as long a period as it has been exactly the reverse, the question might assume a different shape; though, even then, we should greatly doubt whether the same notion were not a shifting of the real responsibility. In the second place, although it is very edifying to have honourable members, and right honourable members, and honourable and learned members, and what not,

holding forth in their places upon what is right, and what is wrong, and what is true, and what is false—among the people—we have that audacity in us that we do not admire the present Parliamentary standard and balance of such questions; and we believe that if those be not scrupulously just, Parliament cannot invest itself with much moral authority. Surely the whole country knows that certain chivalrous public Prophets have been, for a pretty long time past, advertising their Pick and Tip in all directions, pointing out the horse which was to ruin all backers, and swearing by the horse which was to make everybody's fortune! Surely we all know, howsoever our political opinions may differ, that more than one of them 'casting his practised eye,' exactly like the Prophet in the sporting paper, 'on the broad surface of struggling society,' has been possessed by the same 'intense desire to hold up the lamp of light to all,' and has solemnly known by the lamp of light that Black was the winning horse—until his Pick and Tip was purchased; when he suddenly began to think it might be White, or even Brown, or very possibly Grey. Surely, we all know, however reluctant we may be to admit it, that this has tainted and confused political honesty; that the Elections before us, and the whole Government of the country, are at present a great reckless Betting-shop, where the Prophets have pocketed their own predictions after playing fast and loose with their patrons as long as they could; and where, casting their practised eyes over things in general, they are now backing anything and everything for a chance of winning!

No. If the legislature took the subject in hand it would make a virtuous demonstration, we have no doubt, but it would not present an edifying spectacle. Parents and employers must do more for themselves. Every man should know something of the habits and frequentings of those who are placed under him; and should know much, when a new class of temptation thus presents itself. Apprentices are, by the terms of their indentures, punishable for gaming; it would do a world of good, to get a few score of that class of noble sportsmen convicted before magistrates, and shut up in the House of Correction, to Pick a little oakum, and Tip a little gruel into their silly stomachs. Betting clerks, and betting servants of all grades, once detected after a grave warning, should be firmly dismissed. There are plenty of industrious and steady young men to supply their places. The police should receive

instructions by no means to overlook any gentleman of established bad reputation—whether 'wanted' or not—who is to be found connected with a Betting-shop. It is our belief that several eminent characters could be so discovered. These precautions; always supposing parents and employers resolute to discharge their own duties instead of vaguely delegating them to a legislature they have no reliance on; would probably be sufficient. Some fools who are under no control, will always be found wandering away to ruin; but, the greater part of that extensive department of the commonalty *are* under some control, and the great need is, that it be better exercised.

TRADING IN DEATH

[November 27, 1852]

Several years have now elapsed since it began to be clear to the comprehension of most rational men, that the English people had fallen into a condition much to be regretted, in respect of their Funeral customs. A system of barbarous show and expense was found to have gradually erected itself above the grave, which, while it could possibly do no honour to the memory of the dead, did great dishonour to the living, as inducing them to associate the most solemn of human occasions with unmeaning mummeries, dishonest debt, profuse waste, and bad example in an utter oblivion of responsibility. The more the subject was examined, and the lower the investigation was carried, the more monstrous (as was natural) these usages appeared to be, both in themselves and in their consequences. No class of society escaped. The competition among the middle classes for superior gentility in Funerals—the gentility being estimated by the amount of ghastly folly in which the undertaker was permitted to run riot—descended even to the very poor: to whom the cost of funeral customs was so ruinous and so disproportionate to their means, that they formed Clubs among themselves to defray such charges. Many of these Clubs, conducted by designing villains who preyed upon the general infirmity, cheated and wronged the poor, most cruelly; others, by presenting a new class of temptations to the wickedest natures among them, led to a new class of mercenary murders, so abominable in their iniquity,

that language cannot stigmatise them with sufficient severity. That nothing might be wanting to complete the general depravity, hollowness, and falsehood, of this state of things, the absurd fact came to light, that innumerable harpies assumed the titles of furnishers of Funerals, who possessed no Funeral furniture whatever, but who formed a long file of middlemen between the chief mourner and the real tradesman, and who hired out the trappings from one to another—passing them on like water-buckets at a fire—every one of them charging his enormous percentage on his share of the 'black job.' Add to all this, the demonstration, by the simplest and plainest practical science, of the terrible consequences to the living, inevitably resulting from the practice of burying the dead in the midst of crowded towns; and the exposition of a system of indecent horror, revolting to our nature and disgraceful to our age and nation, arising out of the confined limits of such burial-grounds, and the avarice of their proprietors; and the culminating point of this gigantic mockery is at last arrived at.

Out of such almost incredible degradation, saving that the proof of it is too easy, we are still very slowly and feebly emerging. There are now, we confidently hope, among the middle classes, many, who having made themselves acquainted with these evils through the parliamentary papers in which they are described, would be moved by no human consideration to perpetuate the old bad example; but who will leave it as their solemn injunction on their nearest and dearest survivors, that they shall not, in their death, be made the instruments of infecting, either the minds or the bodies of their fellow-creatures. Among persons of note, such examples have not been wanting. The late Duke of Sussex did a national service when he desired to be laid, in the equality of death, in the cemetery of Kensal Green, and not with the pageantry of a State Funeral in the Royal vault at Windsor. Sir Robert Peel requested to be buried at Drayton. The late Queen Dowager left a pattern to every rank in these touching and admirable words. 'I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the Throne of God; and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be removed to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible. I particularly desire not to be laid out in state. I die in peace and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from

the vanities and pomp of this world. I request not to be dissected or embalmed, and desire to give as little trouble as possible.'

With such precedents and such facts fresh in the general knowledge, and at this transition-time in so serious a chapter of our social history, the obsolete custom of a State Funeral has been revived, in miscalled 'honour' of the late Duke of Wellington. To whose glorious memory be all true honour while England lasts!

We earnestly sumbit to our readers that there is, and that there can be, no kind of honour in such a revival; that the more truly great the man, the more truly little the ceremony; and that it has been, from first to last, a pernicious instance and encouragement of the demoralising practice of trading in Death.

It is within the knowledge of the whole public, of all diversities of political opinion, whether or no any of the Powers that be, have traded in this Death—have saved it up, and petted it, and made the most of it, and reluctantly let it go. On that aspect of the question we offer no further remark.

But, of the general trading spirit which, in its inherent emptiness and want of consistency and reality, the long-deferred State Funeral has appropriately awakened, we will proceed to furnish a few instances all faithfully copied from the advertising columns of the *Times*.

First, of seats and refreshments. Passing over that desirable first-floor where a party could be accommodated with 'the use of a piano'; and merely glancing at the decorous daily announcement of 'The Duke of Wellington Funeral Wine,' which was in such high demand that immediate orders were necessary; and also 'The Duke of Wellington Funeral Cake,' which 'delicious article' could only be had of such a baker; and likewise 'The Funeral Life Preserver,' which could only be had of such a tailor; and further 'the celebrated lemon biscuits,' at one and fourpence per pound, which were considered by the manufacturer as the only infallible assuagers of the national grief; let us pass in review some dozen of the more eligible opportunities the public had of profiting by the occasion.

LUDGATE HILL.—The fittings and arrangements for viewing this grand and solemnly imposing procession are now completed at this establishment, and those who are desirous of obtaining a fine and

extensive view, combined with every personal convenience and comfort, will do well to make immediate inspection of the SEATS now remaining on hand.

FUNERAL, including Beds the night previous.—To be LET, a SECOND FLOOR, of three rooms, two windows, having a good view of the procession. Terms, including refreshment, 10 guineas. Single places, including bed and breakfast, from 15*s*.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.—A first-rate VIEW for 15 persons, also good clean beds and a sitting-room on reasonable terms.

SEATS and WINDOWS to be LET, in the best part of the Strand, a few doors from Coutts's banking-house. First floor windows, £8 each; second floor, £5 10*s*. each; third floor, £3 10*s*. each; two plate-glass shop windows, £7 each.

SEATS to VIEW the DUKE of WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL. Best position of all the route, no obstruction to the view. Apply Old Bailey. N.B. From the above position you can nearly see to St. Paul's and to Temple Bar.

FUNERAL of the late Duke of WELLINGTON.—To be LET, a SECOND FLOOR, two windows, firing and every convenience. Terms moderate for a party. Also a few seats in front, one guinea each. Commanding a view from Piccadilly to Pall Mall.

FUNERAL of the DUKE of WELLINGTON.—The FIRST and SECOND FLOORS to be LET, either by the room or window, suited to gentlemen's families, for whom every comfort and accommodation will be provided, and commanding the very best view of this imposing spectacle. The ground floor is also fitted up with commodious seats, ranging in price from one guinea. Apply on the premises.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.—Terms very moderate.—TWO FIRST FLOOR ROOMS, with balcony and private entrance out of the Strand. The larger room capable of holding 15 persons. The small room to be let for eight guineas.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.—To be LET, a SHOP WINDOW, with seats erected for about 30, for 25 guineas. Also a Furnished First Floor, with two large windows. One of the best views in the

whole range from Temple Bar to St. Paul's. Price 35 guineas. A few single seats one guinea each.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION of the DUKE of WELLINGTON.—Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, decidedly the best position in the whole route, a few SEATS still DISENGAGED, which will be offered at reasonable prices. An early application is requisite, as they are fast filling up. Also a few places on the roof. A most excellent view.

FUNERAL of the Late DUKE of WELLINGTON.—To be LET, in the best part of the Strand, a SECOND FLOOR, for £10; a Third Floor, £7 10*s.*, containing two windows in each; front seats in shop, at one guinea.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.—To be LET, for 25 guineas to a genteel family, in one of the most commanding situations in the line of route, a FIRST FLOOR, with safe balcony, and ante-room. Will accommodate 20 persons, with an uninterrupted and extensive view for all. For a family of less number a reduction will be made. Every accommodation will be afforded.

But above all let us not forget the

NOTICE TO CLERGYMEN.—T. C. Fleet Street, has reserved for clergymen exclusively, *upon condition only that they appear in their surplices*, FOUR FRONT SEATS, at £1 each; four second tier, at 15*s.* each; four third tier, at 12*s.* 6*d.*; four fourth tier, at 10*s.*; four fifth tier, at 7*s.* 6*d.*; and four sixth tier, at 5*s.* All the other seats are respectively 40*s.*, 30*s.*, 20*s.*, 15*s.*, 10*s.*

The anxiety of this enterprising tradesman to get up a reverend tableau in his shop-window of four-and-twenty clergymen all on six rows, is particularly commendable, and appears to us to shed a remarkable grace on the solemnity.

These few specimens are collected at random from scores upon scores of such advertisements, mingled with descriptions of non-existent ranges of view, and with invitations to a few agreeable gentlemen who are wanted to complete a little assembly of kindred souls, who have laid in abundance of 'refreshments, wines, spirits, provisions, fruit, plate, glass, china,' and other light matters too

numerous to mention, and who keep 'good fires.' On looking over them we are constantly startled by the words in large capitals, 'WOULD TO GOD NIGHT OR BLUCHER WERE COME!' which, referring to a work of art, are relieved by a legend setting forth how the lamented hero observed of it, 'in his characteristic manner, "Very good; very good indeed."' O Art! *You* too trading in Death!

Then, autographs fall into their place in the State Funeral train. The sanctity of a seal, or the confidence of a letter, is a meaningless phrase that has no place in the vocabulary of the Traders in Death. Stop, trumpets, in the Dead March, and blow to the world how characteristic we autographs are!

WELLINGTON AUTOGRAPHS.—TWO consecutive LETTERS of the DUKE'S (1843) highly characteristic and authentic, with the Correspondence, etc. that elicited them, the whole forming quite a literary curiosity, for £15.

WELLINGTON AUTOGRAPHS. — To be DISPOSED OF, TWO AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of the DUKE of WELLINGTON, one dated Walmer Castle, 9th October, 1834, the other London, 17th May, 1843, with their post-marks and seals.

WELLINGTON.—THREE original NOTES, averaging $2\frac{1}{4}$ pages each, (not lithographs), seal, and envelopes, to be SOLD. Supposed to be the most characteristic of his Grace yet published. The highest sum above £30 for the two, or £20 for the one, which is distinct, will be accepted.

TO BE DISPOSED OF, by a retired officer, FIVE LETTERS and NOTES of the late HERO—three when Sir A. Wellesley. Also a large Envelope. All with seals. Apply personally, or by letter.

THE DUKE'S LETTERS.—TWO highly interesting LETTERS, authentic, and relating to a most amusing and characteristic circumstance, to be SOLD.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON.—AUTOGRAPH LETTER to a lady, with seal and envelope. This is quite in the Duke's peculiar style, and will be parted with for the highest offer Apply ——where the letter can be seen.

F. M. the DUKE of WELLINGTON.—To be SOLD, by a member of the family, to whom it was written, an ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTER of the late Duke of Wellington, on military affairs, six pages long, in the best preservation. Price £30.

FIELD-MARSHAL the DUKE of WELLINGTON'S AUTOGRAPH.—A highly characteristic LETTER of the DUKE'S for DISPOSAL, wherein he alludes to his living 100 years, date 1847, with envelope. Seal, with crest perfect. £10 will be taken

DUKE of WELLINGTON.—An AUTOGRAPH LETTER of the DUKE, written immediately after the death of the Duchess in 1831, is for SALE; also Two Autograph Envelopes franked and sealed.

DUKE of WELLINGTON.—AUTOGRAPH BUSINESS LETTER, envelope, seal, post-mark, etc. complete. Style courteous and highly characteristic. Will be shown by the party and at the place addressed. Price £15.

FIELD-MARSHAL the DUKE of WELLINGTON.—TWO AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of His Grace, one written in his 61st, the other in his 72d year, both first-rate specimens of his characteristic graphic style, and on an important subject, to be SOLD. Their genuineness can be fully proved.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON.—A very curious DOCUMENT, partly printed, and the rest written by His Grace to a lady. This is well worthy of a place in the cabinet of the curious. There is nothing like it. Highest offer will be taken.

TO be SOLD, SIX AUTOGRAPH LETTERS from F.M. the Duke of WELLINGTON, with envelopes and seals, which have been most generously given to aid a lady in distressed circumstances.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON.—A lady has in her possession a LETTER, written by his Grace on the 18th of June, in the present year, and will be happy to DISPOSE OF the same. The letter is rendered more valuable by its being written on the last anniversary which his Grace was spared to celebrate. The letter bears date from Apsley House, with perfect envelope and seal.

TRADING IN DEATH

A CLERGYMAN has TWO LETTERS, with Envelopes, addressed to him by the late DUKE, and bearing striking testimony to the extent of his Grace's private charities, to be DISPOSED OF at the highest offer (for one or both), received by the 18th instant. The offers may be contingent on further particulars being satisfactory.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—A widow, in deep distress, has in her possession an AUTOGRAPH LETTER of his Grace the Duke of WELLINGTON, written in 1830, enclosed and directed in an envelope, and sealed with his ducal coronet, which she would be happy to PART WITH for a trifle.

VALUABLE AUTOGRAPH NOTE of the late Duke of WELLINGTON, dated March 27, 1850, to be SOLD, for £20, by the gentleman to whom it was addressed, together with envelope, perfect impression of Ducal seal, and Knightsbridge post-mark distinct. The whole in excellent preservation. A better specimen of the noble Duke's handwriting and highly characteristic style cannot be seen.

ONE of the last LETTERS of the DUKE of WELLINGTON for DISPOSAL, dated from Walmer Castle within a day or two of his death, highly characteristic, with seal and post-marks distinct. This being probably the last letter written by the late Duke its interest as a relic must be greatly enhanced. The highest offer accepted. May be seen on application.

THE GREAT DUKE.—A LETTER of the GREAT HERO, dated March 27, 1851, to be SOLD. Also a beautiful Letter from Jenny Lind, dated June 20, 1852. The highest offer will be accepted. Address with offers of price.

Miss Lind's autograph would appear to have lingered in the shade until the Funeral Train came by, when it modestly stepped into the procession and took a conspicuous place. We are in doubt which to admire most; the ingenuity of this little stroke of business; or the affecting delicacy that sells 'probably the last letter written by the late Duke' before the aged hand that wrote it under some manly sense of duty, is yet withered in its grave; or the piety of that excellent clergyman—did he appear in his surplice in the front row of T. C.'s shop-window?—who is so anxious to sell 'striking testimony to the extent of His Grace's private charities'; or the

generosity of that Good Samaritan who poured 'six letters with envelopes and seals' into the wounds of the lady in distressed circumstances.

Lastly come the relics—precious remembrances worn next to the bereaved heart, like Hardy's miniature of Nelson, and never to be wrested from the advertisers but with ready money.

MEMENTO of the late DUKE of WELLINGTON.—To be DISPOSED OF, a LOCK of the late illustrious DUKE'S HAIR. Can be guaranteed. The highest offer will be accepted. Apply by letter prepaid.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON.—A LOCK of HAIR of the late Duke of WELLINGTON to be DISPOSED OF, now in the possession of a widow lady. Cut off the morning the Queen was crowned. Apply by letter, post paid.

VALUABLE RELIC of the late DUKE of WELLINGTON.—A lady, having in her possession a quantity of the late illustrious DUKE'S HAIR, cut in 1841, is willing to PART WITH a portion of the same for £25. Satisfactory proof will be given of its identity, and of how it came into the owner's possession, on application by letter, pre-paid.

RELIC of the DUKE of WELLINGTON for SALE.—The son of the late well-known haircutter to his Grace the late Duke of Wellington, at Strathfieldsaye, has a small quantity of HAIR, that his father cut from the Duke's head, which he is willing to DISPOSE OF. Any one desirous of possessing such a relic of England's hero are requested to make their offer for the same, by letter.

RELICS of the late DUKE of WELLINGTON.—For SALE, a WAISTCOAT, in good preservation, worn by his Grace some years back, which can be well authenticated as such.

Next, a very choice article—quite unique—the value of which may be presumed to be considerably enhanced by the conclusive impossibility of its being doubted in the least degree by the most suspicious mind.

A MEMENTO of the DUKE of WELLINGTON.—La Mort de Napoléon, Ode d'Alexandre Manzoni, avec la Traduction en Français, par Edmond Angelini, de Venise.—A book, of which the above

is the title, was torn up by the Duke and thrown by him from the carriage, in which he was riding, as he was passing through Kent: the pieces of the book were collected and put together by a person who saw the Duke tear it and throw the same away. Any person desirous of obtaining the above memento will be communicated with.

Finally, a literary production of astonishing brilliancy and spirit; without which, we are authorised to state, no nobleman's or gentleman's library can be considered complete.

DUKE of WELLINGTON and SIR R. PEEL.—A talented, interesting, and valuable WORK, on Political Economy and Free Trade, was published in 1830, and immediately bought up by the above statesmen, except one copy, which is now for DISPOSAL. Apply by letter only.

Here, for the reader's sake, we terminate our quotations. They might easily have been extended through the whole of the present number of this Journal.

We believe that a State Funeral at this time of day—apart from the mischievously confusing effect it has on the general mind, as to the necessary union of funeral expense and pomp with funeral respect, and the consequent injury it may do to the cause of a great reform most necessary for the benefit of all classes of society—is, in itself, so plainly a pretence of being what it is not: is so unreal, such a substitution of the form for the substance: is so cut and dried, and stale: is such a palpably got up theatrical trick: that it puts the dread solemnity of death to flight, and encourages these shameless traders in their dealings on the very coffin-lid of departed greatness. That private letters and other memorials of the great Duke of Wellington would still have been advertised and sold, though he had been laid in his grave amid the silent respect of the whole country with the simple honours of a military commander, we do not doubt; but that, in that case, the traders would have been discouraged from holding anything like this Public Fair and Great Undertakers' Jubilee over his remains, we doubt as little. It is idle to attempt to connect the frippery of the Lord Chamberlain's Office and the Herald's College, with the awful passing away of that vain shadow in which man walketh and disquieteth himself in vain. There is a great gulf set between the two which is set there

by no mortal hands, and cannot by mortal hands be bridged across. Does any one believe that, otherwise, 'the Senate' would have been 'mourning its hero' (in the likeness of a French Field-Marshal) on Tuesday evening, and that the same Senate would have been in fits of laughter with Mr. Hume on Wednesday afternoon when the same hero was still in question and unburied?

The mechanical exigencies of this journal render it necessary for these remarks to be written on the evening of the State Funeral. We have already indicated in these pages that we consider the State Funeral a mistake, and we hope temperately to leave the question here for temperate consideration. It is easy to imagine how it may have done much harm, and it is hard to imagine how it can have done any good. It is only harder to suppose that it can have afforded a grain of satisfaction to the immediate descendants of the great Duke of Wellington, or that it can reflect the faintest ray of lustre on so bright a name. If it were assumed that such a ceremonial was the general desire of the English people, we would reply that that assumption was founded on a misconception of the popular character, and on a low estimate of the general sense; and that the sooner both were better appreciated in high places, the better it could not fail to be for us all. Taking for granted at this writing, what we hope may be assumed without any violence to the truth; namely, that the ceremonial was in all respects well conducted, and that the English people sustained throughout, the high character they have nobly earned, to the shame of their silly detractors among their own countrymen; we must yet express our hope that State Funerals in this land went down to their tomb, most fitly, in the tasteless and tawdry Car that nodded and shook through the streets of London on the eighteenth of November, eighteen hundred and fifty-two. And sure we are, with large consideration for opposite opinions, that when History shall rescue that very ugly machine—worthy to pass under decorated Temple Bar, as decorated Temple Bar was worthy to receive it—from the merciful shadows of obscurity, she will reflect with amazement—remembering his true, manly, modest, self-contained, and genuine character—that the man who, in making it the last monster of its race, rendered his last enduring service to the country he had loved and served so faithfully, was Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

WHERE WE STOPPED GROWING

[January 1, 1853]

Few people who have been much in the society of children, are likely to be ignorant of the sorrowful feeling sometimes awakened in the mind by the idea of a favourite child's 'growing up.' This is intelligible enough. Childhood is usually so beautiful and engaging, that, setting aside the many subjects of profound interest which it offers to an ordinarily thoughtful observer; and even setting aside, too, the natural caprices of strong affection and prepossession; there is a mournful shadow of the common lot, in the notion of its changing and fading into anything else. The sentiment is unreasoning and vague, and does not shape itself into a wish. To consider what the dependent little creature would do without us, or in the course of how few years it would be in as bad a condition as those terrible immortals upon earth, engendered in the gloom of Swift's wise fancy, is not within the range of so fleeting a thought. Neither does the imagination then enter into such details as the picturing of childhood come to old age, or of old age carried back to childhood, or of the pretty baby boy arrived at that perplexing state of immaturity when Mr. Carlyle, in mercy to society, would put him under a barrel for six years. The regret is transitory, natural to a short-lived creature in a world of change, has no hold in the judgment, and so comes and passes away.

But we, the writer, having been conscious of the sensation the other night—for, at this present season most of us are much in childish company, and we among the rest—were led to consider whether there were any things as to which this individual We actually did stop growing when we were a child. We had a fear that the list would be very short; but, on writing it out as follows, were glad to find it longer than we had expected.

We have never grown the thousandth part of an inch out of Robinson Crusoe. He fits us just as well, and in exactly the same way, as when we were among the smallest of the small. We have never grown out of his parrot, or his dog, or his fowling-piece, or the horrible old staring goat he came upon in the cave, or his rusty

money, or his cap, or umbrella. There has been no change in the manufacture of telescopes, since that blessed ship's spy-glass was made, through which, lying on his breast at the top of his fortification, with the ladder drawn up after him and all made safe, he saw the black figures of those Cannibals moving round the fire on the sea-sand, as the monsters danced themselves into an appetite for dinner. We have never grown out of Friday, or the excellent old father he was so glad to see, or the grave and gentlemanly Spaniard, or the reprobate Will Atkins, or the knowing way in which he and those other mutineers were lured up into the Island when they came ashore there, and their boat was stove. We have got no nearer Heaven by the altitude of an atom, in respect of the tragi-comic bear whom Friday caused to dance upon a tree, or the awful array of howling wolves in the dismal weather, who were mad to make good entertainment of man and beast, and who were received with trains of gunpowder laid on fallen trees, and fired by the snapping of pistols; and who ran blazing into the forest darkness, or were blown up famously. Never sail we, idle, in a little boat, and hear the rippling water at the prow, and look upon the land, but we know that our boat-growth stopped for ever, when Robinson Crusoe sailed round the Island, and, having been nearly lost, was so affectionately awakened out of his sleep at home again by that immortal parrot, great progenitor of all the parrots we have ever known.

Our growth stopped, when the great Haroun Alraschid spelt his name so, and when nobody had ever heard of a Jin. When the Sultan of the Indies was a mighty personage, to be approached respectfully even on the stage; and when all the dazzling wonders of those many nights held far too high a place in the imagination to be burlesqued and parodied. When Blue Beard, condescending to come out of book at all, came over mountains, to the music of his own march, on an elephant, and knew no more of slang than of Sanscrit. Our growth stopped, when Don Quixote might have been right after all in going about to succour the distressed, and when the priest and the barber were no more justified in burning his books than they would have been in making a bonfire of our own two bedroom shelves. When Gil Blas had a heart, and was, somehow or other, not at all worldly that we knew of: and when it was a wonderful accident that the end of that interesting story in the *Sentimental Journey*, commencing with the windy night, and the

notary, and the Pont Neuf, and the hat blown off, was not to be found in our Edition though we looked for it a thousand times.

We have never grown out of the real original roaring giants. We have seen modern giants, for various considerations ranging from a penny to half-a-crown; but, they have only had a head a-piece, and have been merely large men, and not always that. We have never outgrown the putting to ourselves of this supposititious case; Whether, if we, with a large company of brothers and sisters, had been put in his (by which we mean, of course, in Jack's) trying situation, we should have had at once the courage and the presence of mind to take the golden crowns (which it seems they always wore as night-caps) off the heads of the giant's children as they lay a-bed, and put them on our family; thus causing our treacherous host to batter his own offspring and spare us. We have never outgrown a want of confidence in ourselves, in this particular.

There are real people and places that we have never outgrown, though they themselves may have passed away long since: which we always regard with the eye and mind of childhood. We miss a tea-tray shop, for many years at the corner of Bedford Street and King Street, Covent Garden, London, where there was a tea-tray in the window representing, with an exquisite Art that we have not outgrown either, the departure from home for school, at breakfast time, of two boys,—one boy used to it; the other, not. There was a charming mother in a bygone fashion, evidently much affected though trying to hide it; and a little sister, bearing, as we remember, a basket of fruit for the consolation of the unused brother; what time the used one, receiving advice we opine from his grandmother, drew on his glove in a manner we once considered unfeeling, but which we were afterwards inclined to hope might be only his brag. There were some corded boxes, and faithful servants; and there was a breakfast-table, with accessories (an urn and plate of toast particularly) our admiration of which, as perfect illusions, we never have outgrown and never shall outgrow.

We never have outgrown the whole region of Covent Garden. We preserve it as a fine, dissipated, insoluble mystery. We believe that the gentleman mentioned in Colman's Broad Grins still lives in King Street. We have a general idea that the passages at the Old Hummums lead to groves of gorgeous bedrooms, eating out the whole of the adjacent houses: where Chamberlains who have never

been in bed themselves for fifty years, show any country gentleman who rings at the bell, at any hour of the night, to luxurious repose in palatial apartments fitted up after the Eastern manner. (We have slept there in our time, but that makes no difference.) There is a fine secrecy and mystery about the Piazza;—how you get up to those rooms above it, and what reckless deeds are done there. (We know some of those apartments very well, but that does not signify in the least.) We have not outgrown the two great Theatres. Ghosts of great names are always getting up the most extraordinary pantomimes in them, with scenery and machinery on a tremendous scale. We have no doubt that the critics sit in the pit of both houses, every night. Even as we write in our common-place office, we behold from the window, four young ladies with peculiarly limp bonnets, and of a yellow or drab style of beauty, making for the stage-door of the Lyceum Theatre, in the dirty little fog-choked street over the way. Grown up wisdom whispers that these are beautiful fairies by night, and that they will find Fairy Land dirty even to their splashed skirts, and rather cold and dull (notwithstanding its mixed gas and daylight), this easterly morning. But, we don't believe it.

There was a poor demented woman who used to roam about the City, dressed all in black with cheeks staringly painted, and thence popularly known as *Rouge et Noire*; whom we have never outgrown by the height of a grain of mustard seed. The story went that her only brother, a Bank-clerk, was left for death for forgery; and that she, broken-hearted creature, lost her wits on the morning of his execution, and ever afterwards, while her confused dream of life lasted, flitted thus among the busy money-changers. A story, alas! all likely enough; but, likely or unlikely, true or untrue, never to take other shape in our mind. Evermore she wanders, as to our stopped growth, among the crowd, and takes her daily loaf out of the shop-window of the same charitable baker, and between whiles sits in the old Bank office awaiting her brother. 'Is he come yet?' Not yet, poor soul. 'I will go walk for an hour and come back.' It is then she passes our boyish figure in the street, with that strange air of vanity upon her, in which the comfortable self-sustainment of sane vanity (God help us all!) is wanting, and with her wildly-seeking, never resting, eyes. So she returns to his old Bank office, asking 'Is he come yet?' Not yet, poor soul! So

she goes home, leaving word that indeed she wonders he has been away from her so long, and that he must come to her however late at night he may arrive. He will come to thee, O stricken sister, with thy best friend—foe to the prosperous and happy—not to such as thou!

Another very different person who stopped our growth, we associate with Berners Street, Oxford Street; whether she was constantly on parade in that street only, or was ever to be seen elsewhere, we are unable to say. The White Woman is her name. She is dressed entirely in white, with a ghastly white plating round her head and face, inside her white bonnet. She even carries (we hope) a white umbrella. With white boots, we know she picks her way through the winter dirt. She is a conceited old creature, cold and formal in manner, and evidently went simpering mad on personal grounds alone—no doubt because a wealthy Quaker wouldn't marry her. This is her bridal dress. She is always walking up here, on her way to church to marry the false Quaker. We observe in her mincing step and fishy eye that she intends to lead him a sharp life. We stopped growing when we got at the conclusion that the Quaker had had a happy escape of the White Woman.

We have never outgrown the rugged walls of Newgate, or any other prison on the outside. All within, is still the same blank of remorse and misery. We have never outgrown Baron Trenck. Among foreign fortifications, trenches, counterscarps, bastions, sentries, and what not, we always have him, filing at his chains down in some arched darkness far below, or taming the spiders to keep him company. We have never outgrown the wicked old Bastille. Here, in our mind at this present childish moment, is a distinct ground-plan (wholly imaginative and resting on no sort of authority), of a maze of low vaulted passages with small black doors; and here, inside of this remote door on the left, where the black cobwebs hang like a veil from the arch, and the jailer's lamp will scarcely burn, was shut up, in black silence through so many years, that old man of the affecting anecdote, who was at last set free. But, who brought his white face, and his white hair, and his phantom figure, back again, to tell them what they had made him—how he had no wife, no child, no friend, no recognition of the light and air—and prayed to be shut up in his old dungeon till he died.

We received our earliest and most enduring impressions among

barracks and soldiers, and ships and sailors. We have outgrown no story of voyage and travel, no love of adventure, no ardent interest in voyagers and travellers. We have outgrown no country inn—roadside, in the market-place, or on a solitary heath; no country landscape, no windy hill side, no old manor-house, no haunted place of any degree, not a drop in the sounding sea. Though we are equal (on strong provocation) to the Lancers, and may be heard of in the Polka, we have not outgrown Sir Roger de Coverley, or any country dance in the music-book. We hope we have not outgrown the capacity of being easily pleased with what is meant to please us, or the simple folly of being gay upon occasion without the least regard to being grand.

Right thankful we are to have stopped in our growth at so many points—for each of these has a train of its own belonging to it—and particularly with the Old Year going out and the New Year coming in. Let none of us be ashamed to feel this gratitude. If we can only preserve ourselves from growing up, we shall never grow old, and the young may love us to the last. Not to be too wise, not to be too stately, not to be too rough with innocent fancies, or to treat them with too much lightness—which is as bad—are points to be remembered that may do us all good in our years to come. And the good they do us, may even stretch forth into the vast expanse beyond those years; for, this is the spirit inculcated by One on whose knees children sat confidingly, and from whom all our years dated.

PROPOSALS FOR AMUSING POSTERITY

[February 12, 1853]

Posterity, that ancient personage yet unborn, is at times a topic of much speculation with me. I consider him in a variety of lights, and represent him to myself in many odd humours, but principally in those with which he is likely to regard the present age. I am particularly fond of inquiring whether we contribute our share towards the entertainment and diversion of the old gentleman. It

is important that we should, for all work and no play would make even Posterity a dull boy.

And, good Heaven, to think of the amount of work he will have to get through! Only to read all those books, to contemplate all those pictures and statues, and to listen to all that music, so generously bequeathed to him by crowds of admiring legatees through many generations, will be no slight labour. I doubt if even the poetry written expressly for his perusal would not be sufficient to addle any other head. The prodigious spaces of time that his levees will occupy, are overwhelming to think of: for how else can he ever receive those hosts of ladies and gentlemen who have been resolved and determined to go down to him! Then the numbers of ingenious inventions he will have to test, prove, and adopt, from the perpetual motion to the long range, will necessarily consume some of the best years of his life. In hearing Appeals, though the claims of the Appellants will be in every case as clear as crystal, it will be necessary for him to sit as long as twenty Chancellors, though each sat on the woolsack twenty years. The mere rejection of those swindlers in the various arts and sciences who basely witnessed any appreciation of their works, and the folding to his bosom of those worthies whom mankind were in a combination to discard, will take time. It is clear that it is reserved for Posterity to be, in respect of his labours, immeasurably more than the Hercules of the future.

Hence, it is but moderately considerate to have an eye to the amusement of this industrious person. If he *must* be so overworked, let us at least do something to entertain him—something even over and above those books of poetry and prose, those pictures and statues, and that music, for which he will have an unbounded relish, but perhaps a relish (so I venture to conceive) of a pensive rather than an exhilarating kind.

These are my reflections when I consider the present time with a reference to Posterity. I am sorry to say that I don't think we do enough to make him smile. It appears to me that we might tickle him a little more. I will suggest one or two odd notions—somewhat far-fetched and fantastic, I allow, but they may serve the purpose —of the kind of practical humour that might seem droll to Posterity.

If we had had, in this time of ours, two great commanders—say one by land and one by sea; one dying in battle (or what was left

of him, for we will suppose him to have lost an arm and an eye or so before), and one living to old age—it might be a jest for Posterity if we choked our towns with bad Statues to one of the two, and utterly abandoned and deserted the memory of the other. We might improve on this conceit. If we laid those two imaginary great men side by side in Saint Paul's cathedral and then laid side by side in the advertising columns of our public newspapers, two appeals respecting two Memorials, one to each of them; and if we so carried on the joke as that the Memorial to the one should be enormously rich, and the Memorial to the other, miserably poor—as that the subscriptions to the one should include the names of three-fourths of the grandees of the land, and the subscriptions to the other but a beggarly account of rank and file—as that the one should leap with ease into a magnificent endowment, and the other crawl and stagger as a pauper provision for the dead Admiral's daughter—if we could only bring the joke, as Othello says,

'—to this extent, no more';

I think it might amuse Posterity a good deal.

The mention of grandees brings me to my next proposal. It would involve a change in the present mode of bestowing public honours and titles in England; but, encouraged by the many examples we have before us of disinterested magnanimity in favour of Posterity, we might perhaps be animated to try it.

I will assume that among the books in that very large library (for the most part quite unknown at the present benighted time) which will infallibly become the rich inheritance of Posterity, there will be found a history of England. From that record, Posterity will learn the origin of many noble families and noble titles. Now the jest I have in my mind, is this. If we could so arrange matters as that that privileged class should be always with great jealousy preserved, and hedged round by a barrier of buckram and a board of green cloth, which only a few generals, a few great capitalists, and a few lawyers, should be allowed to scale—the latter not in a very creditable manner until within the last few generations: as our amiable friend Posterity will find when he looks back for the date at which Chief Justices and Puisne Judges began to be men of undoubted freedom, honour, and independence—if such privileged class were always watched and warded and limited, and fended off,

in the manner of hundreds of years ago, and never adapted to the altered circumstances of the time; and if it were in practice set up and maintained as having been, from Genesis thenceforward, endowed with a superior natural instinct for noble ruling and governing and Cabinet-making, as triumphantly shown in the excellent condition of the whole machinery of Government, of every public office, every dockyard, every ship, every diplomatic relation, and particularly every colony—I think there would be a self-evident pleasantry in this that would make Posterity chuckle. The present British practice being, as we all know, widely different, we should have many changes to make before we could hand down this amusing state of things. For example, it would be necessary to limit the great Jenner or Vaccination Dukedom and endowment, at present so worthily represented in the House of Lords, by the noble and scientific Duke who will no doubt be called upon (some day or other) to advise Her Majesty in the formation of a Ministry. The Watt or Steam-Engine peerage would also require to be gradually abolished. So would the Iron-Road Earldom, the Tubular Bridge Baronetcy, the Faraday Order of Merit, the Electric Telegraph Garter, the titles at present held by distinguished writers on literary grounds alone, and the similar titles held by painters;—though it might point the joke to make a few Academicians equal in rank to an alderman. But, the great practical joke once played off, of entirely separating the ennobled class from the various orders of men who attain to social distinction by making their country happier, better, and more illustrious among nations, we might be comfortably sure, as it seems to me—and as I now humbly submit—of having done something to amuse Posterity.

Another thing strikes me. Our venerable friend will find in that English history of his, that, in comparatively barbarous times, when the Crown was poor, it did anything for money—commuted murder, or anything else—and that, partly of this desperate itching for gold, and partly of partial laws in favour of the feudal rich, a most absurd and obsolete punishment, called punishment by fine, had its birth. Now, it appears to me, always having an eye on the entertainment of Posterity, that if while we proclaimed the laws to be equal against all offenders, we would only preserve this obsolete punishment by fine—of course no punishment whatever to those who have money—say in a very bad class of cases such as gross assaults,

we should certainly put Posterity on the broad grin. Why, we might then even come to this. A 'captain' might be brought up to a Police Office, charged with caning a young woman for an absolutely diabolical reason; and the offence being proved, the 'captain' might, as a great example of the equality of the law (but by no fault in the magistrate, he having no alternative), be fined fifty shillings, and might take a full purse from his pocket and offer, if that were all, to make it pounds. And what a joke *that* would be for Posterity! To be done in the face of day, in the first city upon earth, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three!

Or, we might have our laws regarding this same offence of assault in such a facetious state as to empower a workhouse nurse within two hours' walk of the capital, slowly to torture a child with fire, and afterwards to walk off from the law's presence scot free of all pains and penalties, but a fortnight's imprisonment! And we might so carry out this joke to the uttermost as that the forlorn child should happily die and rot, and the barbarous nurse be *then* committed for trial; her horrible offence being legally measured by that one result or its absence, and not by the agony it caused, and the awful cruelty it shewed. And all this time (to make the pleasantry the greater), we might have all manner of watch-towers, in measurement as near as possible of the altitude of the Tower of Babel when it was overthrown, erected in all parts of the kingdom, with all sorts and conditions of men and women perched on platforms thereupon, looking out for any grievance afar off, East, West, North, and South, night and day. So should that tender nurse return, gin-solaced, to her ministration upon babies (imagine the dear matron's antecedents, all ye mothers!), and so should Posterity be made to laugh, though bitterly!

Indeed, I think Posterity would have such an indifferent appreciation of this last joke, on account of its intensely practical character, that it might require another to relieve it. And I would suggest that if a body of gentlemen possessing their full phrenological share of the combative and antagonistic organs, could only be induced to form themselves into a society for declaiming about Peace, with a very considerable War-Whoop against all non-declaimers; and if they could only be prevailed upon to sum up eloquently the many unspeakable miseries and horrors of War, and to present them to their own country as a conclusive reason for its

being undefended against War, and becoming the prey of the first despot who might choose to inflict those miseries and horrors upon it,—why then I really believe we should have got to the very best joke we could hope to have in our whole Complete Jest-Book for Posterity, and might fold our arms and rest convinced that we had done enough for that discerning patriarch's amusement.

HOME FOR HOMELESS WOMEN

[April 23, 1853]

Five years and a half ago, certain ladies, grieved to think that numbers of their own sex were wandering about the streets in degradation, passing through and through the prisons all their lives, or hopelessly perishing in other ways, resolved to try the experiment on a limited scale of a Home for the reclamation and emigration of women. As it was clear to them that there could be little or no hope in this country for the greater part of those who might become the objects of their charity, they determined to receive into their Home, only those who distinctly accepted this condition: That they came there to be ultimately sent abroad (whither, was at the discretion of the ladies); and that they also came there, to remain for such length of time as might, according to the circumstances of each individual case, be considered necessary as a term of probation, and for instruction in the means of obtaining an honest livelihood. The object of the Home was twofold. First, to replace young women who had already lost their characters and lapsed into guilt, in a situation of hope. Secondly, to save other young women who were in danger of falling into the like condition, and give them an opportunity of flying from crime when they and it stood face to face.

The projectors of this establishment, in undertaking it, were sustained by nothing but the high object of making some unhappy women a blessing to themselves and others instead of a curse, and raising up among the solitudes of a new world some virtuous homes, much needed there, from the sorrow and ruin of the old. They had no romantic visions or extravagant expectations. They were prepared

for many failures and disappointments, and to consider their enterprise rewarded, if they in time succeeded with one third or one half of the cases they received.

As the experience of this small Institution, even under the many disadvantages of a beginning, may be useful and interesting, this paper will contain an exact account of its progress and results.

It was (and is) established in a detached house with a garden. The house was never designed for any such purpose, and is only adapted to it, in being retired and not immediately overlooked. It is capable of containing thirteen inmates besides two Superintendents. Excluding from consideration ten young women now in the house, there have been received in all, since November eighteen hundred and forty-seven, fifty-six inmates. They have belonged to no particular class, but have been starving needlewomen of good character, poor needlewomen who have robbed their furnished lodgings, violent girls committed to prison for disturbances in ill-conducted workhouses, poor girls from Ragged Schools, destitute girls who have applied at Police offices for relief, young women from the streets: young women of the same class taken from the prisons after undergoing punishment there as disorderly characters, or for shoplifting, or for thefts from the person: domestic servants who have been seduced, and two young women held to bail for attempting suicide. No class has been favoured more than another; and misfortune and distress are a sufficient introduction. It is not usual to receive women of more than five or six-and-twenty; the average age in the fifty-six cases would probably be about twenty. In some instances there have been great personal attractions; in others, the girls have been very homely and plain. The reception has been wholly irrespective of such sources of interest. Nearly all have been extremely ignorant.

Of these fifty-six cases, seven went away by their own desire during their probation; ten were sent away for misconduct in the Home; seven ran away; three emigrated and relapsed on the passage out; thirty (of whom seven are now married) on their arrival in Australia or elsewhere, entered into good service, acquired a good character, and have done so well ever since as to establish a strong prepossession in favour of others sent out from the same

quarter. It will be seen from these figures that the failures are generally discovered in the Home itself, and that the amount of misconduct after the training and emigration, is remarkably small. And it is to be taken into consideration that many cases are admitted into the Home, of which there is, in the outset, very little hope, but which it is not deemed right to exclude from the experiment.

The Home is managed by two Superintendents. The second in order acts under the first, who has from day to day the supreme direction of the family. On the cheerfulness, quickness, good-temper, firmness, and vigilance of these ladies, and on their never bickering, the successful working of the establishment in a great degree depends. Their position is one of high trust and responsibility, and requires not only an always accumulating experience, but an accurate observation of every character about them. The ladies who established the Home, hold little confidential communication with the inmates, thinking the system better administered when it is undisturbed by individuals. A committee, composed of a few gentlemen of experience, meets once a month to audit the accounts, receive the principal Superintendent's reports, investigate any unusual occurrence, and see all the inmates separately. None but the committee are present as they enter one by one, in order that they may be under no restraint in anything they wish to say. A complaint from any of them is exceedingly uncommon. The history of every inmate, taken down from her own mouth—usually after she has been some little time in the Home—is preserved in a book. She is shown that what she relates of herself she relates in confidence, and does not even communicate to the Superintendents. She is particularly admonished by no means to communicate her history to any of the other inmates: all of whom have in their turns received a similar admonition. And she is encouraged to tell the truth, by having it explained to her that nothing in her story but falsehood, can possibly affect her position in the Home after she has been once admitted.

The work of the Home is thus divided. They rise, both in summer and winter, at six o'clock. Morning prayers and scripture reading take place at a quarter before eight. Breakfast is had immediately afterwards. Dinner at one. Tea at six. Evening prayers are said at half-past eight. The hour of going to bed is

nine. Supposing the Home to be full, ten are employed upon the household work; two in the bedrooms; two in the general living room; two in the Superintendents' rooms; two in the kitchen (who cook); two in the scullery; three at needle-work. Straw-plaiting has been occasionally taught besides. On washing-days, five are employed in the laundry, three of whom are taken from the needle-work, and two are told off from the household work. The nature and order of each girl's work is changed every week, so that she may become practically acquainted with the whole routine of household duties. They take it in turns to bake the bread which is eaten in the house. In every room, every Monday morning, there is hung up, framed and glazed, the names of the girls who are in charge there for the week and who are, consequently, responsible for its neat condition and the proper execution of the work belonging to it. This is found to inspire them with a greater pride in good housewifery, and a greater sense of shame in the reverse.

The book-education is of a very plain kind, as they have generally much to learn in the commonest domestic duties, and are often singularly inexpert in acquiring them. They read and write, and cypher. School is held every morning at half-past ten (Saturday excepted) for two hours. The Superintendents are the teachers. The times for recreation are half an hour between school-time and dinner, and an hour after dinner; half an hour before tea, and an hour after tea. In the winter, these intervals are usually employed in light fancy work, the making of little presents for their friends, etc. In the fine summer weather they are passed in the garden, where they take exercise, and have their little flower-beds. In the afternoon and evening, they sit all together at needlework, and some one reads aloud. The books are carefully chosen, but are always interesting.

Saturday is devoted to an extraordinary cleaning up and polishing of the whole establishment, and to the distribution of clean clothes; every inmate arranging and preparing her own. Each girl also takes a bath on Saturday.

On Sundays they go to church in the neighbourhood, some to morning service, some to afternoon service, some to both. They are invariably accompanied by one of the Superintendents. Wearing no uniform and not being dressed alike, they attract little notice

out of doors. Their attire is that of respectable plain servants. On Sunday evenings they receive religious instruction from the principal Superintendent. They also receive regular religious instruction from a clergyman on one day in every week, and on two days in every alternate week. They are constantly employed, and always overlooked.

They are allowed to be visited under the following restrictions; if by their parents, once in a month; if by other relatives or friends, once in three months. The principal Superintendent is present at all such interviews, and hears the conversation. It is not often found that the girls and their friends have much to say to one another; any display of feeling on these occasions is rare. It is generally observed that the inmates seem rather relieved than otherwise when the interviews are over.

They can write to relatives, or old teachers, or persons known to have been kind to them, once a month on application to the committee. It seldom happens that a girl who has any person in the world to correspond with, fails to take advantage of this opportunity. All letters despatched from the Home are read and posted by the principal Superintendent. All letters received, are likewise read by the Superintendent; but she does not open them. Every such letter is opened by the girl to whom it is addressed, who reads it first, in the Superintendent's presence. It never happens that they wish to reserve the contents; they are always anxious to impart them to her immediately. This seems to be one of their chief pleasures in receiving letters.

They make and mend their own clothes, but do not keep them. In many cases they are not for some time to be trusted with such a charge; in other cases, when temper is awakened, the possession of a shawl and bonnet would often lead to an abrupt departure which the unfortunate creature would ever afterwards regret. To distinguish between these cases and others of a more promising nature, would be to make invidious distinctions, than which nothing could be more prejudicial to the Home, as the objects of its care are invariably sensitive and jealous. For these various reasons their clothes are kept under lock and key in a wardrobe room. They have a great pride in the state of their clothes, and the neatness of their persons. Those who have no such pride on their admission, are sure to acquire it.

Formerly, when a girl accepted for admission had clothes of her own to wear, she was allowed to be admitted in them, and they were put by for her; though within the Institution she always wore the clothing it provides. It was found, however, that a girl with a hankering after old companions rather relied on these reserved clothes, and that she put them on with an air, if she went away or were dismissed. They now invariably come, therefore, in clothes belonging to the Home, and bring no other clothing with them. A suit of the commonest apparel has been provided for the next inmate who may leave during her probation, or be sent away; and it is thought that the sight of a girl departing so disgraced, will have a good effect on those who remain. Cases of dismissal or departure are becoming more rare, however, as the Home increases in experience, and no occasion for making the experiment has yet arisen.

When the Home had been opened for some time, it was resolved to adopt a modification of Captain Macconnochie's mark system: so arranging the mark table as to render it difficult for a girl to lose marks under any one of its heads, without also losing under nearly all the others. The mark table is divided into the nine following heads. Truthfulness, Industry, Temper, Propriety of Conduct and Conversation, Temperance, Order, Punctuality, Economy, Cleanliness. The word Temperance is not used in the modern slang acceptation, but in its enlarged meaning as defined by Johnson, from the English of Spenser: 'Moderation, patience, calmness, sedateness, moderation of passion.' A separate account for every day is kept with every girl as to each of these items. If her conduct be without objection, she is marked in each column, three—excepting the truthfulness and temperance columns, in which, saving under extraordinary circumstances, she is only marked two: the temptation to err in those particulars, being considered low under the circumstances of the life she leads in the Home. If she be particularly deserving under any of the other heads, she is marked the highest number—four. If her deserts be low, she is marked only one, or not marked at all. If her conduct under any head have been, during the day, particularly objectionable, she receives a bad mark (marked in red ink, to distinguish it at a glance from the others) which destroys forty good marks. The value of the good marks is six shillings and sixpence per thousand; the earnings of each girl are withheld until she

emigrates, in order to form a little fund for her first subsistence on her disembarkation. The inmates are found, without an exception, to value their marks highly. A bad mark is very infrequent, and occasions great distress in the recipient and great excitement in the community. In case of dismissal or premature departure from the Home, all the previous gain in marks is forfeited. If a girl be ill through no fault of her own, she is marked, during her illness, according to her average marking. But, if she be ill through her own act (as in a recent case, where a girl set herself on fire, through carelessness and a violation of the rules of the house) she is credited with no marks until she is again in a condition to earn them. The usual earnings in a year are about equal to the average wages of the commoner class of domestic servant.

They are usually brought to the Home by the principal Superintendent in a coach. From wheresoever they come, they generally weep on the road, and are silent and depressed. The average term of probation is about a year; longer when the girl is very slow to learn what she is taught. When the time of her emigration arrives, the same lady accompanies her on board ship. They usually go out, three or four together, with a letter of recommendation to some influential person at their destination; sometimes they are placed under the charge of a respectable family of emigrants; sometimes they act as nurses or as servants to individual ladies with children, on board. In these capacities they have given great satisfaction. Their grief at parting from the Superintendent is always strong, and frequently of a heart-rending kind. They are also exceedingly affected by their separation from the Home; usually going round and round the garden first, as if they clung to every tree and shrub in it. Nevertheless, individual attachments among them are rare, though strong affections have arisen when they have afterwards encountered in distant solitudes. Some touching circumstances have occurred, where unexpected recognitions of this kind have taken place on Sundays in lonely churches to which the various members of the little congregations have repaired from great distances. Some of the girls now married have chosen old companions thus encountered for their bridesmaids, and in their letters have described their delight very pathetically.

A considerable part of the needle-work done in the Home is necessary to its own internal neatness, and the preparation of outfits

for the emigrants; especially as many of the inmates know little or nothing of such work, and have it all to learn. But, as they become more dexterous, plain work is taken in, and the proceeds are applied as a fund to defray the cost of outfits. The outfits are always of the simplest kind. Nothing is allowed to be wasted or thrown away in the Home. From the bones, and remnants of food, the girls are taught to make soup for the poor and sick. This at once extends their domestic knowledge, and preserves their sympathy for the distressed.

Some of the experiences, not already mentioned, that have been acquired in the management of the Home are curious, and perhaps deserving of consideration in prisons and other institutions. It has been observed, in taking the histories—especially of the more artful cases—that nothing is so likely to elicit the truth as a perfectly imperturbable face, and an avoidance of any leading question or expression of opinion. Give the narrator the least idea what tone will make her an object of interest, and she will take it directly. Give her none, and she will be driven on the truth, and in most cases will tell it. For similar reasons it is found desirable always to repress stock religious professions and religious phrases; to discourage shows of sentiment, and to make their lives practical and active. 'Don't talk about it—do it!' is the motto of the place. The inmates find everywhere about them the same kind, discriminating firmness, and the same determination to have no favourite subjects, or favourite objects, of interest. Girls from Ragged Schools are not generally so impressible as reduced girls who have failed to support themselves by hard work, or as women from the streets—probably, because they have suffered less. The poorest of the Ragged School condition, who are odious to approach when first picked up, invariably affect afterwards that their friends are 'well off.' This psychological curiosity is considered inexplicable. Most of the inmates are depressed at first. At holiday times the more doubtful part of them usually become restless and uncertain; there would also appear to be, usually, a time of considerable restlessness after six or eight months. In any little difficulty, the general feeling is invariably with the establishment and never with the offender. When a girl is discharged for misconduct, she is generally in deep distress, and goes away miserably. The rest will sometimes intercede for her with tears; but it is found that firmness

on this and every point, when a decision is once taken, is the most humane course as having a wholesome influence on the greatest number. For this reason, a mere threat of discharge is never on any account resorted to. Two points of management are extremely important; the first, to refer very sparingly to the past; the second, never to treat the inmates as children. They must never be allowed to suppose it possible that they can get the better of the management. Judicious commendation, when it is deserved, has a very salutary influence. It is also found that a serious and urgent entreaty to a girl, to exercise her self-restraint on some point (generally temper) on which her mark-table shews her to be deficient, often has an excellent effect when it is accompanied with such encouragement as, 'You know how changed you are since you have been here; you know we have begun to entertain great hopes of you. For God's sake consider! Do not throw away this great chance of your life, by making yourself and everybody around you unhappy—which will oblige us to send you away—but conquer this. Now, try hard for a month, and pray let us have no fault to find with you at the end of that time.' Many will make great and successful efforts to control themselves, after such remonstrance. In all cases, the fewest and plainest words are the best. When new to the place, they are found to break and spoil through great carelessness. Patience, and the strictest attention to order and punctuality, will in most cases overcome these discouragements. Nothing else will. They are often rather disposed to quarrel among themselves, particularly in bad weather when their lives are necessarily monotonous and confined; but, on the whole, allowing for their different breeding, they perhaps quarrel less than the average of passengers in the state cabin on a voyage out to India.

As some of the inmates of the Home have to be saved and guarded from themselves more than from any other people, they can scarcely be defended by too many precautions. These precautions are not obtruded upon them, but are strictly observed. Keys are never left about. The garden gate is always kept locked; but the girls take it in turn to act as porteress, overlooked by the second superintendent. They are proud of this trust. Any inmate missing from her usual place for ten minutes would be looked after. Any suspicious circumstance would be quickly and quietly

investigated. As no girl makes her own bed, no girl has the opportunity of safely hiding any secret correspondence, or anything else, in it. Each inmate has a separate bed, but there are several beds in a room. The occupants of each room are always arranged with a reference to their several characters and counteracting influences. A girl declaring that she wishes to leave, is not allowed to do so hastily, but is locked in a chamber by herself, to consider of it until next day: when, if she still persist, she is formally discharged. It has never once happened that a girl, however excited, has refused to submit to this restraint.

One of the most remarkable effects of the Home, even in many of the cases where it does not ultimately succeed, is the extraordinary change it produces in the appearance of its inmates. Putting out of the question their look of cleanliness and health (which may be regarded as a physical consequence of their treatment) a refining and humanising alteration is wrought in the expression of the features, and in the whole air of the person, which can scarcely be imagined. Teachers in Ragged Schools have made the observation in reference to young women whom they had previously known well, and for a long time. A very sagacious and observant police magistrate, visiting a girl before her emigration who had been taken from his bar, could detect no likeness in her to the girl he remembered. It is considered doubtful whether, in the majority of the worst cases, the subject would easily be known again at a year's end, among a dozen, by an old companion.

The moral influence of the Home, still applying the remark even to cases of failure, is illustrated in a no less remarkable manner. It has never had any violence done to a chair or a stool. It has never been asked to render any aid to the one lady and her assistant, who are shut up with the thirteen the year round. Bad language is so uncommon, that its utterance is an event. The committee have never heard the least approach to it, or seen anything but submission; though it has often been their task to reprove and dismiss women who have been violently agitated, and unquestionably (for the time) incensed against them. Four of the fugitives have robbed the Institution of some clothes. The rest had no reason on earth for running away in preference to asking to be dismissed, but shame in not remaining.

A specimen or two of cases of success may be interesting.

Case number twenty-seven, was a girl supposed to be of about eighteen, but who had none but supposititious knowledge of her age, and no knowledge at all of her birthday. Both her parents had died in her infancy. She had been brought up in the establishment of that amiable victim of popular prejudice, the late Mr. Drouet, of Tooting. It did not appear that she was naturally stupid, but her intellect had been so dulled by neglect that she was in the Home many months before she could be imbued with a thorough understanding that Christmas Day was so called as the birthday of Jesus Christ. But when she acquired this piece of learning, she was amazingly proud of it. She had been apprenticed to a small artificial flower maker with three others. They were all ill-treated, and all seemed to have run away at different times: this girl last: who absconded with an old man, a hawker, who brought 'combs and things' to the door for sale. She took what she called 'some old clothes' of her mistress with her, and was apprehended with the old man, and they were tried together. He was acquitted; she was found guilty. Her sentence was six months' imprisonment, and, on its expiration, she was received into the Home. She was appallingly ignorant, but most anxious to learn, and contended against her blunted faculties with a consciously slow perseverance. She showed a remarkable capacity for copying writing by the eye alone, without having the least idea of its sound, or what it meant. There seemed to be some analogy between her making letters and her making artificial flowers. She remained in the Home, bearing an excellent character, about a year. On her passage out, she made artificial flowers for the ladies on board, earned money, and was much liked. She obtained a comfortable service as soon as she landed, and is happy and respected. This girl had not a friend in the world, and had never known a natural affection, or formed a natural tie, upon the face of this earth.

Case number thirteen was a half-starved girl of eighteen whose father had died soon after her birth, and who had long eked out a miserable subsistence for herself and a sick mother by doing plain needlework. At last her mother died in a workhouse, and the needlework 'falling off bit by bit,' this girl suffered, for nine months, every extremity of dire distress. Being one night without any food or shelter from the weather, she went to the lodging of a woman who had once lived in the same house with herself and her mother,

and asked to be allowed to lie down on the stairs. She was refused, and stole a shawl which she sold for a penny. A fortnight afterwards, being still in a starving and houseless state, she went back to the same woman's, and preferred the same request. Again refused, she stole a bible from her, which she sold for twopence. The theft was immediately discovered, and she was taken as she lay asleep in the casual ward of a workhouse. These facts were distinctly proved upon her trial. She was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and was then admitted into the Home. She has never been corrupted. She remained in the Home, bearing an excellent character, a little more than a year; emigrated; conducted herself uniformly well in a good situation; and is now married.

Case number forty-one was a pretty girl of a quiet and good manner, aged nineteen. She came from a watering-place where she had lived with her mother until within a couple of years, when her mother married again and she was considered an incumbrance at a very bad home. She became apprenticed to a dressmaker, who, on account of staying out beyond the prescribed hours one night when she went with some other young people to a Circus, positively refused to admit her or give her any shelter from the streets. The natural consequences of this unjustifiable behaviour followed. She came to the Home on the recommendation of a clergyman to whom she fortunately applied, when in a state of sickness and misery too deplorable to be even suggested to the reader's imagination. She remained in the Home (with an interval of hospital treatment) upwards of a year and a half, when she was sent abroad. Her character is irreproachable, and she is industrious, happy and full of gratitude.

Case number fifty was a very homely, clumsy, ignorant girl, supposed to be about nineteen, but who again had no knowledge of her birthday. She was taken from a Ragged School; her mother had died when she was a little girl; and her father, marrying again, had turned her out of doors, though her mother-in-law had been kind to her. She had been once in prison for breaking some windows near the Mansion House, 'having nowheres as you can think of, to go to.' She had never gone wrong otherwise, and particularly wished that 'to be wrote down.' She was in as dirty and unwholesome a condition, on her admission, as she could well

be, but was inconsolable at the idea of losing her hair, until the fortunate suggestion was made that it would grow more luxuriantly after shaving. She then consented, with many tears, to that (in her case) indispensable operation. This deserted and unfortunate creature, after a short period of depression began to brighten, uniformly showed a very honest and truthful nature, and after remaining in the Home a year, has recently emigrated; a thoroughly good plain servant, with every susceptibility for forming a faithful and affectionate attachment to her employers.

Case number fifty-eight was a girl of nineteen, all but starved through inability to live by needlework. She had never gone wrong, was gradually brought into a good bodily condition, invariably conducted herself well, and went abroad, rescued and happy.

Case number fifty-one was a little ragged girl of sixteen or seventeen, as she said; but of very juvenile appearance. She was put to the bar at a Police Office, with two much older women, regular vagrants, for making a disturbance at the workhouse gate on the previous night on being refused relief. She had been a professed tramp for six or seven years, knew of no relation, and had had no friends but one old woman, whose very name she did not appear to be sure of. Her father, a scaffold builder, she had 'lost' on London Bridge when she was ten or eleven years old. There appeared little doubt that he had purposely abandoned her, but she had no suspicion of it. She had long been hop-picking in the hop season, and wandering about the country at all seasons, and was unaccustomed to shoes, and had seldom slept in a bed. She answered some searching questions without the least reserve, and not at all in her own favour. Her appearance of destitution was in perfect keeping with her story. This girl was received into the Home. Within a year, there was clinging round the principal Superintendent's neck, on board a ship bound for Australia—in a state of grief at parting that moved the bystanders to tears—a pretty little neat modest useful girl, against whom not a moment's complaint had been made, and who had diligently learnt everything that had been set before her.

Case number fifty-four, a good-looking young woman of two-and-twenty, was first seen in prison under remand on a charge of attempting to commit suicide. Her mother had died before she was two years old, and her father had married again; but she spoke

in high and affectionate terms both of her father and her mother-in-law. She had been a travelling maid with an elderly lady, and, on her mistress going to Russia, had returned home to her father's. She had stayed out late one night, in company with a 'commissioner' whom she had known abroad, was afraid or ashamed to go home, and so went wrong. Falling lower, and becoming poorer, she became at last acquainted with a ticket-taker at a railway station, who tired of the acquaintance. One night when he had made an appointment (as he had often done before) and, on the plea of inability to leave his duties, had put this girl in a cab, that she might be taken safely home (she seemed to have inspired him with that much enduring regard), she pulled up the window and swallowed two shillings' worth of the essential oil of almonds which she had bought at a chemist's an hour before. The driver happened to look round when she still had the bottle to her lips, immediately made out the whole story, and had the presence of mind to drive her straight to a hospital, where she remained a month before she was cured. She was in that state of depression in the prison, that it was a matter for grave consideration whether it would be safe to take her into the Home, where, if she were bent upon committing suicide, it would be almost impossible to prevent her. After some talk with her, however, it was decided to receive her. She proved one of the best inmates it has ever had, and remained in it seven months before she emigrated. Her father, who had never seen her since the night of her staying out late, came to see her in the Home, and confirmed these particulars. It is doubtful whether any treatment but that pursued in such an institution would have restored this girl.

Case number fourteen was an extremely pretty girl of twenty, whose mother was married to a second husband—a drunken man who ill-treated his step-daughter. She had been engaged to be married, but had been deceived, and had run away from home in shame, and had been away three years. Within that period, however, she had twice returned home; the first time for six months; the second time for a few days. She had also been in a London hospital. She had also been in the Magdalen: which institution her father-in-law, with a drunkard's inconsistency, had induced her to leave, to attend her mother's funeral—and then ill-treated her as before. She had been once in prison as a disorderly character, and was received from the prison into the Home. Her

health was impaired and her experiences had been of a bad kind in a bad quarter of London, but she was still a girl of remarkably engaging and delicate appearance. She remained in the Home, improving rapidly, thirteen months. She was never complained of, and her general deportment was unusually quiet and modest. She emigrated, and is a good, industrious, happy wife.

This paper can scarcely be better closed than by the following pretty passage from a letter of one of the married young women.

Honnoured Ladies,

I have again taken the liberty of writing to you to let you know how I am going on since I last wrote Home for I can never forget that name that still comes fresh to my mind, Honnoured Ladies I received your most kind letter on Tuesday the 21st of May my Mistress was kind enough to bring it over to me she told me that she also had a letter from you and that she should write Home and give you a good account of us. Honnoured Ladies I cannot describe the feelings which I felt on receiving your most kind letter, I first read my letter then I cried but it was with tears of joy, to think you was so kind to write to us Honnoured Ladies I have seen Jane and I showed my letter and she is going write Home, she is living about 36 miles from where I live and her and her husband are very happy together she has been down to our Town this week and it is the first that we have seen of her since a week after they were married. My Husband is very kind to me and we live very happy and comfortable together we have a nice garden where we grow all that we want we have sown some peas turnips and I helped to do some we have three such nice pigs and we killed one last week he was so fat that he could not see out of his eyes he used to have to sit down to eat and I have got such a nice cat—she peeps over me while I am writing this. My Husband was going out one day, and he heard that cat cry and he fetched her in she was so thin. My tow little birds are gone—one dide and the other flew away now I have got none, get down Cat do. My Husband has built a shed at the side of the house to do any thing for hisself when he coms home from work of a night he tells me that I shall every 9 years com Home if we live so long please God, but I think that he is only making game of me. Honnoured Ladies I can never feel grateful enough for your kindness to me and the kind indulgences which I received at my happy Home, I often wish that I could come Home and see that happy place again once more and all my kind friends which I hope I may one day please God.

No comments or arguments shall be added to swell the length

this account has already attained. Our readers will judge for themselves what some of these cases must have soon become, but for the timely interposition of the Home established by the Ladies whose charity is so discreet and so impartial.

THE SPIRIT BUSINESS

[May 7, 1853]

Persons of quality, and others, who visit the various 'gifted media' now in London, or receive those supernaturally endowed ladies at their own houses, may be glad to hear how the spirit business has been doing in America. Two numbers of *The Spiritual Telegraph*, a newspaper published in New York, and 'devoted to the illustration of spiritual intercourse,' having fallen into our hands, we are happy to have some means from head-quarters of gratifying the laudable curiosity of these philosophical inquirers.

In the first place, it is gratifying to know that the second volume of that admirable publication, *The Shekinah*, was advertised last Fall, containing 'Psychometrical sketches of living characters given by a lady while in the waking state, who derives her impressions by holding a letter from the unknown person against her forehead.' To this remarkable journal, 'several distinguished minds in Europe are expected to contribute occasionally.' It appears, however, scarcely to meet with sufficient terrestrial circulation; the editor being under the necessity of inquiring in capitals, 'Shall it have a patronage worthy of its objects and its character?' We also observe with pleasure the publication of a fourth edition of 'The Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine and others, to the sixth circle in the Spirit World, by the Reverend Charles Hammond, Medium, written by the spirit of Thomas Paine without Volition on the part of the medium.'

Also the following publications: 'A Chart exhibiting an outline of progressive history, and approaching destiny of the race. A. J. D. Can be sent by mail.' 'The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse. Light from the Spirit World, comprising a Series of Articles on the Condition of Spirits and the development of mind in the Rudimental and Second Spheres; being written by the controul of Spirits.' We are further indebted to a gentleman — we presume a mortal—of

the name of Coggshall, for 'The Signs of the Times, comprising a History of the Spirit Rappings in Cincinnati and other places.' The Reverend Adin Ballou has been so obliging as to favour the world with his 'Spirit Manifestations'; and a Medium, of the gentle name of Ambler, has produced the 'Spiritual Teacher,' from the dictation of a little knot of choice spirits of the sixth circle.

As a counterpoise to the satisfaction these spiritual literary announcements are calculated to inspire, we regret to perceive that some men have been at their old work of blinking at the light. This melancholy fact is made known to us through the 'medium' of a paragraph, headed 'Behind the Door'; from which we learn with indignation that 'a good Presbyterian brother in Newtown, Conn.': with that want of moral courage which is unhappily characteristic of the man, is accustomed to read *The Telegraph* in that furtive situation, bringing down upon himself the terrible apostrophe, 'Read on, brother, until thy spirit shall receive strength sufficient to enable thee to crawl from thy hiding-place.' On the other hand it is a consolation to know that 'we have, out in Ohio, a little girl who writes fonography interspersed with celestial characters.' We have also 'Mrs. S., a gifted friend,' who writes, 'I may at some future time draw upon the storehouse of memory for some Spiritual facts which have long slumbered there; fearing the scoff of the skeptic has hitherto kept me silent, but I believe there is a time now dawning upon us when we shall no longer hide the light given us, under a bushel.' This gifted lady is supplied with a number of papers, but has none that she greets so cordially as *The Telegraph*, which is 'loaned' her by a friend. 'It ministers,' says she, modestly, 'to my spiritual and higher nature which craves a kindred aliment, and which, in past years, has nearly starved on the husks and verbiage dressed up by the sensuous and unbelieving in spiritual illumination.' Mrs. Fish and the Misses Fox were, at the date of these advices, to be heard of, we rejoice to state, at number seventy-eight, West Twenty-Sixth Street, where those estimable ladies 'entertain strangers' on three evenings in the week from eight to ten. The enlarged liberality of Mr. Partridge, who addressed The New York Conference for the Investigation of Spiritual Phenomena, is worthy of all imitation, and proves him to be game indeed. Mr. P. was of opinion, when last heard of, that 'the Devil should have his due,' and that if he (the Devil) were found engaged in the spirit

business, then let them 'stretch forth the right hand of fellowship, and let joy resound through earth and heaven at the conversion of the Prince of Evil.'

The following explicit and important communications had been received from spirits—the exalted and improving character of the announcements, evidently being a long way beyond mortality, and requiring special spiritual revelation.

FROM A SPIRIT, BY NAME JOHN COLLINSWORTH

'Who can say it, "I am free as God made"? My dear friends, it is sometimes very difficult to express our sentiments in words. What matter who speak so long as you feel a witness in your own souls, that what is said, is said to benefit mankind and advance the truth. Why, my dear friends, my soul is filled with love towards you. I daily lift my desires to the Divine Giver of every good thing for your welfare and eternal happiness in the life to come. I will strive to watch over you as a circle.'

FROM A SPIRIT, BY NAME ANN BILLINGS

'I have long taken a deep interest in the progress of this circle. I have called a circle together, and now imagine your guardian spirits assembled in a circle encircling your circle, willing and anxious to gratify your every wish; you must suspend your judgment and wait patiently for further developments, which will set believers right.'

FROM AN ANONYMOUS SPIRIT, PRESUMED TO BE OF THE QUAKER PERSUASION

'Dear John, it is a pleasure to address thee now and then, after a lapse of many years. This new mode of conversing is no less interesting to thy mother than to thee. It greatly adds to the enjoyment and happiness of thy friends here to see thee happy, looking forward with composure to the change from one sphere to another.'

FROM A SPIRIT, BY NAME LORENZO DOW

'I will add a little to what has already been said. Keep calm—let skeptics scoff—bigots rave—the press ridicule—keep an eye on the pulpit, there will be a mighty onslaught by the clergy soon; hew straight, keep cool, and welcome them into your ranks.'

Upon the general question we observe that an eminent man with the singular title of Bro Hewitt attended a meeting at Boston, where there was some speaking from, or through, the mediums, which, 'although not according to the common rules or order of speaking, was nevertheless of an interesting character in its thought, as well as in the novelty of its method. Two young men were the speaking mediums alluded to, who have never spoken in public before they were thus moved to do it.' Bro Hewitt does not mention, that the spirits began this particular revelation with the startling and novel declaration that they were unaccustomed to public speaking; but it appears probable. The spirits were assailed (as was only to be expected), by the Boston press, and Bro Hewitt is of opinion that 'such a tissue of falsehood, slang, and abuse, was never before expressed in so eminently laconic and classic a style since Protestant Methodism began with S. F. Norris.' At the Boston Melodeon, a large audience had assembled to hear Theodore Parker; but in lieu of that inspired person, 'the desk was supplied by the celebrated Andrew Jackson Davis.' One lady was much surprised to find this illustrious individual so young; he being only twenty-five and having a higher forehead than Mr. Sunderland, the mesmeriser; but wearing 'a similarly savage-looking beard and moustache.' His text was 'All the World's a Stage'; and he merely 'wished to propose a new philosophy, which, unlike the theology of the Testaments should be free from inconsistencies, and tend to perfect harmony.' Our game friend Partridge had remarked in solemn conference that 'some seek to protect themselves from conflicting communications, by refusing to hearken to any spirit unless he claims to hail from the sixth or seventh sphere.' Mr. Thomas Hutching, 'a venerable Peracher,' whatever that may be, 'of forty years' standing,' had been 'overwhelmed' by the rapping medium, Mrs. Fish; and the venerable Peracher had not recovered when last heard of. The Reverend Charles Hammond, medium, had communicated the following important facts: 'I. All spirits are good and not evil. There is no evil spirit on earth or in this sphere. God nor nature never made an evil spirit. II. There is no condition of spirit lower than the rudimental. Earth has the lowest order, and the darkest sphere. Hell is not a correct word to convey the proper idea of the comparative condition of spirits in different circles. And III. A circle is not a space but a development,'—

which piece of information we particularly recommend to the reader's consideration as likely to do him good.

We find that our American friends, with that familiar nomenclature which is not uncommon among them, have agreed to designate one branch of the spiritual proceedings as 'Tippings.' We did at first suppose this expressive word to be of English growth, and to refer to the preliminary 'tipping' of the medium, which is found to be indispensable to the entertainments on this side of the Atlantic. We have discovered, however, that it denotes the spiritual movements of the tables and chairs, and of a mysterious piece of furniture called a 'stand,' which appears to be in every apartment. The word has passed into current use, insomuch that one correspondent writes: 'The other evening, as myself and a party of friends were entertaining ourselves with the tippings,'—and so on.

And now for a few individual cases of spiritual manifestation:—

There was a horrible medium down in Philadelphia, who recorded of herself, 'Whenever I am passive, day or night, my hand writes.' This appalling author came out under the following circumstances: —'A pencil and paper were lying on the table. The pencil came into my hand; my fingers were clenched on it! An unseen iron grasp compressed the tendons of my arms—my hand was flung violently forward on the paper, and I wrote meaning sentences without any intention, or knowing what they were to be.' The same prolific person presently inquires, 'Is this Insanity?' To which we take the liberty of replying, that we rather think it is.

R. B. Barker had been subject to a good deal of 'telegraphing by the spirits.' The death of U. J. had been predicted to him, and a fluttering of ethereal creatures, resembling pigeons, had taken place in his bedroom. After this supernatural poultry took flight, U. J. died. Other circumstances had occurred to R. B. Barker, 'which he might relate,' but which were 'of such a nature as to preclude exposure' at that present writing.

D. J. Mandell had had the following experience. 'I was invited to conduct a sitting at a neighbour's, with reference to affording an opportunity to a young clergyman to witness something of the manifestations. A name was here spelled out which none of the family recognised, and of which the said young clergyman at first denied any knowledge. I called for a message, and this was given: "Believe this is spiritual." Thinking it singular that no relative of

the family, and especially that no one whom the young minister could remember, should announce himself, I inquired if the spirit of any of his friends were present. Almost before the response could be given, he spoke sharply, and said, "I wish not to hear from any of my friends through any such means." I found there was considerable pride and prejudice aboard the little man, and pretty strongly suspected that there was more in the announcement of that name than he was willing to acknowledge. After considerable conversation, direct and indirect, he confessed to a knowledge of the person whose name had been given as aforesaid: it was that of a black barber who had died some time before, and who, during his life-time, had resided in the clergyman's native village. The latter had been well acquainted with him, but despised him; and, from what I could make out of the manifestation, take it all in all, I judged that his spiritual friends were present to communicate with him; but perceiving his strong repugnance to hear from his friends through the tippings, they had resolved to shock his self-complacency by putting forward the very one whom he detested most.'

The following state, described by a gentleman who withholds his name, appears to us to indicate a condition, as to spirits, which is within the experience of many persons. To point our meaning we italicise a few words:

'On the evening of the fifteenth instant, at the residence of Dr. Hallock, I was directed through the raps (a medium being present,) to go to the residence of Dr. Gray, and sit in a circle to be convened for the purpose of seeing an exhibition of spirit lights. As I had no other invitation I felt exceeding delicate about complying. I mentioned this to the power that was giving the direction, and added, as an additional excuse, *that my attendance there on an occasion long gone by had left an unfavourable impression.* Still I was directed to go. On arriving at Dr. Gray's, I explained the occasion of my presence, and was admitted to the circle. Being desirous that my influence should not mar the harmony of the company, I put forth a strong effort of the will to induce a passiveness in my nervous system; and, in order that I might not be deceived as to my success, *resigned myself to sleep. . . . I suppose I was unconscious for thirty minutes.*' After this, the seer had a vision of stalks and leaves, 'a large species of fruit, somewhat resembling a pine-apple,' and 'a nebulous column, somewhat resembling the milky

way,' which nothing but spirits could account for, and from which nothing but soda-water, or time, is likely to have recovered him. We believe this kind of manifestation is usually followed by a severe headache next morning, attended by some degree of thirst.

A spiritualist residing at Troy, communicates the case of a lady, which appears to us to be of a nature closely resembling the last. 'A lady—the wife of a certain officer in a Presbyterian church—who is a partial believer in spiritual manifestations, *was so far under the influence of spirits*, that her hands were moved, and made to perform some very singular gestures. This new mode of doing business was not very pleasing to the lady, and caused her to be a little frightened. One day, seeing their clergyman, Dr. —— passing, the latter was invited in to witness the phenomena, and to render assistance, if possible. As the Doctor entered the room, the lady shook hands with him cordially, but found it easier to commence than to leave off. After shaking hands for some time, the hands commenced patting the Doctor on the shoulders, head, and ears, to the confusion of both parties. The Doctor then advised that the hands be immersed in cold water, with a view to disengage the electricity, of which he said the lady was overcharged. When the water was procured the motion of the hands became more violent, and manifested a repugnance to the water-cure. With a little assistance, however, the hands were finally immersed, when they at once commenced throwing the water so plentifully over the Doctor's head and shoulders, that he was compelled to beat a hasty retreat, carrying with him the marks of water-baptism at spirit hands. It is hoped that the Doctor, after this experience in the Spiritual electrical-fountain-bath will have a little more charity for his rapping sisters, as he terms them, and not again assail them from the pulpit as void of common sense.'

It certainly is very extraordinary that, with such lights as these, any men can assail their rapping and tipping brothers and sisters, from any sort of pulpit, as void of common sense. The spirit business cannot fail to be regarded by all dispassionate persons as the last great triumph of common sense.

These extracts, which we might extend through several pages, will quite dispose of the objection that there is any folly or stupidity among the patrons of the spirit business. As a proof that they are equally free from self-conceit, and that that little weakness in

human nature has nothing to do with the success of the trade, and is not at all consulted by the dealers, we will come home to England for a concluding testimony borne by Mr. Robert Owen. This gentleman, in a conversation with the spirits of his deceased wife and youngest daughter, inquired what object they had in view in favouring him with their company? 'Answer. To reform the world. Question. Can *I* materially promote this object? Answer. You can assist in promoting it. Question. Shall *I* be aided by the spirits to enable me to succeed? Answer. Yes. Question. Shall *I* devote the remainder of my life to this mission? Answer. Yes. Question. Shall *I* hold a public meeting to announce to the world these proceedings; or shall they be made known through the British Parliament? Answer. Through the British Parliament. Question. Shall *I* also apply for an investigation of this subject to the Congress of the United States? Answer. Yes.' This naturally brought up the spirit of Benjamin Franklin, of whom Mr. Owen inquired, 'Have *I* been assisted in my writings for the public, by any particular spirit? Answer. Yes. Question. What spirit? Answer. God. (This reply was made in such a manner as to create a peculiarly awful impression on those present.) Question. Shall *I* continue to be assisted by the same spirit? Answer. Yes.'

We have inquired of Dr. Conolly, and are informed that there are several philosophers now resident at Hanwell, Middlesex, and also in Saint George's Fields, Southwark, who, without any tippings or rappings, find themselves similarly inspired. But those learned prophets cry aloud in their wards, and no man regardeth them; which brings us to the painful conclusion, that in the Spirit business, as in most other trades, there are some bankruptcies.

A HAUNTED HOUSE

[July 23, 1853]

That there are on record many circumstantial and minute accounts of haunted houses, is well known to most people. But, all such narratives must be received with the greatest circumspection, and sifted with the utmost care; nothing in them must be taken for granted, and every detail proved by direct and clear evidence, before

it can be received. For, if this course be necessary to the establishment of a philosophical experiment in accordance with the known laws of nature, how much more is it necessary in a case where the alleged truth is opposed to those laws (so far as they are understood), and to the experience of educated mankind? How much more so, yet, when it is in the nature of the mass of this class of supernatural stories to resolve themselves into natural and commonplace affairs on the subtraction or addition of some slight circumstance equally easy to have been dropped off, or to have been joined on, in the course of repetition from mouth to mouth!

We offer this preliminary remark as in fairness due to the difficulty of the general subject. But, in reference to the particular case of which, in all its terrors, we are about to give a short account, we must observe that every circumstance we shall relate is accurately known to us, is fully guaranteed by us, and can be proved by a cloud of witnesses taken at random from the whole country.

The proprietor of the haunted house in question, is a gentleman of the name of Bull. Mr. Bull is a person of large property—a long way past the Middle Age, though some maudlin young people would have persuaded him to the contrary a little while ago—and possessed of a strong constitution and great common sense. Which, it is needless to add, is the most uncommon sense in the world.

The house belonging to Mr. Bull, which has acquired an unenviable notoriety, is situated in the city of Westminster, and abuts on the river Thames. Mr. Bull was induced to commence this edifice for the reception of a family already enlarged by the addition of several new Members, some years ago, on the destruction of his ancient family mansion by fire. A variety of remarkable facts have been observed, from the first, in connexion with this building. Merely as a building, it is supposed to be impossible that it can ever be finished; it is predicted and generally believed that the owl will hoot from the aged ivy clinging to the bases of its towers, many centuries before the summits of those towers are reared. When it was originally projected, the sum-total of its cost was plainly written on the plans, in figures of a reasonable size. Those figures have since swelled in a most astonishing manner, and may now be seen in a colossal state. It was yet mere beams and walls, when extraordinary voices of the prosiest description arose from its foundations, and resounded through the city, night and day,

EXHIBITION OF CARTOONS IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

unmeaningly demanding whether Cromwell should have a statue. The voices being at length hushed by a body of Royal commissioners (among whom was the member for the University of Oxford, *ex officio* powerful, in the Red Sea), new phenomena succeeded. It was found impossible to warm the edifice; it was found impossible to cool it; and it was found impossible to light it. The Members of Mr. Bull's family were blown off their seats by blasts of icy air, and in the same moment fainted from excess of sickly heat. Ophthalmia raged among them in consequence of the powerful glare to which their right eyes were exposed, while their left organs of vision were shrouded in the darkness of Egypt. Caverns of amazing dimensions yawned under their feet, whence odours arose, of which the only consolatory feature was, that no savour of brimstone could be detected in them. Pale human forms—but for the most part of exaggerated and unearthly proportions—arose in the Hall, and (under the name of Cartoons) haunted it a long time. Among these phantoms, several portentous shades of ancient Britons were observed, with beards in the latest German style. Undaunted by these accumulated horrors, Mr. Bull took possession of his haunted house—and then the dismal work began indeed.

The first supernatural persecution endured by Mr. Bull, was the sound of a tremendous quantity of oaths. This was succeeded by the dragging of great weights about the house at untimely hours, accompanied with fearful noises, such as shrieking, yelling, barking, braying, crowing, coughing, fiendish laughter, and the like. Mr. Bull describes this outcry as calculated to appal the stoutest heart. But, a gush of words incessantly pouring forth within the haunted premises, was even more distressing still. In the dead of the night, words, words, words — words of laudation, words of vituperation, words of indignation, words of peroration, words of order, words of disorder; words, words, words—the same words in the same weary array, of little or no meaning, over and over again—resounded in the unhappy gentleman's ears. The Irish accent was very frequently detectible in these dreadful sounds, and Mr. Bull considered it an aggravation of his misery.

All this time, the strangest and wildest confusion reigned among the furniture. Seats were overturned and knocked about; papers of importance that were laid upon the table, unaccountably disappeared; large measures were brought in and dropped; Members

of Mr. Bull's family were repeatedly thrown from side to side, without appearing to know that they had changed sides at all; other Members were absurdly hoisted from surprising distances to foremost benches, where they tried to hold on tight, but couldn't by any means effect it; invisible kicks flew about with the utmost rapidity; the seals of Mr. Bull's offices, though of some weight, were tossed to and fro, like shuttlecocks; and, in the tumult, Mr. Bull himself went bodily to the wall, and there remained doubled up for a considerable period. In addition to these fearful revels, it was found that a forest growth of cobweb and fungus, which in the course of many generations had accumulated in the lobbies and passages of Mr. Bull's old house, supernaturally sprung up at compound interest in the lobbies and passages of the new one, which were further infested by swarms of (supposed) unclean spirits that took refuge in the said growth. Thus was the house further haunted by what Mr. Bull calls, for the sake of distinction, 'Private Bills,' engendering a continual gabbling and cackling in all the before-mentioned passages and lobbies, as well as in all the smaller chambers or committee rooms of Mr. Bull's mansion: and occasioning so much spoliation and corruption, and such a prodigious waste of money, that Mr. Bull considers himself annually impoverished to the extent of many hundreds of thousands of pounds thereby.

At this distressing crisis, it occurred to Mr. Bull, to send the Members of his family (as it should be understood, his custom occasionally is) into the country, to be refreshed, and to get a little change. He thought that if the house stood empty for a short time, it might possibly become quieter in the interval; at any rate he knew that its condition could not well be worse. He therefore sent them down to various boroughs and counties, and awaited the result with some hope. But, now the most appalling circumstances connected with this haunted house, and which, within the compass of our reading, is unparalleled in any similar case, developed itself with a fury that had reduced Mr. Bull to the confines of despair.

For the time, the house itself was quiet. But, dismal to relate, the great mass of the Members of Mr. Bull's family carried the most terrific plagues of the house into the country with them, and seemed to let loose a legion of devils wheresoever they went. We will take, for the sake of clearness, the borough of Burningshame, and will

generally recount what happened there, as a specimen of what occurred in many other places.

A Member of Mr. Bull's family went down to Burningshame, with the intention—perfectly innocent in itself—of taking a pleasant walk over the course there, and getting his friends to return him by an easy conveyance to Mr. Bull. But, no sooner had this gentleman arrived in Burningshame, than the voices and words broke out in every room and balcony of his hotel with a vehemence and recklessness indescribably awful. They made the wildest statements; they swore to the most impossible promises; they said and unsaid fifty things in an hour; they declared black to be white, and white to be black, without the least appearance of any sense of shame or responsibility; and made the hair of the better part of the population stand on end. All this time, the dirtiest mud in the streets was found to be flying about and bespattering people at a great distance. This, however, was not the worst; would that it had been! It was but the beginning of the horrors. Scarcely was the town of Burningshame aware of its deplorable condition when the Member of Mr. Bull's family was discovered to be haunted, night and day, by two evil spirits who had come down with him (they being usually prowling about the lobbies and passages of the house, and other dry places), and who, under the names of an Attorney and a Parliamentary Agent, committed ravages truly diabolical. The first act of this infernal pair was, to throw open all the public-houses, and invite the people of Burningshame to drink themselves raving mad. They then compelled them, with banners, and with instruments of brass, and big drums, idiotically to parade the town, and fall foul of all other banners, instruments of brass, and big drums, that they met. In the meantime, they tortured and terrified all the small tradesmen, buzzed in their ears, dazzled their eyes, nipped their pockets, pinched their children, appeared to and alarmed their wives (many of them in the family way), broke the rest of whole families, and filled them with anxiety and dread. Not content with this, they tempted the entire town, got the people to sell their precious souls, put red-hot money into their hands while they were looking another way, made them forswear themselves, set father against son, brother against brother, friend against friend; and made the whole of Burningshame one sty of gluttony, drunkenness, avarice, lying, false-swearing, waste, want, ill-will, contention and depravity. In

short, if the Member's visit had lasted very long (which happily it did not) the place must have become a hell upon earth for several generations. And all this, these spirits did, with a wickedness peculiar to their accursed state: perpetually howling that it was pure and glorious, that it was free and independent, that it was Old England for ever, and other scraps of malignant mockery.

Matters had arrived at this pitch, not only in Burningshame, but, as already observed, in an infinite variety of other places, when Mr. Bull—having heard, perhaps, some rumours of these disasters —recalled the various Members of his family to his house in town. They were no sooner assembled, than all the old noises broke out with redoubled violence; the same extraordinary confusion prevailed among the furniture; the cobweb and fungus thickened with greater fecundity than before; and the multitude of spirits in the lobbies and passages bellowed and yelled, and made a dismal noise—described to be like the opening and shutting up of heavy cases—for weeks together.

But even this was not the worst. Mr. Bull now found, on questioning his family, that those evil spirits, the Attorneys and the Parliamentary Agents, had obtained such strong possession of many Members, that they (those members of Mr. Bull's family) stood in awe of the said spirits, and even while they pretended to have been no parties to what the spirits had done, constantly defended and sided with them, and said among themselves that if they carried the spirits over this bad job, the spirits would return the compliment by and by. This discovery, as may readily be believed, occasioned Mr. Bull the most poignant anguish, and he distractedly looked about him for any means of relieving his haunted house of their dreadful presence. An implement called a ballot box (much used by Mr. Bull for domestic purposes) being recommended as efficacious, Mr. Bull suggested to his family the expediency of trying it; but, so many of the Members roared out 'Un-English!' and were echoed in such fearful tones, and with such great gnashing of teeth, by the whole of the spirits in the passages and lobbies, that Mr. Bull (who is in some things of a timid disposition) abandoned the idea for the time, without at all knowing what the cry meant.

The house is still in the fearful condition described, and the question with Mr. Bull is, What is to be done with it? Instead of getting better it gets worse, if possible, every night. Fevered by

want of rest; confused by the perpetual gush of words, and dragging of weights; blinded by the tossings from side to side; bewildered by the clamour of the spirits; and infected by the doings at Burningshame and elsewhere; too many of the Members of Mr. Bull's family (as Mr. Bull perceives with infinite regret) are beginning to conceive that what is truth and honour out of Mr. Bull's house, is not truth and honour in it. That within those haunted precincts a gentleman may deem words all sufficient, and become a miserable quibbler. That the whole world is comprised within the haunted house of Mr. Bull, and that there is nothing outside to find him out, or call him to account. But this, as Mr. Bull remarks, is a delusion of a haunted mind; there being within his experience (which is pretty large) a good deal outside—Mr. Bull thinks, quite enough to pull his house about his family's ears, as soon as it ceases to be respected.

This is the present state of the haunted house. Mr. Bull has a fine Indian property, which has fallen into some confusion, and requires good management and just stewardship; but, as he says himself, how can he properly attend to his affairs in such an uproar? His younger children stand in great need of education, and must be sent to school somewhere; but how can he clear his mind to balance the different prospectuses of rival establishments in this perturbed condition? Holy water has been tried—a pretty large supply having been brought from Ireland—but it has not the least effect, though it is spouted all over the floor, in profusion, every night. 'Then,' says Mr. Bull, naturally much distressed in his mind, 'what am I to do, sir, with this house of mine? I can't go on in this way. All about Burningshame and those other places is well known. It won't do. I must not allow the Members of my family to bring disease upon the country on which they should bring health; to load it with disgrace instead of honour; with their dirty hands to soil the national character on the most serious occasions when they come in contact with it; and with their big talk to set up one standard of morality for themselves and another for the multitude. Nor must I be put off in this matter, for it presses. Then what am I to do, sir, with this house of mine?'

GONE ASTRAY

[August 13, 1853]

When I was a very small boy indeed, both in years and stature, I got lost one day in the City of London. I was taken out by Somebody (shade of Somebody forgive me for remembering no more of thy identity!), as an immense treat, to be shown the outside of Saint Giles's Church. I had romantic ideas in connection with that religious edifice; firmly believing that all the beggars who pretended through the week to be blind, lame, one-armed, deaf and dumb, and otherwise physically afflicted, laid aside their pretences every Sunday, dressed themselves in holiday clothes, and attended divine service in the temple of their patron saint. I had a general idea that the reigning successor of Bamfylde Moore Carew acted as a sort of churchwarden on these occasions, and sat in a high pew with red curtains.

It was in the spring-time when these tender notions of mine, bursting forth into new shoots under the influence of the season, became sufficiently troublesome to my parents and guardians to occasion Somebody to volunteer to take me to see the outside of Saint Giles's Church, which was considered likely (I suppose) to quench my romantic fire, and bring me to a practical state. We set off after breakfast. I have an impression that Somebody was got up in a striking manner—in cord breeches of fine texture and milky hue, in long jean gaiters, in a green coat with bright buttons, in a blue neckerchief, and a monstrous shirt-collar. I think he must have newly come (as I had myself) out of the hop-grounds of Kent. I considered him the glass of fashion and the mould of form: a very Hamlet without the burden of his difficult family affairs.

We were conversational together, and saw the outside of Saint Giles's Church with sentiments of satisfaction, much enhanced by a flag flying from the steeple. I infer that we then went down to Northumberland House in the Strand to view the celebrated lion over the gateway. At all events, I know that in the act of looking up with mingled awe and admiration at that famous animal I lost Somebody.

The child's unreasoning terror of being lost, comes as freshly on me now as it did then. I verily believe that if I had found myself astray at the North Pole instead of in the narrow, crowded, inconvenient street over which the lion in those days presided, I could not have been more horrified. But, this first fright expended itself in a little crying and tearing up and down; and then I walked, with a feeling of dismal dignity upon me, into a court, and sat down on a step to consider how to get through life.

To the best of my belief, the idea of asking my way home never came into my head. It is possible that I may, for the time, have preferred the dismal dignity of being lost; but I have a serious conviction that in the wide scope of my arrangements for the future, I had no eyes for the nearest and most obvious course. I was but very juvenile; from eight to nine years old, I fancy.

I had one and fourpence in my pocket, and a pewter ring with a bit of red glass in it on my little finger. This jewel had been presented to me by the object of my affections, on my birthday, when we had sworn to marry, but had foreseen family obstacles to our union, in her being (she was six years old) of the Wesleyan persuasion, while I was devotedly attached to the Church of England. The one and fourpence were the remains of half-a-crown presented on the same anniversary by my godfather—a man who knew his duty and did it.

Armed with these amulets, I made up my little mind to seek my fortune. When I had found it, I thought I would drive home in a coach and six, and claim my bride. I cried a little more at the idea of such a triumph, but soon dried my eyes and came out of the court to pursue my plans. These were, first to go (as a species of investment) and see the Giants in Guildhall, out of whom I felt it not improbable that some prosperous adventure would arise; failing that contingency, to try about the City for any opening of a Whittington nature; baffled in that too, to go into the army as a drummer.

So, I began to ask my way to Guildhall: which I thought meant, somehow, Gold or Golden Hall; I was too knowing to ask my way to the Giants, for I felt it would make people laugh. I remember how immensely broad the streets seemed now I was alone, how high the houses, how grand and mysterious everything. When I came to Temple Bar, it took me half an hour to stare at it, and

I left it unfinished even then. I had read about heads being exposed on the top of Temple Bar, and it seemed a wicked old place, albeit a noble monument of architecture and a paragon of utility. When at last I got away from it, behold I came, the next minute, on the figures at St. Dunstan's! Who could see those obliging monsters strike upon the bells and go? Between the quarters there was the toyshop to look at—still there, at this present writing, in a new form—and even when that enchanted spot was escaped from, after an hour and more, then Saint Paul's arose, and how was I to get beyond its dome, or to take my eyes from its cross of gold? I found it a long journey to the Giants, and a slow one.

I came into their presence at last, and gazed up at them with dread and veneration. They looked better-tempered, and were altogether more shiny-faced, than I had expected; but they were very big, and, as I judged their pedestals to be about forty feet high, I considered that they would be very big indeed if they were walking on the stone pavement. I was in a state of mind as to these and all such figures, which I suppose holds equally with most children. While I knew them to be images made of something that was not flesh and blood, I still invested them with attributes of life—with consciousness of my being there, for example, and the power of keeping a sly eye upon me. Being very tired I got into the corner under Magog, to be out of the way of his eye, and fell asleep.

When I started up after a long nap, I thought the giants were roaring, but it was only the City. The place was just the same as when I fell asleep: no beanstalk, no fairy, no princess, no dragon, no opening in life of any kind. So, being hungry, I thought I would buy something to eat, and bring it in there and eat it, before going forth to seek my fortune on the Whittington plan.

I was not ashamed of buying a penny roll in a baker's shop, but I looked into a number of cooks' shops before I could muster courage to go into one. At last I saw a pile of cooked sausages in a window with the label, 'Small Germans, A Penny.' Emboldened by knowing what to ask for, I went in and said, 'If you please will you sell me a small German?' which they did, and I took it, wrapped in paper in my pocket, to Guildhall.

The giants were still lying by, in their sly way, pretending to take no notice, so I sat down in another corner, when what should I

see before me but a dog with his ears cocked. He was a black dog, with a bit of white over one eye, and bits of white and tan in his paws, and he wanted to play—frisking about me, rubbing his nose against me, dodging at me sideways, shaking his head and pretending to run away backwards, and making himself good-naturedly ridiculous, as if he had no consideration for himself, but wanted to raise my spirits. Now, when I saw this dog I thought of Whittington, and felt that things were coming right; I encouraged him by saying, 'Hi, boy!' 'Poor fellow!' 'Good dog!' and was satisfied that he was to be my dog for ever afterwards, and that he would help me to seek my fortune.

Very much comforted by this (I had cried a little at odd times ever since I was lost), I took the small German out of my pocket, and began my dinner by biting off a bit and throwing it to the dog, who immediately swallowed it with a one-sided jerk, like a pill. While I took a bit myself, and he looked me in the face for a second piece, I considered by what name I should call him. I thought Merrychance would be an expressive name, under the circumstances; and I was elated, I recollect, by inventing such a good one, when Merrychance began to growl at me in a most ferocious manner.

I wondered he was not ashamed of himself, but he didn't care for that; on the contrary he growled a good deal more. With his mouth watering, and his eyes glistening, and his nose in a very damp state, and his head very much on one side, he sidled about on the pavement in a threatening manner and growled at me, until he suddenly made a snap at the small German, tore it out of my hand, and went off with it. He never came back to help me seek my fortune. From that hour to the present, when I am forty years of age, I have never seen my faithful Merrychance again.

I felt very lonely. Not so much for the loss of the small German, though it was delicious (I knew nothing about highly-peppered horse at that time), as on account of Merrychance's disappointing me so cruelly; for I had hoped he would do every friendly thing but speak, and perhaps even come to that. I cried a little more, and began to wish that the object of my affections had been lost with me, for company's sake. But, then I remembered that *she* could not go into the army as a drummer; and I dried my eyes and ate my loaf. Coming out, I met a milkwoman, of whom I bought a

pennyworth of milk; quite set up again by my repast, I began to roam about the City, and to seek my fortune in the Whittington direction.

When I go into the City, now, it makes me sorrowful to think that I am quite an artful wretch. Strolling about it as a lost child, I thought of the British Merchant and the Lord Mayor, and was full of reverence. Strolling about it now, I laugh at the sacred liveries of state, and get indignant with the corporation as one of the strongest practical jokes of the present day. What did I know then, about the multitude who are always being disappointed in the City; who are always expecting to meet a party there, and to receive money there, and whose expectations are never fulfilled? What did I know then, about that wonderful person, the friend in the City, who is to do so many things for so many people; who is to get this one into a post at home, and that one into a post abroad; who is to settle with this man's creditors, provide for that man's son, and see that other man paid; who is to 'throw himself' into this grand Joint-Stock certainty, and is to put his name down on that Life Assurance Directory, and never does anything predicted of him? What did I know, then, about him as the friend of gentlemen, Mosaic Arabs and others, usually to be seen at races, and chiefly residing in the neighbourhood of Red Lion Square; and as being unable to discount the whole amount of that paper in money, but as happening to have by him a cask of remarkable fine sherry, a dressing-case, and a Venus by Titian, with which he would be willing to make up the balance? Had I ever heard of him, in those innocent days, as confiding information (which never by any chance turned out to be in the remotest degree correct) to solemn bald men, who mysteriously imparted it to breathless dinner tables? No. Had I ever learned to dread him as a shark, disregard him as a humbug, and know him for a myth? Not I. Had I ever heard of him as associated with tightness in the money market, gloom in consols, the exportation of gold, or that rock ahead in everybody's course, the bushel of wheat? Never. Had I the least idea what was meant by such terms as jobbery, rigging the market, cooking accounts, getting up a dividend, making things pleasant, and the like? Not the slightest. Should I have detected in Mr. Hudson himself, a staring carcase of golden veal? By no manner of means. The City was to me a vast emporium of precious stones and metals,

casks and bales, honour and generosity, foreign fruits and spices. Every merchant and banker was a compound of Mr. Fitz-Warren and Sinbad the Sailor. Smith, Payne, and Smith, when the wind was fair for Barbary and the captain present, were in the habit of calling their servants together (the cross cook included) and asking them to produce their little shipments. Glyn and Halifax had personally undergone great hardships in the valley of diamonds. Baring Brothers had seen Rocs' eggs and travelled with caravans. Rothschild had sat in the Bazaar at Bagdad with rich stuffs for sale; and a veiled lady from the Sultan's harem, riding on a donkey, had fallen in love with him.

Thus I wandered about the City, like a child in a dream, staring at the British merchants, and inspired by a mighty faith in the marvellousness of everything. Up courts and down courts—in and out of yards and little squares—peeping into counting-house passages and running away—poorly feeding the echoes in the court of the South Sea House with my timid steps—roaming down into Austin Friars, and wondering how the Friars used to like it—ever staring at the British merchants, and never tired of the shops—I rambled on, all through the day. In such stories as I made, to account for the different places, I believed as devoutly as in the City itself. I particularly remember that when I found myself on 'Change, and saw the shabby people sitting under the placards about ships, I settled that they were Misers, who had embarked all their wealth to go and buy gold-dust or something of that sort, and were waiting for their respective captains to come and tell them that they were ready to set sail. I observed that they all munched dry biscuits, and I thought it was to keep off sea-sickness.

This was very delightful; but it still produced no result according to the Whittington precedent. There was a dinner preparing at the Mansion House, and when I peeped in at a grated kitchen window, and saw the men cooks at work in their white caps, my heart began to beat with hope that the Lord Mayor, or the Lady Mayoress, or one of the young Princesses their daughters, would look out of an upper apartment and direct me to be taken in. But, nothing of the kind occurred. It was not until I had been peeping in some time that one of the cooks called to me (the window was open) 'Cut away, you sir!' which frightened me so, on account of his black whiskers, that I instantly obeyed.

After that, I came to the India House, and asked a boy what it was, who made faces and pulled my hair before he told me, and behaved altogether in an ungenteel and discourteous manner. Sir James Hogg himself might have been satisfied with the veneration in which I held the India House. I had no doubt of its being the most wonderful, the most magnanimous, the most incorruptible, the most practically disinterested, the most in all respects astonishing, establishment on the face of the earth. I understood the nature of an oath, and would have sworn it to be one entire and perfect chrysolite.

Thinking much about boys who went to India, and who immediately, without being sick, smoked pipes like curled-up bell-ropes, terminating in a large cut-glass sugar basin upside down, I got among the outfitting shops. There, I read the lists of things that were necessary for an India-going boy, and when I came to 'one brace of pistols,' thought what happiness to be reserved for such a fate! Still no British merchant seemed at all disposed to take me into his house. The only exception was a chimney-sweep—he looked at me as if he thought me suitable to his business; but I ran away from him.

I suffered very much, all day, from boys; they chased me down turnings, brought me to bay in doorways, and treated me quite savagely, though I am sure I gave them no offence. One boy, who had a stump of black-lead pencil in his pocket, wrote his mother's name and address (as he said) on my white hat, outside the crown. Mrs. Blores, Wooden Leg Walk, Tobacco-stopper Row, Wapping. And I couldn't rub it out.

I recollect resting in a little churchyard after this persecution, disposed to think upon the whole, that if I and the object of my affections could be buried there together, at once, it would be comfortable. But, another nap, and a pump, and a bun, and above all a picture that I saw, brought me round again.

I must have strayed by that time, as I recal my course, into Goodman's Fields, or somewhere thereabouts. The picture represented a scene in a play then performing at a theatre in that neighbourhood which is no longer in existence. It stimulated me to go to that theatre and see that play. I resolved, as there seemed to be nothing doing in the Whittington way, that on the conclusion of the entertainments I would ask my way to the barracks, knock at

the gate, and tell them that I understood they were in want of drummers, and there I was. I think I must have been told, but I know I believed, that a soldier was always on duty, day and night, behind every barrack-gate, with a shilling; and that a boy who could by any means be prevailed on to accept it, instantly became a drummer, unless his father paid four hundred pounds.

I found out the theatre—of its external appearance I only remember the loyal initials G. R. untidily painted in yellow ochre on the front—and waited, with a pretty large crowd, for the opening of the gallery doors. The greater part of the sailors and others composing the crowd, were of the lowest description, and their conversation was not improving; but I understood little or nothing of what was bad in it then, and it had no depraving influence on me. I have wondered since, how long it would take, by means of such association, to corrupt a child nurtured as I had been, and innocent as I was.

Whenever I saw that my appearance attracted attention, either outside the doors or afterwards within the theatre, I pretended to look out for somebody who was taking care of me, and from whom I was separated, and to exchange nods and smiles with that creature of my imagination. This answered very well. I had my sixpence clutched in my hand ready to pay; and when the doors opened, with a clattering of bolts, and some screaming from women in the crowd, I went on with the current like a straw. My sixpence was rapidly swallowed up in the money-taker's pigeon-hole, which looked to me like a sort of mouth, and I got into the freer staircase above and ran on (as everybody else did) to get a good place. When I came to the back of the gallery, there were very few people in it, and the seats looked so horribly steep, and so like a diving arrangement to send me, headforemost, into the pit, that I held by one of them in a terrible fright. However, there was a good-natured baker with a young woman, who gave me his hand, and we all three scrambled over the seats together down into the corner of the first row. The baker was very fond of the young woman, and kissed her a good deal in the course of the evening.

I was no sooner comfortably settled, than a weight fell upon my mind, which tormented it most dreadfully, and which I must explain. It was a benefit night—the benefit of the comic actor—a little fat man with a very large face and, as I thought then, the smallest and

most diverting hat that ever was seen. This comedian, for the gratification of his friends and patrons, had undertaken to sing a comic song on a donkey's back, and afterwards to give away the donkey so distinguished, by lottery. In this lottery, every person admitted to the pit and gallery had a chance. On paying my sixpence, I had received the number, forty-seven; and I now thought, in a perspiration of terror, what should I ever do if that number was to come up the prize, and I was to win the donkey!

It made me tremble all over to think of the possibility of my good fortune. I knew I never could conceal the fact of my holding forty-seven, in case that number came up, because, not to speak of my confusion, which would immediately condemn me, I had shewn my number to the baker. Then, I pictured to myself the being called upon to come down on the stage and receive the donkey. I thought how all the people would shriek when they saw it had fallen to a little fellow like me. How should I lead him out—for of course he wouldn't go? If he began to bray, what should I do? If he kicked, what would become of me? Suppose he backed into the stage-door, and stuck there, with me upon him? For I felt that if I won him, the comic actor would have me on his back, the moment he could touch me. Then if I got him out of the theatre, what was I to do with him? How was I to feed him? Where was I to stable him? It was bad enough to have gone astray by myself, but to go astray with a donkey, too, was a calamity more tremendous than I could bear to contemplate.

These apprehensions took away all my pleasure in the first piece. When the ship came on—a real man-of-war she was called in the bills—and rolled prodigiously in a very heavy sea, I couldn't, even in the terrors of the storm, forget the donkey. It was awful to see the sailors pitching about, with telescopes and speaking trumpets (they looked very tall indeed aboard the man-of-war), and it was awful to suspect the pilot of treachery, though impossible to avoid it, for when he cried—'We are lost! To the raft, to the raft! A thunderbolt has struck the main-mast!'—I myself saw him take the main-mast out of its socket and drop it overboard; but even these impressive circumstances paled before my dread of the donkey. Even, when the good sailor (and he was very good) came to good fortune, and the bad sailor (and he was very bad) threw himself into the ocean from the summit of a curious rock, presenting something

of the appearance of a pair of steps, I saw the dreadful donkey through my tears.

At last the time came when the fiddlers struck up the comic song, and the dreaded animal, with new shoes on, as I inferred from the noise they made, came clattering in with the comic actor on his back. He was dressed out with ribbons (I mean the donkey was) and as he persisted in turning his tail to the audience, the comedian got off him, turned about, and sitting with his face that way, sang the song three times, amid thunders of applause. All this time, I was fearfully agitated; and when two pale people, a good deal splashed with the mud of the streets, were invited out of the pit to superintend the drawing of the lottery, and were received with a round of laughter from everybody else, I could have begged and prayed them to have mercy on me, and not draw number forty-seven.

But, I was soon put out of my pain now, for a gentleman behind me, in a flannel jacket and a yellow neck-kerchief, who had eaten two fried soles and all his pockets-full of nuts before the storm began to rage, answered to the winning number, and went down to take possession of the prize. This gentleman had appeared to know the donkey, rather, from the moment of his entrance, and had taken a great interest in his proceedings; driving him to himself, if I use an intelligible phrase, and saying, almost in my ear, when he made any mistake, 'Kum up, you precious Moke. Kum up!' He was thrown by the donkey on first mounting him, to the great delight of the audience (including myself), but rode him off with great skill afterwards, and soon returned to his seat quite calm. Calmed myself by the immense relief I had sustained, I enjoyed the rest of the performance very much indeed. I remember there were a good many dances, some in fetters and some in roses, and one by a most divine little creature, who made the object of my affections look but common-place. In the concluding drama, she re-appeared as a boy (in arms, mostly), and was fought for, several times. I rather think a Baron wanted to drown her, and was on various occasions prevented by the comedian, a ghost, a Newfoundland dog, and a church bell. I only remember beyond this, that I wondered where the Baron expected to go to, and that he went there in a shower of sparks. The lights were turned out while the sparks died out, and it appeared to me as if the whole play—ship, donkey, men and

women, divine little creature, and all—were a wonderful firework that had gone off, and left nothing but dust and darkness behind it.

It was late when I got out into the streets, and there was no moon, and there were no stars, and the rain fell heavily. When I emerged from the dispersing crowd, the ghost and the baron had an ugly look in my remembrance; I felt unspeakably forlorn; and now, for the first time, my little bed and the dear familiar faces came before me, and touched my heart. By daylight, I had never thought of the grief at home. I had never thought of my mother. I had never thought of anything but adapting myself to the circumstances in which I found myself, and going to seek my fortune.

For a boy who could do nothing but cry, and run about, saying, 'O I am lost!' to think of going into the army was, I felt sensible, out of the question. I abandoned the idea of asking my way to the barracks—or rather the idea abandoned me—and ran about, until I found a watchman in his box. It is amazing to me, now, that he should have been sober; but I am inclined to think he was too feeble to get drunk.

This venerable man took me to the nearest watch-house;—I say he took me, but in fact I took him, for when I think of us in the rain, I recollect that we must have made a composition, like a vignette of Infancy leading Age. He had a dreadful cough, and was obliged to lean against a wall, whenever it came on. We got at last to the watch-house, a warm and drowsy sort of place embellished with great-coats and rattles hanging up. When a paralytic messenger had been sent to make inquiries about me, I fell asleep by the fire, and awoke no more until my eyes opened on my father's face. This is literally and exactly how I went astray. They used to say I was an odd child, and I suppose I was. I am an odd man perhaps.

Shade of Somebody, forgive me for the disquiet I must have caused thee! When I stand beneath the Lion, even now, I see thee rushing up and down, refusing to be comforted. I have gone astray since, many times, and farther afield. May I therein have given less disquiet to others, than herein I gave to thee!

FRAUDS ON THE FAIRIES

[October 1, 1853]

We may assume that we are not singular in entertaining a very great tenderness for the fairy literature of our childhood. What enchanted us then, and is captivating a million of young fancies now, has, at the same blessed time of life, enchanted vast hosts of men and women who have done their long day's work, and laid their grey heads down to rest. It would be hard to estimate the amount of gentleness and mercy that has made its way among us through these slight channels. Forbearance, courtesy, consideration for the poor and aged, kind treatment of animals, the love of nature, abhorrence of tyranny and brute force—many such good things have been first nourished in the child's heart by this powerful aid. It has greatly helped to keep us, in some sense, ever young, by preserving through our worldly ways one slender track not overgrown with weeds, where we may walk with children, sharing their delights.

In an utilitarian age, of all other times, it is a matter of grave importance that Fairy tales should be respected. Our English red tape is too magnificently red ever to be employed in the tying up of such trifles, but every one who has considered the subject knows full well that a nation without fancy, without some romance, never did, never can, never will, hold a great place under the sun. The theatre, having done its worst to destroy these admirable fictions—and having in a most exemplary manner destroyed itself, its artists, and its audiences, in that perversion of its duty—it becomes doubly important that the little books themselves, nurseries of fancy as they are, should be preserved. To preserve them in their usefulness, they must be as much preserved in their simplicity, and purity, and innocent extravagance, as if they were actual fact. Whosoever alters them to suit his own opinions, whatever they are, is guilty, to our thinking, of an act of presumption, and appropriates to himself what does not belong to him.

We have lately observed, with pain, the intrusion of a Whole Hog of unwieldy dimensions into the fairy flower garden. The rooting of the animal among the roses would in itself have awakened in us nothing but indignation; our pain arises from his being

violently driven in by a man of genius, our own beloved friend, Mr. George Cruikshank. That incomparable artist is, of all men, the last who should lay his exquisite hand on fairy text. In his own art he understands it so perfectly, and illustrates it so beautifully, so humorously, so wisely, that he should never lay down his etching needle to 'edit' the Ogre, to whom with that little instrument he can render such extraordinary justice. But, to 'editing' Ogres, and Hop-o'-my-thumbs, and their families, our dear moralist has in a rash moment taken, as a means of propagating the doctrines of Total Abstinence, Prohibition of the sale of spirituous liquors, Free Trade, and Popular Education. For the introduction of these topics, he has altered the text of a fairy story; and against his right to do any such thing we protest with all our might and main. Of his likewise altering it to advertise that excellent series of plates, 'The Bottle,' we say nothing more than that we foresee a new and improved edition of Goody Two Shoes, edited by E. Moses and Son; of the Dervish with the box of ointment, edited by Professor Holloway; and of Jack and the Beanstalk, edited by Mary Wedlake, the popular authoress of Do you bruise your oats yet.

Now, it makes not the least difference to our objection whether we agree or disagree with our worthy friend, Mr. Cruikshank, in the opinions he interpolates upon an old fairy story. Whether good or bad in themselves, they are, in that relation, like the famous definition of a weed; a thing growing up in a wrong place. He has no greater moral justification in altering the harmless little books than we should have in altering his best etchings. If such a precedent were followed we must soon become disgusted with the old stories into which modern personages so obtruded themselves, and the stories themselves must soon be lost. With seven Blue Beards in the field, each coming at a gallop from his own platform mounted on a foaming hobby, a generation or two hence would not know which was which, and the great original Blue Beard would be confounded with the counterfeits. Imagine a Total abstinence edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, with the rum left out. Imagine a Peace edition, with the gunpowder left out, and the rum left in. Imagine a Vegetarian edition, with the goat's flesh left out. Imagine a Kentucky edition, to introduce a flogging of that 'tarnal old nigger Friday, twice a week. Imagine an Aborigines Protection Society edition, to deny the cannibalism and make Robinson embrace the amiable savages

whenever they landed. Robinson Crusoe would be 'edited' out of his island in a hundred years, and the island would be swallowed up in the editorial ocean.

Among the other learned professions we have now the Platform profession, chiefly exercised by a new and meritorious class of commercial travellers who go about to take the sense of meetings on various articles: some, of a very superior description: some, not quite so good. Let us write the story of Cinderella, 'edited' by one of these gentlemen, doing a good stroke of business, and having a rather extensive mission.

Once upon a time, a rich man and his wife were the parents of a lovely daughter. She was a beautiful child, and became, at her own desire, a member of the Juvenile Bands of Hope when she was only four years of age. When this child was only nine years of age her mother died, and all the Juvenile Bands of Hope in her district—the Central district, number five hundred and twenty-seven—formed in a procession of two and two, amounting to fifteen hundred, and followed her to the grave, singing chorus Number forty-two, 'O come,' etc. This grave was outside the town, and under the direction of the Local Board of Health, which reported at certain stated intervals to the General Board of Health, Whitehall.

The motherless little girl was very sorrowful for the loss of her mother, and so was her father too, at first; but, after a year was over, he married again—a very cross widow lady, with two proud tyrannical daughters as cross as herself. He was aware that he could have made his marriage with this lady a civil process by simply making a declaration before a Registrar; but he was averse to this course on religious grounds, and, being a member of the Montgolfian persuasion, was married according to the ceremonies of that respectable church by the Reverend Jared Jocks, who improved the occasion.

He did not live long with his disagreeable wife. Having been shamefully accustomed to shave with warm water instead of cold, which he ought to have used (see Medical Appendix B. and C.), his undermined constitution could not bear up against her temper, and he soon died. Then, this orphan was cruelly treated by her stepmother and the two daughters, and was forced to do the dirtiest of the kitchen work; to scour the saucepans, wash the dishes, and light the

fires—which did not consume their own smoke, but emitted a dark vapour prejudicial to the bronchial tubes. The only warm place in the house where she was free from ill-treatment was the kitchen chimney-corner; and as she used to sit down there, among the cinders, when her work was done, the proud fine sisters gave her the name of Cinderella.

About this time, the King of the land, who never made war against anybody, and allowed everybody to make war against him—which was the reason why his subjects were the greatest manufacturers on earth, and always lived in security and peace—gave a great feast, which was to last two days. This splendid banquet was to consist entirely of artichokes and gruel; and from among those who were invited to it, and to hear the delightful speeches after dinner, the King's son was to choose a bride for himself. The proud fine sisters were invited, but nobody knew anything about poor Cinderella, and she was to stay at home.

She was so sweet-tempered, however, that she assisted the haughty creatures to dress, and bestowed her admirable taste upon them as freely as if they had been kind to her. Neither did she laugh when they broke seventeen stay-laces in dressing; for, although she wore no stays herself, being sufficiently acquainted with the anatomy of the human figure to be aware of the destructive effects of tight-lacing, she always reserved her opinions on that subject for the Regenerative Record (price three halfpence in a neat wrapper), which all good people take in, and to which she was a Contributor.

At length the wished-for moment arrived, and the proud fine sisters swept away to the feast and speeches, leaving Cinderella in the chimney-corner. But, she could always occupy her mind with the general question of the Ocean Penny Postage, and she had in her pocket an unread Oration on that subject, made by the well-known Orator, Nehemiah Nicks. She was lost in the fervid eloquence of that talented Apostle when she became aware of the presence of one of those female relatives which (it may not be generally known) it is not lawful for a man to marry. I allude to her grandmother.

'Why so solitary, my child?' said the old lady to Cinderella.

'Alas, grandmother,' returned the poor girl, 'my sisters have gone to the feast and speeches, and here sit I in the ashes, Cinderella!'

'Never,' cried the old lady with animation, 'shall one of the Band

of Hope despair! Run into the garden, my dear, and fetch me an American Pumpkin! American, because in some parts of that independent country, there are prohibitory laws against the sale of alcoholic drinks in any form. Also; because America produced (among many great pumpkins) the glory of her sex, Mrs. Colonel Bloomer. None but an American Pumpkin will do, my child.'

Cinderella ran into the garden, and brought the largest American Pumpkin she could find. This virtuously democratic vegetable her grandmother immediately changed into a splendid coach. Then, she sent her for six mice from the mouse-trap, which she changed into prancing horses, free from the obnoxious and oppressive post-horse duty. Then, to the rat-trap in the stable for a rat, which she changed to a state-coachman, not amenable to the iniquitous assessed taxes. Then, to look behind a watering-pot for six lizards, which she changed into six footmen, each with a petition in his hand ready to present to the Prince, signed by fifty thousand persons, in favour of the early closing movement.

'But grandmother,' said Cinderella, stopping in the midst of her delight, and looking at her clothes, 'how can I go to the palace in these miserable rags?'

'Be not uneasy about that, my dear,' returned her grandmother.

Upon which the old lady touched her with her wand, her rags disappeared, and she was beautifully dressed. Not in the present costume of the female sex, which has been proved to be at once grossly immodest and absurdly inconvenient, but in rich sky-blue satin pantaloons gathered at the ankle, a puce-coloured satin pelisse sprinkled with silver flowers, and a very broad Leghorn hat. The hat was chastely ornamented with a rainbow-coloured ribbon hanging in two bell-pulls down the back; the pantaloons were ornamented with a golden stripe; and the effect of the whole was unspeakably sensible, feminine, and retiring. Lastly, the old lady put on Cinderella's feet a pair of shoes made of glass: observing that but for the abolition of the duty on that article, it never could have been devoted to such a purpose; the effect of all such taxes being to cramp invention, and embarrass the producer, to the manifest injury of the consumer. When the old lady had made these wise remarks, she dismissed Cinderella to the feast and speeches, charging her by no means to remain after twelve o'clock at night.

The arrival of Cinderella at the Monster Gathering produced

a great excitement. As a delegate from the United States had just moved that the King do take the chair, and as the motion had been seconded and carried unanimously, the King himself could not go forth to receive her. But His Royal Highness the Prince (who was to move the second resolution), went to the door to hand her from her carriage. This virtuous Prince, being completely covered from head to foot with Total Abstinence Medals, shone as if he were attired in complete armour; while the inspiring strains of the Peace Brass Band in the gallery (composed of the Lambkin Family, eighteen in number, who cannot be too much encouraged) awakened additional enthusiasm.

The King's son handed Cinderella to one of the reserved seats for pink tickets, on the platform, and fell in love with her immediately. His appetite deserted him; he scarcely tasted his artichokes, and merely trifled with his gruel. When the speeches began, and Cinderella, wrapped in the eloquence of the two inspired delegates who occupied the entire evening in speaking to the first Resolution, occasionally cried, 'Hear, hear!' the sweetness of her voice completed her conquest of the Prince's heart. But, indeed the whole male portion of the assembly loved her—and doubtless would have done so, even if she had been less beautiful, in consequence of the contrast which her dress presented to the bold and ridiculous garments of the other ladies.

At a quarter before twelve the second inspired delegate having drunk all the water in the decanter, and fainted away, the King put the question, 'That this meeting do now adjourn until to-morrow.' Those who were of that opinion holding up their hands, and then those who were of the contrary, theirs, there appeared an immense majority in favour of the resolution, which was consequently carried. Cinderella got home in safety, and heard nothing all that night, or all next day, but the praises of the unknown lady with the sky-blue satin pantaloons.

When the time for the feast and speeches came round again, the cross stepmother and the proud fine daughters went out in good time to secure their places. As soon as they were gone, Cinderella's grandmother returned and changed her as before. Amid a blast of welcome from the Lambkin family, she was again handed to the pink seat on the platform by His Royal Highness.

This gifted Prince was a powerful speaker, and had the evening

before him. He rose at precisely ten minutes before eight, and was greeted with tumultuous cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. When the excitement had in some degree subsided, he proceeded to address the meeting: who were never tired of listening to speeches, as no good people ever are. He held them enthralled for four hours and a quarter. Cinderella forgot the time, and hurried away so when she heard the first stroke of twelve, that her beautiful dress changed back to her old rags at the door, and she left one of her glass shoes behind. The Prince took it up, and vowed—that is, made a declaration before a magistrate; for he objected on principle to the multiplying of oaths—that he would only marry the charming creature to whom that shoe belonged.

He accordingly caused an advertisement to that effect to be inserted in all the newspapers; for, the advertisement duty, an impost most unjust in principle and most unfair in operation, did not exist in that country; neither was the stamp on newspapers known in that land—which had as many newspapers as the United States, and got as much good out of them. Innumerable ladies answered the advertisement and pretended that the shoe was theirs; but, every one of them was unable to get her foot into it. The proud fine sisters answered it, and tried their feet with no greater success. Then, Cinderella, who had answered it too, came forward amidst their scornful jeers, and the shoe slipped on in a moment. It is a remarkable tribute to the improved and sensible fashion of the dress her grandmother had given her, that if she had not worn it the Prince would probably never have seen her feet.

The marriage was solemnised with great rejoicing. When the honeymoon was over, the King retired from public life, and was succeeded by the Prince. Cinderella, being now a queen, applied herself to the government of the country on enlightened, liberal, and free principles. All the people who ate anything she did not eat, or who drank anything she did not drink, were imprisoned for life. All the newspaper offices from which any doctrine proceeded that was not her doctrine, were burnt down. All the public speakers proved to demonstration that if there were any individual on the face of the earth who differed from them in anything, that individual was a designing ruffian and an abandoned monster. She also threw open the right of voting, and of being elected to public offices, and of making the laws, to the whole of her sex; who thus came

to be always gloriously occupied with public life and whom nobody dared to love. And they all lived happily ever afterwards.

Frauds on the Fairies once permitted, we see little reason why they may not come to this, and great reason why they may. The Vicar of Wakefield was wisest when he was tired of being always wise. The world is too much with us, early and late. Leave this precious old escape from it, alone.

THINGS THAT CANNOT BE DONE

[October 8, 1853]

Nothing flagrantly wrong can be done, without adequate punishment, under the English law. What a comfortable truth that is! I have always admired the English law with all my heart, as being plain, cheap, comprehensive, easy, unmistakable, strong to help the right doer, weak to help the wrong doer, entirely free from adherence to barbarous usages which the world has passed, and knows to be ridiculous and unjust. It is delightful never to see the law at fault, never to find it in what our American relatives call a fix, never to behold a scoundrel able to shield himself with it, always to contemplate the improving spectacle of Law in its wig and gown leading blind Justice by the hand and keeping her in the straight broad course.

I am particularly struck, at the present time, by the majesty with which the Law protects its own humble administrators. Next to the punishment of any offence by fining the offender in a sum of money—which is a practice of the Law, too enlightened and too obviously just and wise, to need any commendation—the penalties inflicted on an intolerable brute who maims a police officer for life, make my soul expand with a solemn joy. I constantly read in the newspapers of such an offender being committed to prison with hard labour, for one, two, or even three months. Side by side with such a case, I read the statement of a surgeon to the police force, that within such a specified short time, so many men have been under his care for similar injuries; so many of whom have recovered, after undergoing a refinement of pain expressly contemplated by

their assailants in the nature of their attack; so many of whom, being permanently debilitated and incapacitated, have been dismissed the force. Then, I know that a wild beast in a man's form cannot gratify his savage hatred of those who check him in the perpetration of crime, without suffering a thousand times more than the object of his wrath, and without being made a certain and a stern example. And this is one of the occasions on which the beauty of the Law of England fills me with the solemn joy I have mentioned.

The pæans I have of late been singing within myself on the subject of the determination of the Law to prevent by severe punishment the oppression and ill-treatment of Women, have been echoed in the public journals. It is true that an ill-conditioned friend of mine, possessing the remarkably inappropriate name of Common Sense, is not fully satisfied on this head. It is true that he says to me, 'Will you look at these cases of brutality, and tell me whether you consider six years of the hardest prison task-work (instead of six months) punishment enough for such enormous cruelty? Will you read the increasing records of these violences from day to day, as more and more sufferers are gradually encouraged by a law of six months' standing to disclose their long endurance, and will you consider what a legal system that must be which only now applies an imperfect remedy to such a giant evil? Will you think of the torments and murders of a dark perspective of past years, and ask yourself the question whether in exulting so mightily, at this time of day, over a law faintly asserting the lowest first principle of all law, you are not somewhat sarcastic on the virtuous Statutes at Large, piled up there on innumerable shelves?' It is true, I say, that my ill-conditioned friend does twit me, and the law I dote on, after this manner; but it is enough for me to know, that for a man to maim and kill his wife by inches—or even the woman, wife or no wife, who shares his home—without most surely incurring a punishment, the justice of which satisfies the mind and heart of the common level of humanity, is one of the things that cannot be done.

But, deliberately, falsely, defamingly, publicly and perseveringly, to pursue and outrage any woman is foremost among the things that cannot be done. Of course, it cannot be done. This is the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three; and Steam and

Electricity would indeed have left the limping Law behind, if it *could* be done in the present age.

Let me put an impossible case, to illustrate at once my admiration of the Law, and its tender care for Women. This may be an appropriate time for doing so, when most of us are complimenting the Law on its avenging gallantry.

Suppose a young lady to be left a great heiress, under circumstances which cause the general attention to be attracted to her name. Suppose her to be modest, retiring, otherwise only known for her virtues, charities, and noble actions. Suppose an abandoned sharper, so debased, so wanting in the manhood of a commonly vile swindler, so lost to every sense of shame and disgrace, as to conceive the original idea of hunting this young lady through life until she buys him off with money. Suppose him to adjust the speculation deliberately with himself. 'I know nothing of her, I never saw her; but I am a bankrupt, with no character and no trade that brings me in any money; and I mean to make the pursuit of her, my trade. She seeks retirement; I will drag her out of it. She avoids notoriety; I will force it upon her. She is rich; she shall stand and deliver. I am poor; I will have plunder. The opinion of society. What is that to me? I know the Law, and the Law will be *my* friend—not hers.'

It is very difficult, I know, to suppose such a set of circumstances, or to imagine such an animal not caged behind iron bars or knocked on the head. But, let us stretch elastic fancy to such an extreme point of supposition. He goes to work at the trade he has taken up, and works at it, industriously, say for fifteen, sixteen, seventeen years. He invents the most preposterous and transparent lies, which not one human being whose ears they ever reach, can possibly believe. He pretends that the lady promised to marry him—say, in a nonsensical jingle of rhymes which he produces, and which he says and swears (for what will he not say and swear, except the truth?) is the production of the lady's hand. Before incapable country justices, and dim little farthing rushlights of the law, he drags this lady at his pleasure, whenever he will. He makes the Law a screw to force the hand she has had the courage to close upon her purse from the beginning. He makes the Law a rack on which to torture her constancy, her affections, her consideration for the living, and her veneration for the dead. He shakes the letter of

the Law over the heads of the puny tribunals he selects for his infamous purpose, and frightens them into an endurance of his audacious mendacity. Because the Law is a Law of the peddling letter and not of the comprehensive spirit, this magistrate shall privately bribe him with money to condescend to overlook his omission (sanctioned by the practice of years) of some miserable form as to the exact spot in which he puts his magisterial signature upon a document; and that commissioner shall publicly compliment him upon his extraordinary acquirements, when it is manifest upon the face of the written evidence before the same learned commissioner's eyes in court, that he cannot so much as spell. But he knows the Law. And the letter of the Law is with the rascal and not with the rascal's prey.

For, we are to suppose that all through these years, he is never punished with any punishment worthy of the name, for his real offence. He is now and then held to bail, gets out of prison, and goes to his trade again. He commits wilful and corrupt perjury, down a byeway, and is lightly punished for that; but he takes his brazen face along the high road of his guilt, uncrushed. The blundering, babbling, botched Law, in splitting hairs with him, makes business for itself; they get on very well together—worthy companions—shepherds both.

Now, I am willing to admit that if such a case as this, could by any possibility be; if it could go on so long and so publicly, as that the whole town should have the facts within its intimate knowledge; if it were as well known as the Queen's name; if it never presented itself afresh, in any court, without awakening an honest indignation in the breasts of all the audience not learned in the Law; and yet if this nefarious culprit were just as free to drive his trade at last as he was at first, and the object of his ingenious speculation could find absolutely no redress; then, and in that case, I say, I am willing to admit that the Law would be a false pretence and a self-convicted failure. But, happily, and as we all know, this is one of the things that cannot be done.

No. Supposing such a culprit face to face with it, the Law would address him thus. 'Stand up, knave, and hear me! I am not the thing of shreds and patches you suppose. I am not the degraded creature whom any wretch may invoke to gratify his basest appetites and do his dirtiest work. Not for that, am I part

and parcel of a costly system maintained with cheerfulness out of the labours of a great free people. Not for that, do I continually glorify my Bench and my Bar, and, from my high place, look complacently upon a sea of wigs. I am not a jumble and jargon of words, fellow; I am a Principle. I was set up here, by those who can pull me down—and will, if I be incapable—to punish the wrong-doer, for the sake of the body-politic in whose name I act, and from whom alone my power is derived. I know you, well, for a wrong-doer; I have it in proof before me that you are a forsworn, crafty, defiant, bullying, pestilent impostor. And if I be not an impostor too, and a worse one, my plainest duty is to set my heel upon you—which I mean to do before you go hence.

'Attend to me yet, knave. Hold your peace! You are one of those landsharks whose eyes have twinkled to see the driving of coaches and six through Acts of Parliament, and who come up with their dirty little dog's meat carts to follow through the same crooked ways. But you shall know, that I am something more than a maze of tortuous ins and outs, and that I have at least, one plain road—to wit, the road by which, for the general protection, and in the exercise of my first function, I mean to send you into safe keeping; fifty thousand Acts, and a hundred thousand Caps, and five hundred thousand Secs, notwithstanding.

'For, Beast of Prey, above the perplexed letter of all Law that has any might in it, goes the spirit. If I be, as I claim to be, the child of Justice, and not the offspring of the Artful Dodger, that spirit shall, before I gabble through one legal argument more, provide for you and all the like of you, as you deserve. If it cannot do that of itself, I will have letter to help it. But I will not remain here, a spectacle and a scandal to those who are the breath of my nostrils, with your dirty hands clinging to my robe, your brazen lungs misrepresenting me, your shameless face beslavering me in my prostitution.'

Thus the Law clearly would address any such impossible person. For this reason, among others not dissimilar, I glory in the Law, and am ready at all times to shed my best blood to uphold it. For this reason too, I am proud, as an Englishman, to know that such a design upon a woman as I have, in a wild moment, imagined, is not to be entered upon, and is—as it ought to be—one of the things that can never be done.

FIRE AND SNOW

[January 21, 1854]

Can this be the region of cinders and coal-dust, which we have traversed before now, divers times, both by night and by day, when the dirty wind rattled as it came against us charged with fine particles of coal, and the natural colour of the earth and all its vegetation might have been black, for anything our eyes could see to the contrary in a waste of many miles? Indeed it is the same country, though so altered that on this present day when the old year is near its last, the North-East wind blows white, and all the ground is white—pure white—insomuch that if our lives depended on our identifying a mound of ashes as we jar along this Birmingham and Wolverhampton Railway, we could not find a handful.

The sun shines brightly, though it is a cold cold sun, this piercing day; and when the Birmingham tunnel disgorges us into the frosty air, we find the pointsman housed in no mere box, but in a resplendent pavilion, all bejewelled with dazzling icicles, the least a yard long. A radiant pointsman he should be, we think, invested by fairies with a dress of rainbow hues, and going round and round in some gorgeously playful manner on a gold and silver pivot. But, he has changed neither his stout great-coat, nor his stiff hat, nor his stiff attitude of watch; and as (like the ghostly dagger of Macbeth) he marshalls us the way that we were going, we observe him to be a mortal with a red face—red, in part from a seasonable joviality of spirit, and in part from frost and wind—with the encrusted snow dropping silently off his outstretched arm.

Redder than ever are the very red-brick little houses outside Birmingham—all staring at the railway in the snowy weather, like plethoric old men with white heads. Clean linen drying in yards seems ill-washed, against the intense white of the landscape. Far and near, the tall tall chimneys look out over one another's shoulders for the swart ashes familiar to them, and can discern nothing but snow. Is this the smoke of other chimneys setting in so heavily from the north-east, and overclouding the short brightness of the day? No. By the North Pole it is more snow!

Making directly at us, and flying almost horizontally before the wind, it rushes against the train, in a dark blast profusely speckled as it were with drifting white feathers. A sharp collision, though a harmless one! No wonder that the engine seems to have a fearful cold in his head. No wonder, with a deal of out-door work in such a winter, that he is very hoarse and very short of breath, very much blown when we come to the next station, and very much given to weeping, snorting and spitting, all the time he stops!

Which is short enough, for these little upstairs stations at the tops of high arches, whence we almost look down the chimneys of scattered workshops, and quite inhale their smoke as it comes puffing at us—these little upstairs stations rarely seem to do much business anywhere, and just now are like suicidal heights to dive from into depths of snow. So, away again over the moor, where the clanking serpents usually writhing above coal-pits, are dormant and whitened over—this being holiday time—but where those grave monsters, the blast-furnaces, which cannot stoop to recreation, are awake and roaring. Now, a smoky village; now, a chimney; now, a dormant serpent who seems to have been benumbed in the act of working his way for shelter into the lonely little engine-house by the pit's mouth; now, a pond with black specks sliding and skating; now, a drift with similar specks half sunken in it throwing snowballs; now, a cold white altar of snow with fire blazing on it; now, a dreary open space of mound and fell, snowed smoothly over, and closed in at last by sullen cities of chimneys. Not altogether agreeable to think of crossing such space without a guide, and being swallowed by a long-abandoned, long-forgotten shaft. Not even agreeable, in this undermined country, to think of half a dozen railway arches with the train upon them, suddenly vanishing through the snow into the excavated depths of a coal-forest.

Snow, wind, ice, and Wolverhampton—all together. No carriage at the station, everything snowed up. So much the better. The Swan will take us under its warm wing, walking or riding. Where is the Swan's nest? In the market-place. So much the better yet, for it is market-day, and there will be something to see from the Swan's nest.

Up the streets of Wolverhampton, where the doctor's bright door-plate is dimmed as if Old Winter's breath were on it, and the lawyer's office window is appropriately misty, to the market-place:

where we find a cheerful bustle and plenty of people—for the most part pretending not to like the snow, but liking it very much, as people generally do. The Swan is a bird of a good substantial brood, worthy to be a country cousin of the hospitable Hen and Chickens, whose company we have deserted for only a few hours and with whom we shall roost again at Birmingham to-night. The Swan has bountiful coal-country notions of firing, snug homely rooms, cheerful windows looking down upon the clusters of snowy umbrellas in the market-place, and on the chaffering and chattering which is pleasantly hushed by the thick white down lying so deep, and softly falling still. Neat bright-eyed waitresses do the honours of the Swan. The Swan is confident about its soup, is troubled with no distrust concerning cod-fish, speaks the word of promise in relation to an enormous chine of roast beef, one of the dishes at 'the Ironmasters' dinner,' which will be disengaged at four. The Ironmasters' dinner! It has an imposing sound. We think of the Ironmasters joking, drinking to their Ironmistresses, clinking their glasses with a metallic ring, and comporting themselves at the festive board with the might of men who have mastered Iron.

Now for a walk! Not in the direction of the furnaces, which we will see to-night when darkness shall set off the fires; but in the country with our faces towards Wales. Say, ye hoary finger-posts whereon the name of picturesque old Shrewsbury is written in characters of frost; ye hedges lately bare, that have burst into snowy foliage; ye glittering trees from which the wind blows sparkling dust; ye high drifts by the roadside, which are blue a-top, where ye are seen opposed to the bright red and yellow of the horizon; say all of ye, is summer the only season for enjoyable walks! Answer, roguish crow, alighting on a sheep's back to pluck his wool off for an extra blanket, and skimming away, so black, over the white field; give us your opinion, swinging ale-house signs, and cosey little bars; speak out, farrier's shed with faces all a-glow, fountain of sparks, heaving bellows, and ringing music; tell us, cottage hearths and sprigs of holly in cottage windows; be eloquent in praise of wintry walks, you sudden blasts of wind that pass like shiverings of Nature, you deep roads, you solid fragments of old hayricks with your fragrance frozen in! Even you, drivers of toiling carts, coal-laden, keeping company together behind your charges, dog-attended and basket-bearing: even you, though it is

no easy work to stop, every now and then, and chip the snow away from the clogged wheels with picks, will have a fair word to say for winter, will you not!

Down to the solitary factory in the dip of the road, deserted of holiday-makers, and where the water-mill is frozen up—then turn. As we draw nigh to our bright bird again, the early evening is closing in, the cold increases, the snow deadens and darkens, and lights spring up in the shops. A wet walk, ankle deep in snow the whole way. We must buy some stockings, and borrow the Swan's slippers before dinner.

It is a mercy that we step into the toy-shop to buy a pocket-comb too, or the pretty child-customer (as it seems to us, the only other customer the elderly lady of the toy-shop has lately had), might have stood divided between the two puzzles at one shilling each, until the putting up of the shutters. But, the incursion of our fiery faces and snowy dresses, coupled with our own individual recommendation of the puzzle on the right hand, happily turn the scale. The best of pocket-combs for a shilling, and now for the stockings. Dibbs 'don't keep 'em,' though he writes up that he does, and Jibbs is so beleaguered by country people making market-day and Christmas-week purchases, that his shop is choked to the pavement. Mibbs is the man for our money, and Mibbs keeps everything in the stocking line, though he may not exactly know where to find it. However, he finds what we want, in an inaccessible place, after going up ladders for it like a lamplighter; and a very good article it is, and a very civil worthy trader Mibbs is, and may Mibbs increase and multiply! Likewise young Mibbs, unacquainted with the price of anything in stock, and young Mibbs's aunt who attends to the ladies' department.

The Swan is rich in slippers—in those good old flip-flap inn slippers which nobody can keep on, which knock double knocks on every stair as their wearer comes downstairs, and fly away over the banisters before they have brought him to level ground. Rich also is the Swan in wholesome well-cooked dinner, and in tender chine of beef, so brave in size that the mining of all the powerful Iron-masters is but a sufficient outlet for its gravy. Rich in things wholesome and sound and unpretending is the Swan, except that we would recommend the good bird not to dip its beak into its sherry. Under the change from snow and wind to hot soup, drawn red

curtains, fire and candle, we observe our demonstrations at first to be very like the engine's at the little station; but they subside, and we dine vigorously—another tribute to a winter walk!—and finding that the Swan's ideas of something hot to drink are just and laudable, we adopt the same, with emendations (in the matter of lemon chiefly) of which modesty and total abstinence principles forbid the record. Then, thinking drowsily and delightfully of all things that have occurred to us during the last four-and-twenty hours, and of most things that have occurred to us during the last four-and-twenty years, we sit in arm chairs, amiably basking before the fire—play-things for infancy—creatures to be asked a favour of—until aroused by the fragrance of hot tea and muffins. These we have ordered, principally as a perfume.

The bill of the Swan is to be commended as not out of proportion to its plumage; and now, our walking shoes being dried and baked, we must get them on somehow—for the rosy driver with his carriage and pair who is to take us among the fires on the blasted heath by Bilston announces from under a few shawls, and the collars of three or four coats, that we must be going. Away we go, obedient to the summons, and, having taken leave of the lady in the Swan's bar opposite the door, who is almost rustled out of her glass case and blown upstairs whenever the door opens, we are presently in outer darkness grinding the snow.

Soon the fires begin to appear. In all this ashy country, there is still not a cinder visible; in all this land of smoke, not a stain upon the universal white. A very novel and curious sight is presented by the hundreds of great fires blazing in the midst of the cold dead snow. They illuminate it very little. Sometimes, the construction of a furnace, kiln, or chimney, admits of a tinge being thrown upon the pale ground near it; but, generally the fire burns in its own sullen ferocity, and the snow lies impassive and untouched. There is a glare in the sky, flickering now and then over the greater furnaces, but the earth lies stiff in its winding sheet, and the huge corpse candles burning above it affect it no more than colossal tapers of state move dead humanity.

Sacrificial altars, varying in size, but all gigantic, and all made of ice and snow, abound. Tongues of flame shoot up from them, and pillars of fire turn and twist upon them. Fortresses on fire, a whole town in a blaze, Moscow newly kindled, we see fifty times; rattling

and crashing noises strike the ear, and the wind is loud. Thus, crushing the snow with our wheels, and sidling over hillocks of it, and sinking into drifts of it, we roll on softly through a forest of conflagration; the rosy-faced driver, concerned for the honour of his locality, much regretting that many fires are making holiday to-night, and that we see so few.

Come we at last to the precipitous wooden steps by which we are to be mast-headed at a railway station. Good night to rosy-face, the cheeriest man we know, and up. Station very gritty, as a general characteristic. Station very dark, the gas being frozen. Station very cold, as any timber cabin suspended in the air with such a wind making lunges at it, would be. Station very dreary, being a station. Man and boy behind money-taking partition, checking accounts, and not able to unravel a knot of seven-and-sixpence. Small boy, with a large packet on his back, like Christian with his bundle of sins, sent down into the snow an indefinite depth and distance, with instructions to 'look sharp in delivering that, and then cut away back here for another.' Second small boy in search of basket for Mr. Brown, unable to believe that it is not there, and that anybody can have dared to disappoint Brown. Six third-class passengers prowling about, and trying in the dim light of one oil lamp to read with interest the dismal time-bills and notices about throwing stones at trains, upon the walls. Two more, scorching themselves at the rusty stove. Shivering porter going in and out, bell in hand, to look for the train, which is overdue, finally gives it up for the present, and puts down the bell—also the spirits of the passengers. In our own innocence we repeatedly mistake the roaring of the nearest furnace for the approach of the train, run out, and return covered with ignominy. Train in sight at last—but the other train—which don't stop here—and it seems to tear the trembling station limb from limb, as it rushes through. Finally, some half an hour behind its time through the tussle it has had with the snow, comes our expected engine, shrieking with indignation and grief. And as we pull the clean white coverlet over us in bed at Birmingham, we think of the whiteness lying on the broad landscape all around for many a frosty windy mile, and find that it makes bed very comfortable.

ON STRIKE

[February 11, 1854]

Travelling down to Preston a week from this date, I chanced to sit opposite to a very acute, very determined, very emphatic personage, with a stout railway rug so drawn over his chest that he looked as if he were sitting up in bed with his great-coat, hat, and gloves on, severely contemplating your humble servant from behind a large blue and grey checked counterpane. In calling him emphatic, I do not mean that he was warm; he was coldly and bitingly emphatic as a frosty wind is.

'You are going through to Preston, sir?' says he, as soon as we were clear of the Primrose Hill tunnel.

The receipt of his question was like the receipt of a jerk of the nose; he was so short and sharp.

'Yes.'

'This Preston strike is a nice piece of business!' said the gentleman. 'A pretty piece of business!'

'It is very much to be deplored,' said I, 'on all accounts.'

'They want to be ground. That's what they want, to bring 'em to their senses,' said the gentleman; whom I had already began to call in my own mind Mr. Snapper, and whom I may as well call by that name here as by any other.

I deferentially enquired, who wanted to be ground?

'The hands,' said Mr. Snapper. 'The hands on strike, and the hands who help 'em.'

I remarked that if that was all they wanted, they must be a very unreasonable people, for surely they had had a little grinding, one way and another, already. Mr. Snapper eyed me with sternness, and after opening and shutting his leathern-gloved hands several times outside his counterpane, asked me abruptly, 'Was I a delegate?'

I set Mr. Snapper right on that point, and told him I was no delegate.

'I am glad to hear it,' said Mr. Snapper. 'But a friend to the Strike, I believe?'

'Not at all,' said I.

'A friend to the Lock-out?' pursued Mr. Snapper.

'Not in the least,' said I.

Mr. Snapper's rising opinion of me fell again, and he gave me to understand that a man *must* either be a friend to the Masters or a friend to the Hands.

'He may be a friend to both,' said I.

Mr. Snapper didn't see that; there was no medium in the Political Economy of the subject. I retorted on Mr. Snapper, that Political Economy was a great and useful science in its own way and its own place; but that I did not transplant my definition of it from the Common Prayer Book, and make it a great king above all gods. Mr. Snapper tucked himself up as if to keep me off, folded his arms on the top of his counterpane, leaned back, and looked out of window.

'Pray what would you have, sir,' enquired Mr. Snapper, suddenly withdrawing his eyes from the prospect to me, 'in the relations between Capital and Labour, *but* Political Economy?'

I always avoid the stereotyped terms in these discussions as much as I can, for I have observed, in my little way, that they often supply the place of sense and moderation. I therefore took my gentleman up with the words employers and employed, in preference to Capital and Labour.

'I believe,' said I, 'that into the relations between employers and employed, as into all the relations of this life, there must enter something of feeling and sentiment; something of mutual explanation, forbearance, and consideration; something which is not to be found in Mr. McCulloch's dictionary, and is not exactly stateable in figures; otherwise those relations are wrong and rotten at the core and will never bear sound fruit.'

Mr. Snapper laughed at me. As I thought I had just as good reason to laugh at Mr. Snapper, I did so, and we were both contented.

'Ah!' said Mr. Snapper, patting his counterpane with a hard touch. 'You know very little of the improvident and unreasoning habits of the common people, *I* see.'

'Yet I know something of those people, too,' was my reply. 'In fact, Mr. ——,' I had so nearly called him Snapper! 'in fact, sir, I doubt the existence at this present time of many faults that are merely class faults. In the main, I am disposed to think that what-

ever faults you may find to exist, in your own neighbourhood for instance, among the hands, you will find tolerably equal in amount among the masters also, and even among the classes above the masters. They will be modified by circumstances, and they will be the less excusable among the better-educated, but they will be pretty fairly distributed. I have a strong expectation that we shall live to see the conventional adjectives now apparently inseparable from the phrases working people and lower orders, gradually fall into complete disuse for this reason.'

'Well, but we began with strikes,' Mr. Snapper observed impatiently. 'The masters have never had any share in strikes.'

'Yet I have heard of strikes once upon a time in that same county of Lancashire,' said I, 'which were not disagreeable to some masters when they wanted a pretext for raising prices.'

'Do you mean to say those masters had any hand in getting up those strikes?' asked Mr. Snapper.

'You will perhaps obtain better information among persons engaged in some Manchester branch trades, who have good memories,' said I.

Mr. Snapper had no doubt, after this, that I thought the hands had a right to combine?

'Surely,' said I. 'A perfect right to combine in any lawful manner. The fact of their being able to combine and accustomed to combine may, I can easily conceive, be a protection to them. The blame even of this business is not all on one side. I think the associated Lock-out was a grave error. And when you Preston masters——'

'*I* am not a Preston master,' interrupted Mr. Snapper.

'When the respectable combined body of Preston masters,' said I, 'in the beginning of this unhappy difference, laid down the principle that no man should be employed henceforth who belonged to any combination—such as their own—they attempted to carry with a high hand a partial and unfair impossibility, and were obliged to abandon it. This was an unwise proceeding, and the first defeat.'

Mr. Snapper had known, all along, that I was no friend to the masters.

'Pardon me,' said I, 'I am unfeignedly a friend to the masters, and have many friends among them.'

'Yet you think these hands in the right?' quoth Mr. Snapper.

'By no means,' said I; 'I fear they are at present engaged in an unreasonable struggle, wherein they began ill and cannot end well.'

Mr. Snapper, evidently regarding me as neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, begged to know after a pause if he might enquire whether I was going to Preston on business?

Indeed I was going there, in my unbusinesslike manner, I confessed, to look at the strike.

'To look at the strike!' echoed Mr. Snapper, fixing his hat on firmly with both hands. 'To look at it! Might I ask you now, with what object you are going to look at it?'

'Certainly,' said I, 'I read, even in liberal pages, the hardest Political Economy—of an extraordinary description too sometimes, and certainly not to be found in the books—as the only touchstone of this strike. I see, this very day, in a to-morrow's liberal paper, some astonishing novelties in the politico-economical way, showing how profits and wages have no connexion whatever; coupled with such references to these hands as might be made by a very irascible General to rebels and brigands in arms. Now, if it be the case that some of the highest virtues of the working people still shine through them brighter than ever in their conduct of this mistake of theirs, perhaps the fact may reasonably suggest to me—and to others besides me—that there is some little thing wanting in the relations between them and their employers, which neither political economy nor Drum-head proclamation writing will altogether supply, and which we cannot too soon or too temperately unite in trying to find out.'

Mr. Snapper, after again opening and shutting his gloved hands several times, drew the counterpane higher over his chest, and went to bed in disgust. He got up at Rugby, took himself and counterpane into another carriage, and left me to pursue my journey alone.

When I got to Preston, it was four o'clock in the afternoon. The day being Saturday and market-day, a foreigner might have expected, from among so many idle and not over-fed people as the town contained, to find a turbulent, ill-conditioned crowd in the streets. But, except for the cold smokeless factory chimnies, the placards at the street corners, and the groups of working people attentively reading them, nor foreigner nor Englishman could have had the least suspicion that there existed any interruption to the

usual labours of the place. The placards thus perused were not remarkable for their logic certainly, and did not make the case particularly clear; but, considering that they emanated from, and were addressed to, people who had been out of employment for three-and-twenty consecutive weeks, at least they had little passion in them, though they had not much reason. Take the worst I could find:

'Friends and Fellow Operatives,

'Accept the grateful thanks of twenty thousand struggling Operatives, for the help you have showered upon Preston since the present contest commenced.

'Your kindness and generosity, your patience and long-continued support deserve every praise, and are only equalled by the heroic and determined perseverance of the outraged and insulted factory workers of Preston, who have been struggling for some months, and are, at this inclement season of the year, bravely battling for the rights of themselves and the whole toiling community.

'For many years before the strike took place at Preston, the Operatives were the down trodden and insulted serfs of their Employers, who in times of good trade and general prosperity, wrung from their labour a California of gold, which is now being used to crush those who created it, still lower and lower in the scale of civilisation. This has been the result of our commercial prosperity!—*more wealth for the rich and more poverty for the Poor!* Because the workpeople of Preston protested against this state of things,—because they combined in a fair and legitimate way for the purpose of getting a reasonable share of the reward of their own labour, the *fair dealing* Employers of Preston, to their eternal shame and disgrace *locked up* their Mills, and at one fell swoop deprived, as they thought, from twenty to thirty thousand human beings of the means of existence. Cruelty and tyranny always defeat their own object; it was so in this case, and to the honour and credit of the working classes of this country, we have to record, that, those whom the rich and wealthy sought to destroy, the poor and industrious have protected from harm. This love of justice and hatred of wrong, is a noble feature in the character and disposition of the working man, and gives us hope that in the future, this world will become what its great architect intended, not a place of sorrow, toil, oppression and wrong, but the dwelling place and the abode of peace, plenty, happiness and love, where avarice and all the evil passions engendered by the present system of fraud and injustice shall not have a place.

'The earth was not made for the misery of its people; intellect was not given to man to make himself and fellow creatures unhappy. No, the fruitfulness of the soil and the wonderful inventions—the result of mind—all proclaim that these things were bestowed upon us for our happiness and well-being, and not for the misery and degradation of the human race.

'It may serve the manufacturers and all who run away with the lion's share of labour's produce, to say that the *impartial* God intended that there should be a *partial* distribution of his blessings. But we know that it is against nature to believe, that those who plant and reap all the grain, should not have enough to make a mess of porridge; and we know that those who weave all the cloth should not want a yard to cover their persons, whilst those who never wove an inch have more calico, silks and satins, than would serve the reasonable wants of a dozen working men and their families.

'This system of giving everything to the few, and nothing to the many, has lasted long enough, and we call upon the working people of this country to be determined to establish a new and improved system—a system that shall give to all who labour, a fair share of those blessings and comforts which their toil produce; in short, we wish to see that divine precept enforced, which says, "Those who will not work, shall not eat."

'The task is before you, working men; if you think the good which would result from its accomplishment, is worth struggling for, set to work and cease not, until you have obtained the *good time coming*, not only for the Preston Operatives, but for yourselves as well.

'*By Order of the Committee.*

'MURPHY'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, CHAPEL WALKS,
'PRESTON, *January 24th*, 1854.'

It is a melancholy thing that it should not occur to the Committee to consider what would become of themselves, their friends, and fellow operatives, if those calicoes, silks, and satins, were *not* worn in very large quantities; but I shall not enter into that question. As I had told my friend Snapper, what I wanted to see with my own eyes, was, how these people acted under a mistaken impression, and what qualities they showed, even at that disadvantage, which ought to be the strength and peace—not the weakness and trouble—of the community. I found, even from this literature, however, that all masters were not indiscriminately unpopular.

Witness the following verses from the New Song of the Preston Strike:

'There's Henry Hornby, of Blackburn, he is a jolly brick,
He fits the Preston masters nobly, and is very bad to trick;
He pays his hands a good price, and I hope he will never sever,
So we'll sing success to Hornby and Blackburn for ever.

'There is another gentleman, I'm sure you'll all lament,
In Blackburn for him they're raising a monument,
You know his name, 'tis of great fame, it was late Eccles of honour,
May Hopwood, and Sparrow, and Hornby live for ever.

'So now it is time to finish and end my rhyme,
We warn these Preston Cotton Lords to mind for future time.
With peace and order too I hope we shall be clever,
We sing success to Stockport and Blackburn for ever.
'Now, lads, give your minds to it.'

The balance sheet of the receipts and expenditure for the twenty-third week of the strike was extensively posted. The income for that week was two thousand one hundred and forty pounds odd. Some of the contributors were poetical. As,

'Love to all and peace to the dead,
May the poor now in need never want bread—

three-and-sixpence.' The following poetical remonstrance was appended to the list of contributions from the Gorton district.

'Within these walls the lasses fair
Refuse to contribute their share,
Careless of duty—blind to fame,
For shame, ye lasses, oh! for shame!
Come, pay up, lasses, think what's right,
Defend your trade with all your might;
For if you don't the world will blame,
And cry, ye lasses, oh, for shame!
Let's hope in future all will pay,
That Preston folks may shortly say—
That by your aid they have obtain'd
The greatest victory ever gained.'

Some of the subscribers veiled their names under encouraging sentiments, as Not tired yet, All in a mind, Win the day, Fraternity, and the like. Some took jocose appellations, as A stunning friend,

Two to one Preston wins, Nibbling Joe, and The Donkey Driver. Some expressed themselves through their trades, as Cobbler Dick, sixpence, The tailor true, sixpence, Shoemaker, a shilling, The chirping blacksmith, sixpence, and A few of Maskery's most feeling coachmakers, three and threepence. An old balance sheet for the fourteenth week of the Strike was headed with this quotation from Mr. Carlyle, 'Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity.' The Elton district prefaced its report with these lines:

'Oh! ye who start a noble scheme,
For general good designed;
Ye workers in a cause that tends
To benefit your kind!
Mark out the path ye fain would tread,
The game ye mean to play;
And if it be an honest one,
Keep steadfast in your way!

'Although you may not gain at once
The points ye most desire;
Be patient—time can wonders work;
Plod on, and do not tire:
Obstructions, too, may crowd your path,
In threatening, stern array;
Yet flinch not! fear not! they may prove
Mere shadows in your way.

'Then, while there's work for you to do,
Stand not despairing by,
Let "forward" be the move ye make,
Let "onward" be your cry;
And when success has crowned your plans,
'Twill all your pains repay,
To see the good your labour's done—
Then droop not on your way.'

In this list, 'Bear ye one another's burthens,' sent one Pound fifteen. 'We'll stand to our text, see that ye love one another,' sent nineteen shillings. 'Christopher Hardman's men again, they say they can always spare one shilling out of ten,' sent two-and-sixpence. The following masked threats were the worst feature in any bill I saw:—

'If that fiddler at Uncle Tom's Cabin blowing room does not pay, Punch will set his legs straight.

'If that drawer at card side and those two slubbers do not pay, Punch will say something about their bustles.

'If that winder at last shift does not pay next week, Punch will tell about her actions.'

But, on looking at this bill again, I found that it came from Bury and related to Bury, and had nothing to do with Preston. The Masters' placards were not torn down or disfigured, but were being read quite as attentively as those on the opposite side.

That evening, the Delegates from the surrounding districts were coming in, according to custom, with their subscription lists for the week just closed. These delegates meet on Sunday as their only day of leisure; when they have made their reports, they go back to their homes and their Monday's work. On Sunday morning, I repaired to the Delegates' meeting.

These assemblages take place in a cockpit, which, in the better times of our fallen land, belonged to the late Lord Derby for the purposes of the intellectual recreation implied in its name. I was directed to the cockpit up a narrow lane, tolerably crowded by the lower sort of working people. Personally, I was quite unknown in the town, but every one made way for me to pass, with great civility, and perfect good humour. Arrived at the cockpit door, and expressing my desire to see and hear, I was handed through the crowd, down into the pit, and up again, until I found myself seated on the topmost circular bench, within one of the secretary's table, and within three of the chairman. Behind the chairman was a great crown on the top of a pole, made of parti-coloured calico, and strongly suggestive of May-day. There was no other symbol or ornament in the place.

It was hotter than any mill or factory I have ever been in; but there was a stove down in the sanded pit, and delegates were seated close to it, and one particular delegate often warmed his hands at it, as if he were chilly. The air was so intensely close and hot, that at first I had but a confused perception of the delegates down in the pit, and the dense crowd of eagerly listening men and women (but not very many of the latter) filling all the benches and choking such narrow standing-room as there was. When the atmosphere cleared a little on better acquaintance, I found the question under discussion

to be, Whether the Manchester Delegates in attendance from the Labour Parliament, should be heard?

If the Assembly, in respect of quietness and order, were put in comparison with the House of Commons, the Right Honourable the Speaker himself would decide for Preston. The chairman was a Preston weaver, two or three and fifty years of age, perhaps; a man with a capacious head, rather long dark hair growing at the sides and back, a placid attentive face, keen eyes, a particularly composed manner, a quiet voice, and a persuasive action of his right arm. Now look 'ee heer my friends. See what t' question is. T' question is, sholl these heer men be heerd. Then 't cooms to this, what ha' these men got t' tell us? Do they bring mooney? If they bring mooney t'ords t' expences o' this strike, they 're welcome. For, Brass, my friends, is what we want, and what we must ha' (hear hear hear!). Do they coom to us wi' any suggestion for the conduct of this strike? If they do, they 're welcome. Let 'em give us their advice and we will hearken to 't. But, if these men coom heer, to tell us what t' Labour Parliament is, or what Ernest Jones's opinions is, or t' bring in politics and differences amoong us when what we want is 'armony, brotherly love, and con-cord; then I say t' you, decide for yoursel' carefully, whether these men ote to be heerd in this place. (Hear hear hear! and No no no!) Chairman sits down, earnestly regarding delegates, and holding both arms of his chair. Looks extremely sensible; his plain coarse working man's shirt collar easily turned down over his loose Belcher neckerchief. Delegate who has moved that Manchester delegates be heard, presses motion—Mr. Chairman, will that delegate tell us, as a man, that these men have anything to say concerning this present strike and lock-out, for we have a deal of business to do, and what concerns this present strike and lock-out is our business and nothing else is. (Hear hear hear!)—Delegate in question will not compromise the fact; these men want to defend the Labour Parliament from certain charges made against them.—Very well, Mr. Chairman, Then I move as an amendment that you do not hear these men now, and that you proceed wi' business—and if you don't I 'll look after you, I tell you that. (Cheers and laughter)—Coom lads, prove 't then!—Two or three hands for the delegates; all the rest for the business. Motion lost, amendment carried, Manchester deputation not to be heard.

But now, starts up the delegate from Throstletown, in a dreadful

state of mind. Mr. Chairman, I hold in my hand a bill; a bill that requires and demands explanation from you, sir; an offensive bill; a bill posted in my town of Throstletown without my knowledge, without the knowledge of my fellow delegates who are here beside me; a bill purporting to be posted by the authority of the massed committee, sir, and of which my fellow delegates and myself were kept in ignorance. Why are we to be slighted? Why are we to be insulted? Why are we to be meanly stabbed in the dark? Why is this assassin-like course of conduct to be pursued towards us? Why is Throstletown, which has nobly assisted you, the operatives of Preston, in this great struggle, and which has brought its contributions up to the full sevenpence a loom, to be thus degraded, thus aspersed, thus traduced, thus despised, thus outraged in its feelings by un-English and unmanly conduct? Sir, I hand you up that bill, and I require of you, sir, to give me a satisfactory explanation of that bill. And I have that confidence in your known integrity, sir, as to be sure that you will give it, and that you will tell us who is to blame, and that you will make reparation to Throstletown for this scandalous treatment. Then, in hot blood, up starts Gruffshaw (professional speaker) who is somehow responsible for this bill. O my friends, but explanation is required here! O my friends, but it is fit and right that you should have the dark ways of the real traducers and apostates, and the real un-English stabbers, laid bare before you. My friends when this dark conspiracy first began—But here the persuasive right hand of the chairman falls gently on Gruffshaw's shoulder. Gruffshaw stops in full boil. My friends, these are hard words of my friend Gruffshaw, and this is not the business—No more it is, and once again, sir, I, the delegate who said I would look after you, do move that you proceed to business!—Preston has not the strong relish for personal altercation that Westminster hath. Motion seconded and carried, business passed to, Gruffshaw dumb.

Perhaps the world could not afford a more remarkable contrast than between the deliberate collected manner of these men proceeding with their business, and the clash and hurry of the engines among which their lives are passed. Their astonishing fortitude and perseverance; their high sense of honour among themselves; the extent to which they are impressed with the responsibility that is upon them of setting a careful example, and keeping their order out

of any harm and loss of reputation; the noble readiness in them to help one another, of which most medical practitioners and working clergymen can give so many affecting examples; could scarcely ever be plainer to an ordinary observer of human nature than in this cockpit. To hold, for a minute, that the great mass of them were not sincerely actuated by the belief that all these qualities were bound up in what they were doing, and that they were doing right, seemed to me little short of an impossibility. As the different delegates (some in the very dress in which they had left the mill last night) reported the amounts sent from the various places they represented, this strong faith on their parts seemed expressed in every tone and every look that was capable of expressing it. One man was raised to enthusiasm by his pride in bringing so much; another man was ashamed and depressed because he brought so little; this man triumphantly made it known that he could give you, from the store in hand, a hundred pounds in addition next week, if you should want it; and that man pleaded that he hoped his district would do better before long; but I could as soon have doubted the existence of the walls that enclosed us, as the earnestness with which they spoke (many of them referring to the children who were to be born to labour after them) of 'this great, this noble, gallant, godlike struggle.' Some designing and turbulent spirits among them, no doubt there are; but I left the place with a profound conviction that their mistake is generally an honest one, and that it is sustained by the good that is in them, and not by the evil.

Neither by night nor by day was there any interruption to the peace of the streets. Nor was this an accidental state of things, for the police records of the town are eloquent to the same effect. I traversed the streets very much, and was, as a stranger, the subject of a little curiosity among the idlers; but I met with no rudeness or ill-temper. More than once, when I was looking at the printed balance-sheets to which I have referred, and could not quite comprehend the setting forth of the figures, a bystander of the working class interposed with his explanatory forefinger and helped me out. Although the pressure in the cockpit on Sunday was excessive, and the heat of the room obliged me to make my way out as I best could before the close of the proceedings, none of the people whom I put to inconvenience showed the least impatience; all helped me, and

all cheerfully acknowledged my word of apology as I passed. It is very probable, notwithstanding, that they may have supposed from my being there at all—I and my companion were the only persons present, not of their own order—that I was there to carry what I heard and saw to the opposite side; indeed one speaker seemed to intimate as much.

On the Monday at noon, I returned to this cockpit, to see the people paid. It was then about half filled, principally with girls and women. They were all seated, waiting, with nothing to occupy their attention; and were just in that state when the unexpected appearance of a stranger differently dressed from themselves, and with his own individual peculiarities of course, might, without offence, have had something droll in it even to more polite assemblies. But I stood there, looking on, as free from remark as if I had come to be paid with the rest. In the place which the secretary had occupied yesterday, stood a dirty little common table, covered with five-penny piles of halfpence. Before the paying began, I wondered who was going to receive these very small sums; but when it did begin, the mystery was soon cleared up. Each of these piles was the change for sixpence, deducting a penny. All who were paid, in filing round the building to prevent confusion, had to pass this table on the way out; and the greater part of the unmarried girls stopped here, to change, each a sixpence, and subscribe her weekly penny in aid of the people on strike who had families. A very large majority of these girls and women were comfortably dressed in all respects, clean, wholesome and pleasant-looking. There was a prevalent neatness and cheerfulness, and an almost ludicrous absence of anything like sullen discontent.

Exactly the same appearances were observable on the same day, at a not numerously attended open air meeting in 'Chadwick's Orchard'—which blossoms in nothing but red bricks. Here, the chairman of yesterday presided in a cart, from which speeches were delivered. The proceedings commenced with the following sufficiently general and discursive hymn, given out by a workman from Burnley, and sung in long metre by the whole audience:

> 'Assembled beneath thy broad blue sky,
> To thee, O God, thy children cry.
> Thy needy creatures on Thee call,
> For thou art great and good to all.

'Thy bounty smiles on every side,
And no good thing hast thou denied;
But men of wealth and men of power,
Like locusts, all our gifts devour.

'Awake, ye sons of toil! nor sleep
While millions starve, while millions weep;
Demand your rights; let tyrants see
You are resolved that you 'll be free.'

Mr. Hollins's Sovereign Mill was open all this time. It is a very beautiful mill, containing a large amount of valuable machinery, to which some recent ingenious improvements have been added. Four hundred people could find employment in it; there were eighty-five at work, of whom five had 'come in' that morning. They looked, among the vast array of motionless power-looms, like a few remaining leaves in a wintry forest. They were protected by the police (very prudently not obtruded on the scenes I have described), and were stared at every day when they came out, by a crowd which had never been large in reference to the numbers on strike, and had diminished to a score or two. One policeman at the door sufficed to keep order then. These eighty-five were people of exceedingly decent appearance, chiefly women, and were evidently not in the least uneasy for themselves. I heard of one girl among them, and only one, who had been hustled and struck in a dark street.

In any aspect in which it can be viewed, this strike and lock-out is a deplorable calamity. In its waste of time, in its waste of a great people's energy, in its waste of wages, in its waste of wealth that seeks to be employed, in its encroachment on the means of many thousands who are labouring from day to day, in the gulf of separation it hourly deepens between those whose interests must be understood to be identical or must be destroyed, it is a great national affliction. But, at this pass, anger is of no use, starving out is of no use—for what will that do, five years hence, but overshadow all the mills in England with the growth of a bitter remembrance?—political economy is a mere skeleton unless it has a little human covering and filling out, a little human bloom upon it, and a little human warmth in it. Gentlemen are found, in great manufacturing towns, ready enough to extol imbecile mediation with dangerous madmen abroad; can none of them be brought to think of authorised mediation and explanation at home? I do not

suppose that such a knotted difficulty as this, is to be at all untangled by a morning-party in the Adelphi; but I would entreat both sides now so miserably opposed, to consider whether there are no men in England, above suspicion, to whom they might refer the matters in dispute, with a perfect confidence above all things in the desire of those men to act justly, and in their sincere attachment to their countrymen of every rank and to their country. Masters right, or men right; masters wrong, or men wrong; both right, or both wrong; there is certain ruin to both in the continuance or frequent revival of this breach. And from the ever-widening circle of their decay, what drop in the social ocean shall be free!

THE LATE MR. JUSTICE TALFOURD

[March 25, 1854]

The readers of these pages will have known, many days before the present number can come into their hands, that on Monday the thirteenth of March, this upright judge and good man died suddenly at Stafford in the discharge of his duties. Mercifully spared protracted pain and mental decay, he passed away in a moment, with words of Christian eloquence, of brotherly tenderness and kindness towards all men, yet unfinished on his lips.

As he died, he had always lived. So amiable a man, so gentle, so sweet-tempered, of such a noble simplicity, so perfectly unspoiled by his labours and their rewards, is very rare indeed upon this earth. These lines are traced by the faltering hand of a friend; but none can so fully know how true they are, as those who knew him under all circumstances, and found him ever the same.

In his public aspects; in his poems, in his speeches, on the bench, at the bar, in Parliament; he was widely appreciated, honoured, and beloved. Inseparable as his great and varied abilities were from himself in life, it is yet to himself and not to them, that affection in its first grief naturally turns. They remain, but he is lost.

The chief delight of his life was to give delight to others. His nature was so exquisitely kind, that to be kind was its highest

happiness. Those who had the privilege of seeing him in his own home when his public successes were greatest,—so modest, so contented with little things, so interested in humble persons and humble efforts, so surrounded by children and young people, so adored in remembrance of a domestic generosity and greatness of heart too sacred to be unveiled here, can never forget the pleasure of that sight.

If ever there were a house, in England, justly celebrated for the reverse of the picture, where every art was honoured for its own sake, and where every visitor was received for his own claims and merits, that house was his. It was in this respect a great example, as sorely needed as it will be sorely missed. Rendering all legitimate deference to rank and riches, there never was a man more composedly, unaffectedly, quietly, immovable by such considerations than the subject of this sorrowing remembrance. On the other hand, nothing would have astonished him so much as the suggestion that he was anybody's patron or protector. His dignity was ever of that highest and purest sort which has no occasion to proclaim itself, and which is not in the least afraid of losing itself.

In the first joy of his appointment to the judicial bench, he made a summer-visit to the sea-shore, 'to share his exultation in the gratification of his long-cherished ambition, with the friend'—now among the many friends who mourn his death and lovingly recall his virtues. Lingering in the bright moonlight at the close of a happy day, he spoke of his new functions, of his sense of the great responsibility he undertook, and of his placid belief that the habits of his professional life rendered him equal to their efficient discharge; but, above all, he spoke, with an earnestness never more to be separated in his friend's mind from the murmur of the sea upon a moonlight night, of his reliance on the strength of his desire to do right before God and man. He spoke with his own singleness of heart, and his solitary hearer knew how deep and true his purpose was. They passed, before parting for the night, into a playful dispute at what age he should retire, and what he would do at three-score years and ten. And ah! within five short years, it is all ended like a dream!

But, by the strength of his desire to do right, he was animated to the last moment of his existence. Who, knowing England at this time, would wish to utter with his last breath a more righteous

warning than that its curse is ignorance, or a miscalled education which is as bad or worse, and a want of the exchange of innumerable graces and sympathies among the various orders of society, each hardened unto each and holding itself aloof? Well will it be for us and for our children, if those dying words be never henceforth forgotten on the Judgment Seat.

An example in his social intercourse to those who are born to station, an example equally to those who win it for themselves; teaching the one class to abate its stupid pride: the other, to stand upon its eminence, not forgetting the road by which it got there, and fawning upon no one; the conscientious judge, the charming writer and accomplished speaker, the gentle-hearted, guileless, affectionate man, has entered on a brighter world. Very, very many have lost a friend; nothing in Creation has lost an enemy.

The hand that lays this poor flower on his grave, was a mere boy's when he first clasped it—newly come from the work in which he himself began life—little used to the plough it has followed since—obscure enough, with much to correct and learn. Each of its successive tasks through many intervening years has been cheered by his warmest interest, and the friendship then begun has ripened to maturity in the passage of time; but there was no more self-assertion or condescension in his winning goodness at first, than at last. The success of other men made as little change in him as his own.

IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN

[September 2, 1854]

All newspaper-readers are probably on familiar terms with this phrase. It is not generally known that her Majesty's screw line-of-battle ship *Hogarth*, one hundred and twenty, was precisely seven years, seven months, seven days, seven hours, and seven minutes, on the stocks in Portsmouth Yard. It is not generally known that there is now in the garden of Mr. Pips, of Camberwell, a gooseberry weighing upwards of three ounces, the growth of a tree which Mr. Pips has reared entirely on warm toast and water. It is not generally known that on the last rent day of the estates of the Earl of Boozle, of Castle Boozle, his lordship remitted to his tenants five per

cent. on all the amounts then paid up, and afterwards regaled them on the good old English cheer of roast beef and humming ale. (It is not generally known that ale in this connection always hums.) It is not generally known that a testimonial in the form of a magnificent silver centre-piece and candelabra, weighing five hundred ounces, was on Tuesday last presented to Cocker Doodle, Esquire, F.S.A., at a splendid banquet given him by a brilliant circle of his friends and admirers, in testimony, no less of their admiration of his qualities as a man, than of anything else you like to fill up the blank with. It is not generally known that when Admiral Sir Charles Napier was junior post-captain on the African station, looking out for slavers, his ship was one day boarded by a strange craft, in the stern sheets of which sat a genuine specimen of the true British seaman, who, as he dropped alongside, exclaimed in the voice of a Stentor, 'Avast heaving! Old Charley, ahoy!' Upon this, the admiral, then post-captain, who chanced at the moment to be pacing the quarter-deck with his telescope at his eye (which it is not generally known he never removes except at meals and when asleep) looked good-humouredly over the starboard bulwarks, and responded, waving his cocked hat, 'Tom Gaff, ahoy, and I am glad to see you, my lad!' They had never met since the year eighteen hundred and fourteen, but Tom Gaff, like a true fok'sle salt, had never forgotten his old rough and tough first luff (as he characteristically called him) and had now come from another part of the station on leave of absence, two hundred and fifty miles in an open boat, expressly to get a glimpse of his former officer, of whose brilliant career he was justly proud. It is needless to add that all hands were piped to grog, and that Tom and Old Charley were mutually pleased. But it is not generally known that they exchanged tobacco boxes, and that if when 'Old Charley' hoisted his broad pennant in proud command of the Baltic fleet, his gallant heart beat higher than usual, it pressed, as if for sympathy, against Tom Gaff's tobacco-box, to which his left-hand waistcoat pocket is on all occasions devoted. Similarly, many other choice events, chiefly reserved for the special London correspondents of country newspapers, are not generally known: including gifts of various ten-pound notes, by her gracious Majesty when a child, to various old women; and the constant sending of innumerable loyal presents, principally cats and cheeses, to Buckingham Palace. One thing is sure to happen. Codgers

becomes a celebrated public character, or a great capitalist. Then it is not generally known that in the year eighteen hundred and blank, there stood, one summer evening on old London Bridge, a way-worn boy eating a penny loaf, and eyeing the passengers wistfully. Whom Mr. Flam of the Minories—attracted by something unusual in the boy's appearance—was induced to bestow sixpence on, and to invite to dinner every Sunday at one o'clock for seven years. This boy was Codgers, and it is not generally known that the tradition is still preserved with pride in Mr. Flam's family.

Now, it appears to me that several small circumstances of a different kind have lately happened, or are yet happening, about us, which can hardly be generally known, or, if known, generally appreciated. And as this is vacation-time, when most of us have some leisure for gossiping, I will enumerate a few.

It is not generally known that in this present year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, the English people of the middle classes are a mob of drunkards more beastly than the Russian courtiers under Peter the Great. It is not generally known that this is the national character. It is not generally known that a multitude of our countrymen taken at random from the sense, industry, self-denial, self-respect, and household virtues of this nation, repairing to the Exhibition at Sydenham, make it their business to get drunk there immediately; to struggle and fight with one another, to tear one another's clothes off, and to smash and throw down the statues. I say, this is not generally known to be so. Yet I find this picture, in a fit of temperate enthusiasm, presented to the people by an artist who is one of themselves, in pages addressed to themselves. I am even informed by a temperate journal, that the artist saw these facts, in this said Exhibition at Sydenham, with his own bodily eyes. Well! I repeat, this is a state of things not generally known.

It is not generally known, I believe, that the two scarcest books in England are *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *The Vicar of Wakefield.* Yet I find that the present American Minister (perfectly familiar with England) communicated the surprising intelligence to a company, assembled not long ago, at Fishmongers' Hall. It is not generally known perhaps, that in expatiating on the education of his countrymen His Excellency remarked of these two rare works, that while they were to be met with in every cabin in the United

States, they were 'comparatively little known in England'—not generally known, that is to say.

It is not generally known, and if it were recorded of our English Institutions, say by a French writer, would not, I think, be generally believed; that there is any court of justice in England, in which an individual gravely concerned in the case under inquiry, can twice call the advocate opposed to him, a Ruffian, in open court, under the judge's nose and within the judge's hearing. Is it generally known that such a case occurred this last July, and was nobody's business?

It is not generally known that the people have nothing to do with a certain large Club which assembles at Westminster, and that the Club has nothing to do with them. It is simply an odd anomaly that the members of the Club happen to be elected by a body who don't belong to the Club at all; the pleasure and business of the Club being, not with that body, but with what its own members say and do. Look to the reports of the Club's proceedings. In January, the right hand says it is the left hand that has abetted the slanders on 'an illustrious personage,' and the left hand says it is the right hand. In February, Mr. Pot comes down on Mr. Kettle, and Mr. Kettle requests to be taken from his cradle and followed by inches to that honourable hob. In the same month, the forefinger of the left hand hooks itself on with Mosaic-Arabian pertinacity to the two forefingers of the right hand, and never lets go any more. In March, the most delightful excitement of the whole session is about a club dinner-party. In April, there is Easter. In May, there is infinite Club-joy over personal Mosaic-Arabia, and personal Admiralty. In June, A relieves himself of the mild suggestion that B is 'an extraordinary bold apostate': when in cuts C, who has nothing to do with it, and the whole alphabet fall together by the ears. In August, Home Office takes up his colleague Under Treasury, for talking 'sheer nonsense.' In the same month, prorogation. Through the whole time, one perpetual clatter of 'What did I say, what did you say, what did he say? Yes I will, no you won't, yes I did, no you didn't, yes I shall, no you shan't'—and no such thing as what do *they* say? (those few people outside there) ever heard of!

It is not generally known, perhaps, to what lengths, in these times, the pursuit of an object, and a cheer or a laugh, will carry

a Member of this Club I am speaking of. It cannot have been generally observed, as it appears to me (for I have met with no just indignation on the subject), how far one of its members *was* thus carried, a very little while ago. Here is the case. A Board is to be got rid of. I oppose this Board. I have long opposed it. It is possible that my official opposition may have very considerably increased its difficulties and crippled its efficiency. I am bent upon a jocose speech, and a pleasant effect. I stand up in the heart of the metropolis of the world. From every quarter of the world, a dreadful disease which is peculiarly the scourge of the many, because the many are the poor, ill-fed, and badly housed—whereas I, being of the few, am neither—is closing in around me. It is coming from my low, nameless countrymen, the rank and file at Varna; it is coming from the hot sands of India, and the cold waters of Russia; it is in France; it is in Naples; it is in the stifling Vicoli of Genoa, where I read accounts of the suffering people that should make my heart compassionate, if anything in this world can; nay, it has begun to strike down many victims in this city where I speak, as I the speaker cannot fail to know—must know—am bound to know —do know thoroughly well. But I want a point. I have it! '*The cholera is always coming when the powers of this Board are about to expire* (A LAUGH).' This well-timed joke of mine, so neatly made upon the greatest misery and direst calamity that human nature can endure, will be repeated to-morrow in the same newspaper which will carry to my honourable friends here, through electric telegraph, the tidings of a troop-ship put back to Plymouth, with this very pestilence on board. What are all such trifles to me? I wanted a laugh; I have got a laugh. Talk to *me* of the agony and death of men and brothers! Am I not a Lord and a Member!

Now, is it generally known, I wonder, that this indecency happened? Have the people of such a place as Totnes chanced to hear of it? Or will they ever hear of it, and shall we ever hear of their having heard of it?

It is not generally known that an entirely new principle has begun to obtain in legislation, and is gaining wider and broader recognition every day. I allude to the profoundly wise principle of legislating with a constant reference and deference to the worst members of society, and almost excluding from consideration the comfort and convenience of the best. The question, 'what do the

decent mechanic and his family want, or deserve?' always yields, under this enlightened pressure, to the question, 'what will the vagabond idler, drunkard, or jail-bird, turn to bad account?' As if there were anything in the wide world which the dregs of humanity will turn to good account! And as if the shadow of the convict-ship and Newgate drop had any business, in the plainest sense or justice, to be cast, from January to December, on honest hardworking, steady Job Smith's family fireside!

Yet Job Smith suffers heavily, at every turn of his life, and at every inch of its straight course too, from the determined ruffianism in which he has no more part than he has in the blood Royal. Six days of Job's week are days of hard, monotonous, exhausting work. Upon the seventh, Job thinks that he, his old woman, and the children, could find it in their hearts to walk in a garden if they might, or to look at a picture, or a plant, or a beast of the forest or even a colossal toy made in imitation of some of the wonders of the world. Most people would be apt to think Job reasonable in this. But, up starts Britannia, tearing her hair and crying, 'Never, never! Here is Sloggins with the broken nose, the black eye, and the bulldog. What Job Smith uses, Sloggins will abuse. Therefore, Job Smith must not use.' So, Job sits down again in a killing atmosphere, a little weary and out of humour, or leans against a post all Sunday long.

It is not generally known that this accursed Sloggins is the evil genius of Job's life. Job never had in his possession at any one time, a little cask of beer, or a bottle of spirits. What he and his family drink in that way, is fetched, in very small portions indeed, from the public house. However difficult the Westminster Club-gentlemen may find it to realise such an existence, Job has realised it through many a long year; and he knows, infinitely better than the whole Club can tell him, at what hour he wants his 'drop of beer,' and how it best suits his means and convenience to get it. Against which practical conviction of Job's, Britannia, tearing her hair again, shrieks tenderly, 'Sloggins! Sloggins with the broken nose, the black eye, and the bulldog, will go to ruin,'—as if he were ever going anywhere else!—'if Job Smith has his beer when he wants it.' So, Job gets it when Britannia thinks it good for Sloggins to let him have it, and marvels greatly.

But, perhaps he marvels most, when, being invited in immense

type, to go and hear the Evangelist of Eloquence, or the Apostle of Purity (I have noticed in such invitations, rather lofty, not to say audacious titles), he strays in at an open door, and finds a personage on a stage, crying aloud to him, 'Behold me! I, too, am Sloggins!! I likewise had a broken nose, a black eye, and a bulldog. Survey me well. Straight is my nose, white is my eye, deceased is my bulldog. I, formerly Sloggins, now Evangelist (or Apostle, as the case may be), cry aloud in the wilderness unto you Job Smith, that in respect that I was formerly Sloggins and am now Saintly, therefore you Job Smith, (who were never Sloggins, or in the least like him), shall, by force of law, accept what I accept, deny what I deny, take upon yourself My shape, and follow Me.' Now, it is not generally known that poor Job, though blest with an average understanding, and thinking any putting out of the way of that ubiquitous Sloggins a meritorious action highly to be commended, never can understand the application of all this to himself, who never had anything in common with Sloggins, but always abominated and abjured him.

It is not generally known that Job Smith is fond of music. But, he is; he has a decided natural liking for it. The Italian Opera being rather dear (Sloggins would disturb the performance if he were let in cheap), Job's taste is not highly cultivated; still, music pleases him and softens him, and he takes such recreation in the way of hearing it as his small means can buy. Job is fond of a play, also. He is not without the universal taste implanted in the child and the savage, and surviving in the educated mind; and a representation by men and women, of the joys and sorrows, crimes and virtues, sufferings and triumphs, of this mortal life, has a strong charm for him. Job is not much of a dancer, but he likes well enough to see dancing, and his eldest boy is up to it, and he himself can shake a leg in a good plain figure on occasion. For all these reasons, Job now and then, in his rare holidays, is to be found at a cheap concert, a cheap theatre, or a cheap dance. And here one might suppose he would be left in peace to take his money's worth if he can find it.

It is not generally known, however, that against these poor amusements, an army rises periodically and terrifies the inoffensive Job to death. It is not generally known why. On account of Sloggins. Five-and-twenty prison chaplains, good men and true, have each got Sloggins hard and fast, and converted him. Sloggins, in five-and-twenty solitary cells at once, has told the five-and-twenty

chaplains all about it. Child of evil as he is, with every drop of blood in his body circulating lies all through him, night and day these five-and-twenty years, Sloggins is nevertheless become the embodied spirit of Truth. Sloggins has declared 'that Amusements done it.' Sloggins has made manifest that 'Harmony brought him to it.' Sloggins has asserted that 'the draymer set him a nockin his old mother's head again the wall.' Sloggins has made manifest 'that it was the double-shuffle wot kep him out of church.' Sloggins has written the declaration, 'Dear Sir if i hadn seen the oprer Frardeaverler i shouldn dear Sir have been overaggrawated into the folli of beatin Betsey with a redot poker.' Sloggins warmly recommends that all Theatres be shut up for good, all Dancing Rooms pulled down, and all music stopped. Considers that nothing else is people's ruin. Is certain that but for sitch, he would now be in a large way of business and universally respected. Consequently, all the five-and-twenty, in five-and-twenty honest and sincere reports, do severally urge that the requirements and deservings of Job Smith be in nowise considered or cared for; that the natural and deeply rooted cravings of mankind be plucked up and trodden out; that Sloggins's gospel be the gospel for the conscientious and industrious part of the world; that Sloggins rule the land and rule the waves; and that Britons unto Sloggins ever, ever, ever, shall—be—slaves.

I submit that this great and dangerous mistake cannot be too generally known or generally thought about.

LEGAL AND EQUITABLE JOKES

[September 23, 1854]

I am what Sydney Smith called that favourite animal of Whig governments, a barrister of seven years' standing. If I were to say of seventeen years' standing, I should not go beyond the mark; if I were even to say of seven-and-twenty, I might not go beyond the mark. But, I am not bound to commit myself, and therefore on this point I say no more.

Of course I, as a barrister of the rightful amount of standing, mourn over the decline of the profession. How have I seen it

wither and decay! Within my time, John Doe and Richard Roe themselves, have fallen victims to the prejudice and ignorance of mere laymen. In my time, the cheerful evening sittings at the Old Bailey in the city of London have been discontinued; those merry meetings, after dinners where I do not hesitate to say I have seen more wine drunk in two or three hours, and have heard better things said, than at any other convivial assemblies of which it has been my good fortune to make one. Lord bless me! When I think of the jolly Ordinary mixing his famous salads, the Judges discussing vintages with the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the leading humorists of the Old Bailey bar delighting the Aldermen and visitors, and the whole party going socially back again into court, to try a fellow creature, perhaps for his or her life, in the genial glow produced by such an entertainment—I say when I think of these departed glories, and the commonplace stupidity into which we have fallen, I do not, and I cannot, wonder that England is going to ruin.

As my name is not appended to this paper, and therefore I can hardly be suspected by the public of egotism, I will remark that I have always had a pretty turn for humour. I have a keen enjoyment of a joke. Like those excellent witnesses, the officers of the forty-sixth regiment (better witnesses I never saw, even in a horse-dealer's case,—yet the public, in these degenerate days, has no sympathy with them), I don't at all object to its being practical. I like a joke to be legal or equitable, because my tastes are in that direction; but I like it none the worse for being practical. And indeed the best legal and equitable jokes remaining, are all of a practical nature.

I use the word remaining, inasmuch as the levelling spirit of the times has destroyed some of the finest practical jokes connected with the profession. I look upon the examination of the parties in a cause, for instance, as a death-blow given to humour. Nothing *can* be more humorous than to make a solemn pretence of inquiring into the truth, and exclude the two people who in nine cases out of ten know most about it. Yet this is now a custom of the past, and so are a hundred other whimsical drolleries in which the fathers and grandfathers of the bar delighted.

But, I am going on to present within a short compass a little collection of existing practical jokes—mere samples of many others happily still left us in law and equity for our innocent amusement.

As I never (though I set up for a humorist) tell another man's story as my own, I will name my authority before I conclude.

The great expense of the simplest suit in equity, and the droll laws which force all English subjects into a court of equity for their sole redress, in an immense number of cases, lead, at this present day, to a very entertaining class of practical joke. I mean that ludicrous class in which the joke consists of a man's taking and keeping possession of money or other property to which he even pretends to have no shadow of right, but which he seizes because he knows that the whole will be swallowed up in costs if the rightful owner should seek to assert his claim. I will relate a few stories of this kind.

JOKE OF A WITTY TRUSTEE

A wag, being left trustee under a will by which the testator left a small freehold property to be sold for charitable purposes, sold it, and discovered the trust to be illegal. As the fund was too small in amount to bear a suit in equity (being not above sixty pounds), he laughed very heartily at the next of kin, pocketed it himself, spent it, and died.

JOKE OF A MEDICAL CHOICE SPIRIT

A country surgeon got a maundering old lady to appoint him sole executor of her will, by which she left the bulk of her small property to her brother and sister. What does this pleasant surgeon, on the death of the maundering old lady, but prove the will, get in the property, make out a bill for professional attendance to the tune of two or three hundred pounds, which absorbs it all; cry to the brother and sister, 'Boh! Chancery! Catch me if you can!' and live happy ever afterwards.

JOKE AGAINST SOME UNLUCKY CREDITORS

Certain creditors being left altogether without mention in the will of their deceased debtor, brought a suit in equity for a decree to sell his property. The decree was obtained. But, the property realising seven hundred pounds, and the suit costing seven hundred and fifty, these creditors brought their pigs to a fine market, and made much amusement for the Chancery Bar.

LEGAL AND EQUITABLE JOKES

JOKES UPON INFANTS

An application to the Court of Chancery, in a friendly suit where nobody contested anything, to authorise trustees to advance a thousand pounds out of an estate, to educate some infants, cost a hundred and three pounds, fourteen, and sixpence; a similar application for the same authority, to the same trustees, under the same will, in behalf of some other infants, costs the same; twenty similar applications, under the same will, for similar power to the same trustees, in behalf of twenty other infants, or sets of infants, as their wants arise, will cost, each the same.

A poor national schoolmaster insured his life for two hundred pounds, and made a will, giving discretionary power to his executors to apply the money for the benefit of his two children while under age, and then to divide it between them. One of the executors doubted whether under this will, after payment of debts and duty, he could appropriate the principal (that word not being used in the instrument) to buying the two small children into an orphan asylum. The sanction of the Court of Chancery would cost at least half the fund; so nothing can be done, and the two small children are to be educated and brought up, on four pounds ten a year between them.

JOKE AGAINST MRS. HARRIS

Mrs. Harris is left the dividends on three thousand pounds stock, for her life; the capital on her decease to be divided among legatees. Mr. Spodger is trustee under the will which so provides for Mrs. Harris. Mr. Spodger one day dies intestate. To Mr. Spodger's effects Mr. B. Spodger and Miss Spodger, his brother and sister, administer. Miss Spodger takes it into her head that nothing shall ever induce her to have anything to do with Mrs. Harris's trust-stock. Mrs. Harris, consequently unable to receive her dividends, petitions Court of Equity. Court of Equity delivers judgment that it can only order payment of dividends *actually due when Mrs. Harris petitions*; that, as fresh dividends keep on coming due, Mrs. Harris must keep on freshly petitioning; and that Mrs. Harris must, according to her Catechism, 'walk in the same all the days of her life.' So Mrs. Harris walks, at the present time; paying for every such application eighteen pounds, two, and eightpence; or thirty per cent. on her unfortunate income.

I am of opinion that it would be hard to invent better practical jokes than these, over which I have laughed until my sides were sore. They are neatly and pointedly related by Mr. Graham Willmore, queen's counsel and a county court judge, in his evidence, given in May of the present year, before a committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the state and practice of the county courts. But, I am pained to add, nevertheless, that my learned friend Willmore has not the slightest sense of humour, and is perfectly destitute of any true perception of a joke.

For, what does he recommend in this same evidence of his? Why, says he, these cases involve 'an absolute denial of justice'; and, if you would give the county court judges a limited jurisdiction in Equity, these things could not possibly occur; for, then, such cases as the Witty Trustee's, and the Medical Choice Spirit's, would be determined on their merits, for a few pounds: while such applications as those in behalf of the Infants would be disposed of for a few shillings. But, what, I ask my learned friend, would become of the cream of the jokes? Are we to have no jokes? Would he make law and equity a dull, dreary transaction of plain right and wrong? I shall hear, next, of proposals to take our wigs off, and make us like common men. A few pounds too! And a few shillings! Has my learned friend no idea that hundreds of pounds are far more respectable—not to say profitable—than a few pounds and a few shillings? He may buy sundry pairs of boots for a few pounds, or divers pairs of stockings for a few shillings. Is not Equity more precious than boots? Or Law than stockings?

I am further of opinion that my learned friend Willmore falls into all his numerous mistakes before this committee, by reason of this one curious incapacity in his constitution to enjoy a joke. For instance, he relates the following excellent morsel:

JEST CONCERNING A SEA-CAPTAIN

A sea-captain ejected from his ship a noisy drunken man, who misconducted himself; and at the same time turned out certain pot-companions of the drunken man, who were as troublesome as he. Bibo (so to call the drunken man) bringeth an action against the captain for assault and battery; to which the captain pleadeth in justification that he removed the plaintiff 'and certain persons unknown,' from his ship, for that they did misbehave themselves.

'Aye,' quoth the learned counsel for Bibo, at the trial, 'but there be seventeen objections to that plea, whereof the main one is that it appeareth that the certain persons are *known* and not *unknown*, as by thee set forth.' 'Marry,' crieth the court, 'but that is fatal, Gentlemen of the Jury!' Verdict accordingly, with leave unto the sea-captain to move the Court of Queen's Bench in solemn argument. This being done with great delay and expense, the sea-captain (all the facts being perfectly plain from the first) at length got judgment in his favour. But, no man to this hour hath been able to make him comprehend how he got it, or why; or wherefore the suit was not decided on the merits when first tried. Which this wooden-headed seaman, staring straight before him with all his might, unceasingly maintains that it ought to have been.

Now, this surely is, in all respects, an admirable story, representing the density, obstinacy, and confusion of the sea-captain in a richly absurd light. Does my learned friend Willmore relish it? Not in the least. His dull remark upon it is: That in the county court the case would have been adjudicated on its merits, for less than a hundredth part of the costs incurred: and that he would so alter the law of the land as to deprive a plaintiff suing in a superior court in such an action (which we call an action of tort) and recovering less than twenty pounds, of all claim to costs, unless the judge should certify it to be a fit case to be tried in that superior court, rather than to have been taken to the county court at a small expense, and at once decided.

Precisely the same obtuseness pervades the very next suggestion of my learned friend. It has always appeared to me a good joke that county courts having a jurisdiction in cases of contract up to fifty pounds, should not also have a jurisdiction in cases of tort up to the same amount. As usual, my learned friend Willmore cannot perceive the joke. He says, in his commonplace way, 'I think it is the general desire that the jurisdiction should be given'; and puts as an illustration—'Suppose a gentleman's carriage is run against. The damages may be fifty pounds. In the case of a costermonger's donkey-cart, they may be fifty pence; the facts being identically the same.' Now, this, I am of opinion, is prosaic in the last degree.

Passing over my learned friend's inclinings towards giving the county courts jurisdiction in matters of bankruptcy; and also in

criminal cases now disposed of, not much to anybody's satisfaction he seems to consider at Quarter Sessions—where, by the bye, I have known admirable practical jokes played off from the Bench; and towards making a Court of Appeal of a selection from county court judges; I will come to his crowning suggestion. He is not happier in this than in his other points, for it strikes at the heart of the excellent joke of putting the public in this dilemma, 'If you WILL have law cheap, you shall have an inferior article.'

Without the least tenderness for this jest—which is unctuous, surprising, inconsequential, practical, overflowing with all the characteristics of a wild and rollicking humour—my learned friend knocks the soul out of it with a commonplace sledge-hammer. I hold, says he, that you should have, for county court judges who deal with an immense variety of intricate and important questions, the very best men. 'I think there is great mischief in the assumption that when a man is made a county court judge, he never can be anything else. I think if the reverse were assumed —if the appointment as county court judge were not considered a bar to a man's professional advancement, you would have better men candidates for the office. You would have the whole body of talent in the profession willing to go through the previous state of probation, as it would then be, of a county court judgeship. You must not expect a permanent succession of able, conscientious men, competently trained and educated for such an appointment, if it is to be a final one at the present pay. The county court judge, especially in the provinces, is placed in a painful and false position. He is made a magistrate, and must associate with his brother justices. If he lives at all as they do, he perhaps spends more than he can afford; he certainly can lay up nothing for his family. If he does not, he will probably meet with slights and disparagement, to which, I think, he ought not to be subjected, and which impair his efficiency.' He believes also that if the Court of Appeal were established, and the other county court judges were, as vacancies occurred, to be appointed members of it, according to circumstances, 'the public would derive another advantage in not being obliged to take, as a judge of the superior courts, a purely untried man. They would have a man exercised both in Nisi Prius and in banc work, and exercised in the face of the public and the profession, instead of having a man taken because he has a certain standing as an

advocate, or because he has certain political recommendations. I think it would be a much more certain mode of testing the merits of a man previous to his appointment as a judge in the superior courts.'

So, for the good old joke of fobbing the public off, when it is perverse in its demands, with half a second-rate loaf, instead of enough of the best bread; for the joke of putting an educated and trained gentleman, in a public station and discharging most important social functions, at a social disadvantage among a class not the least stiff-necked and purse-proud of all classes known between the British Channel and Abyssinia; for the joke, in short, of systematically overpaying the national Shows and underpaying the national Substances; my learned friend Willmore has not the slightest tenderness! I am of opinion that he does not see it at all. He winds up his evidence with the following extraordinarily flat remark:

'I think that the public attention ought to be very pointedly directed to the fact, that while in the rich man's superior courts the suitors pay nothing towards the salaries of judges, officers, etc., yet in the poor man's county courts the suitors are taxed to pay for all these, and something extra, by which the state is mean enough to make a small profit. I cannot understand how any one, except, perhaps, a very timid Chancellor of the Exchequer, could justify or even tolerate an injustice so gross, palpable, and cruel.'

On the whole, therefore, it appears to me, and I am of opinion: That, if many such men as my learned friend Willmore were to secure a hearing, the vast and highly-entertaining collection of our legal and equitable jokes would be speedily brought to a close for ever. That, the object of such dull persons clearly is, to make Law and Equity intelligible and useful, and to cause them both to do justice and to be respected. Finally, that to clear out lumber, sweep away dust, bring down cobwebs, and destroy a vast amount of expensive practical joking, is no joke, but quite the reverse, and never will be considered humorous in any court in Westminster Hall.

TO WORKING MEN

[October 7, 1854]

It behoves every journalist, at this time when the memory of an awful pestilence[1] is fresh among us, and its traces are visible at every turn in various affecting aspects of poverty and desolation, which any of us can see who are not purposely blind, to warn his readers, whatsoever be their ranks and conditions, that unless they set themselves in earnest to improve the towns in which they live, and to amend the dwellings of the poor, they are guilty, before God, of wholesale murder.

The best of our journals have so well remembered their responsibility in this respect, and have so powerfully presented the truth to the general conscience, that little remains to be written on the urgent subject. But we would carry a forcible appeal made by our contemporary the *Times* to the working people of England a little further, and implore them—with a view to their future avoidance of a fatal old mistake—to beware of being led astray from their dearest interests, by high political authorities on the one hand, no less than by sharking mountebanks on the other. The noble lord, and the right honourable baronet, and the honourable gentleman, and the honourable and learned gentleman, and the honourable and gallant gentleman, and the whole of the honourable circle, have, in their contests for place, power, and patronage, loaves and fishes, distracted the working man's attention from his first necessities, quite as much as the broken creature—once a popular Misleader—who is now sunk in hopeless idiotcy in a madhouse. To whatsoever shadows these may offer in lieu of substances, it is now the first duty of The People to be resolutely blind and deaf; firmly insisting, above all things, on their and their children's right to every means of life and health that Providence has afforded for all, and firmly refusing to allow their name to be taken in vain for any purpose, by any party, until their homes are purified and the amplest means of cleanliness and decency are secured to them.

We may venture to remark that this most momentous of all earthly questions is one we are not now urging for the first time.

[1] Cholera outbreak in London, August and September 1854.

TO WORKING MEN

Long before this Journal came into existence, we systematically tried to turn Fiction to the good account of showing the preventible wretchedness and misery in which the mass of the people dwell, and of expressing again and again the conviction, founded upon observation, that the reform of their habitations must precede all other reforms; and that without it, all other reforms must fail. Neither Religion nor Education will make any way, in this nineteenth century of Christianity, until a Christian government shall have discharged its first obligation, and secured to the people Homes, instead of polluted dens.

Now, any working man of common intelligence knows perfectly well, that one session of parliament zealously devoted to this object would secure its attainment. If he do not also know perfectly well that a government or a parliament will of itself originate nothing to save his life, he may know it by instituting a very little inquiry. Let him inquire what either power has done to better his social condition, since the last great outbreak of disease five years ago. Let him inquire what amount of attention from government, and what amount of attendance in parliament, the question of that condition has ever attracted, until one night in this last August, when it became a personal question and a facetious question, and when Lord Seymour, the member for Totnes, exhibited his fitness for ever having been placed at the head of a great public department by cutting jokes, which were received with laughter, on the subject of the pestilence then raging. If the working man, on such a review of plain facts, be satisfied that without his own help he will not be helped, but will be pitilessly left to struggle at unnatural odds with disease and death; then let him bestir himself to set so monstrous a wrong right, and let him—for the time at least—dismiss from his mind all other public questions, as straws in the balance. The glorious right of voting for Lord This (say Seymour, for instance) or Sir John That; the intellectual state of Abyssinia; the endowment of the College of Maynooth; the paper duty; the newspaper duty; the five per cent.; the twenty-five per cent.; the ten thousand hobby-horses that are exercised before him, scattering so much dust in his eyes that he cannot see his own hearth, until the cloud is suddenly fanned away by the wings of the Angel of Death: all these distractions let him put aside, holding steadily to one truth—'Waking and sleeping, I and mine are slowly poisoned. Imperfect

development and premature decay are the lot of those who are dear to me as my life. I bring children into the world to suffer unnaturally, and to die when my Merciful Father would have them live. The beauty of infancy is blotted out from my sight, and in its stead sickliness and pain look at me from the wan mother's knee. Shameful deprivation of the commonest appliances, distinguishing the lives of human beings from the lives of beasts, is my inheritance. My family is one of tens of thousands of families who are set aside as food for pestilence.' And let him then, being made in the form of man, resolve, 'I will not bear it, and it shall not be!'

If working men will be thus true to themselves and one another, there never was a time when they had so much just sympathy and so much ready help at hand. The whole powerful middle-class of this country, newly smitten with a sense of self-reproach — far more potent with it, we fully believe, than the lower motives of self-defence and fear—is ready to join them. The utmost power of the press is eager to assist them. But the movement, to be irresistible, must originate with themselves, the suffering many. Let *them* take the initiative, and call the middle-class to unite with them: which they will do, heart and soul! Let the working people, in the metropolis, in any one great town, but turn their intelligence, their energy, their numbers, their power of union, their patience, their perseverance, in this straight direction in earnest—and by Christmas, they shall find a government in Downing Street and a House of Commons within hail of it, possessing not the faintest family resemblance to the Indifferents and Incapables last heard of in that slumberous neighbourhood.

It is only through a government so acted upon and so forced to acquit itself of its first responsibility, that the intolerable ills arising from the present nature of the dwellings of the poor can be remedied. A Board of Health can do much, but not near enough. Funds are wanted, and great powers are wanted; powers to over-ride little interests for the general good; powers to coerce the ignorant, obstinate, and slothful, and to punish all who, by any infraction of necessary laws, imperil the public health. The working people and the middle-class thoroughly resolved to have such laws, there is no more choice left to all the Red Tape in Britain as to the form in which it shall tie itself next, than there is option in the barrel of a barrel-organ what tune it shall play.

But, though it is easily foreseen that such an alliance must soon incalculably mitigate, and in the end annihilate, the dark list of calamities resulting from sinful and cruel neglect which the late visitation has—unhappily not for the first time—unveiled; it is impossible to set limits to the happy issues that would flow from it. A better understanding between the two great divisions of society, a habit of kinder and nearer approach, an increased respect and trustfulness on both sides, a gently corrected method in each of considering the views of the other, would lead to such blessed improvements and interchanges among us, that even our narrow wisdom might within the compass of a short time learn to bless the sickly year in which so much good blossomed out of evil.

In the plainest sincerity, in affectionate sympathy, in the ardent desire of our heart to do them some service, and to see them take their place in the system which should bind us all together, and bring home, to us all, the happiness of which our necessarily varied conditions are all susceptible, we submit these few words to the working men. The time is ripe for every one of them to raise himself and those who are dear to him, at no man's cost, with no violence or injustice, with cheerful help and support, with lasting benefit to the whole community. Even the many among them at whose firesides there will be vacant seats this winter, we address with hope. However hard the trial and heavy the bereavement, there is a far higher consolation in striving for the life that is left, than in brooding with sullen eyes beside the grave.

AN UNSETTLED NEIGHBOURHOOD

[November 11, 1854]

It is not my intention to treat of any of those new neighbourhoods which a wise legislature leaves to come into existence just as it may happen; overthrowing the trees, blotting out the face of the country, huddling together labyrinths of odious little streets of vilely constructed houses; heaping ugliness upon ugliness, inconvenience upon inconvenience, dirt upon dirt, and contagion upon contagion. Whenever a few hundreds of thousands of people of the classes most enormously increasing, shall happen to come to

the conclusion that they have suffered enough from preventible disease (a moral phenomenon that may occur at any time), the said wise legislature will find itself called to a heavy reckoning. May it emerge from that extremity as agreeably as it slided in. Amen!

No. The unsettled neighbourhood on which I have my eye—in a literal sense, for I live in it, and am looking out of window—cannot be called a new neighbourhood. It has been in existence, how long shall I say? Forty, fifty, years. It touched the outskirts of the fields, within a quarter of a century; at that period it was as shabby, dingy, damp, and mean a neighbourhood, as one would desire not to see. Its poverty was not of the demonstrative order. It shut the street-doors, pulled down the blinds, screened the parlour-windows with the wretchedest plants in pots, and made a desperate stand to keep up appearances. The genteeler part of the inhabitants, in answering knocks, got behind the door to keep out of sight, and endeavoured to diffuse the fiction that a servant of some sort was the ghostly warder. Lodgings were let, and many more were *to* let; but, with this exception, signboards and placards were discouraged. A few houses that became afflicted in their lower extremities with eruptions of mangling and clear-starching, were considered a disgrace to the neighbourhood. The working bookbinder with the large door-plate was looked down upon for keeping fowls, who were always going in and out. A corner house with 'Ladies' School' on a board over the first floor windows, was barely tolerated for its educational facilities; and Miss Jamanne the dressmaker, who inhabited two parlours, and kept an obsolete work of art representing the Fashions, in the window of the front one, was held at a marked distance by the ladies of the neighbourhood—who patronised her, however, with far greater regularity than they paid her.

In those days, the neighbourhood was as quiet and dismal as any neighbourhood about London. Its crazily built houses—the largest, eight-roomed—were rarely shaken by any conveyance heavier than the spring van that came to carry off the goods of a 'sold up' tenant. To be sold up was nothing particular. The whole neighbourhood felt itself liable, at any time, to that common casualty of life. A man used to come into the neighbourhood regularly, delivering the summonses for rates and taxes as if they were circulars. We never paid anything until the last extremity, and

Heaven knows how we paid it then. The streets were positively hilly with the inequalities made in them by the man with the pickaxe who cut off the company's supply of water to defaulters. It seemed as if nobody had any money but old Miss Frowze, who lived with her mother at Number fourteen Little Twig Street, and who was rumoured to be immensely rich; though I don't know why, unless it was that she never went out of doors, and never wore a cap, and never brushed her hair, and was immensely dirty.

As to visitors, we really had no visitors at that time. Stabbers's Band used to come every Monday morning and play for three quarters of an hour on one particular spot by the Norwich Castle; but, how they first got into a habit of coming, or even how we knew them to be Stabbers's Band, I am unable to say. It was popular in the neighbourhood, and we used to contribute to it: dropping our halfpence into an exceedingly hard hat with a warm handkerchief in it, like a sort of bird's-nest (I am not aware whether it was Mr. Stabbers's hat or not), which came regularly round. They used to open with 'Begone, dull Care!' and to end with a tune which the neighbourhood recognised as 'I'd rather have a Guinea than a One-pound Note.' I think any reference to money, that was not a summons or an execution, touched us melodiously. As to Punches, they knew better than to do anything but squeak and drum in the neighbourhood, unless a collection was made in advance—which never succeeded. Conjurors and strong men strayed among us, at long intervals; but, I never saw the donkey go up once. Even costermongers were shy of us, as a bad job: seeming to know instinctively that the neighbourhood ran scores with Mrs. Slaughter, Greengrocer, etc., of Great Twig Street, and consequently didn't dare to buy a ha'porth elsewhere: or very likely being told so by young Slaughter, who managed the business, and was always lurking in the Coal Department, practising Ramo Samee with three potatoes.

As to shops, we had no shops either, worth mentioning. We had the Norwich Castle, Truman Hanbury and Buxton, by J. Wigzell: a violent landlord, who was constantly eating in the bar, and constantly coming out with his mouth full and his hat on, to stop his amiable daughter from giving more credit; and we had Slaughter's; and we had a jobbing tailor's (in a kitchen), and a toy and hardbake (in a parlour), and a Bottle Rag Bone Kitchen-

stuff and Ladies' Wardrobe, and a tobacco and weekly paper. We used to run to the doors and windows to look at a cab, it was such a rare sight; the boys (we had no end of boys, but where *is* there any end of boys?) used to Fly the garter in the middle of the road; and if ever a man might have thought a neighbourhood was settled down until it dropped to pieces, a man might have thought ours was.

What made the fact quite the reverse, and totally changed the neighbourhood? I have known a neighbourhood changed, by many causes, for a time. I have known a miscellaneous vocal concert every evening, do it; I have known a mechanical waxwork with a drum and organ, do it; I have known a Zion Chapel do it; I have known a firework-maker's do it; or a murder, or a tallow-melter's. But, in such cases, the neighbourhood has mostly got round again, after a time, to its former character. I ask, what changed our neighbourhood altogether and for ever? I don't mean what knocked down rows of houses, took the whole of Little Twig Street into one immense hotel, substituted endless cab-ranks for Fly the garter, and shook us all day long to our foundations with waggons of heavy goods; but, what put the neighbourhood off its head, and wrought it to that feverish pitch that it has ever since been unable to settle down to any one thing, and will never settle down again? The Railroad has done it all.

That the Railway Terminus springing up in the midst of the neighbourhood should make what I may call a physical change in it, was to be expected. That people who had not sufficient beds for themselves, should immediately begin offering to let beds to the travelling public, was to be expected. That coffee-pots, stale muffins, and egg-cups, should fly into parlour windows like tricks in a pantomime, and that everybody should write up Good Accommodation for Railway Travellers, was to be expected. Even that Miss Frowze should open a cigar-shop, with a what 's-his-name that the Brahmins smoke, in the middle of the window, and a thing outside like a Canoe stood on end, with a familiar invitation underneath it, to 'Take a light,' might have been expected. I don't wonder at house-fronts being broken out into shops, and particularly into Railway Dining Rooms, with powdered haunches of mutton, powdered cauliflowers, and great flat bunches of rhubarb, in the window. I don't complain of three eight-roomed houses out of

BUILDING THE STATIONARY ENGINE HOUSE, CAMDEN TOWN

every four taking upon themselves to set up as Private Hotels, and putting themselves, as such, into Bradshaw, with a charge of so much a day for bed and breakfast, including boot-cleaning and attendance, and so much extra for a private sitting-room—though where the private sitting-rooms can be, in such an establishment, I leave you to judge. I don't make it any ground of objection to Mrs. Minderson (who is a most excellent widow woman with a young family) that, in exhibiting one empty soup-tureen with the cover on, she appears to have satisfied her mind that she is fully provisioned as 'The Railway Larder.' I don't point it out as a public evil that all the boys who are left in the neighbourhood, tout to carry carpet-bags. The Railway Ham, Beef, and German Sausage Warehouse, I was prepared for. The Railway Pie Shop, I have purchased pastry from. The Railway Hat and Travelling Cap Depot, I knew to be an establishment which in the nature of things must come. The Railway Hair-cutting Saloon, I have been operated upon in; the Railway Ironmongery, Nail and Tool Warehouse; the Railway Bakery; the Railway Oyster Rooms and General Shell Fish Shop; the Railway Medical Hall; and the Railway Hosiery and Travelling Outfitting Establishment; all these I don't complain of. In the same way, I know that the cabmen must and will have beer-shops, on the cellar-flaps of which they can smoke their pipes among the waterman's buckets, and dance the double shuffle. The railway porters must also have *their* houses of call; and at such places of refreshment I am prepared to find the Railway Double Stout at a gigantic threepence in your own jugs. I don't complain of this; neither do I complain of J. Wigzell having absorbed two houses on each side of him into The Railway Hotel (late Norwich Castle), and setting up an illuminated clock, and a vane at the top of a pole like a little golden Locomotive. But what I do complain of, and what I am distressed at, is, the state of mind—the moral condition—into which the neighbourhood has got. It is unsettled, dissipated, wandering (I believe nomadic is the crack word for that sort of thing just at present), and don't know its own mind for an hour.

I have seen various causes of demoralisation learnedly pointed out in reports and speeches, and charges to grand juries; but, the most demoralising thing *I* know, is Luggage. I have come to the conclusion that the moment Luggage begins to be always shooting

about a neighbourhood, that neighbourhood goes out of its mind. Everybody wants to be off somewhere. Everybody does everything in a hurry. Everybody has the strangest ideas of its being vaguely his or her business to go 'down the line.' If any Fast-train could take it, I believe the whole neighbourhood of which I write: bricks, stones, timber, ironwork, and everything else: would set off down the line.

Why, only look at it! What with houses being pulled down and houses being built up, is it possible to imagine a neighbourhood less collected in its intellects? There are not fifty houses of any sort in the whole place that know their own mind a month. Now, a shop says, 'I'll be a toy-shop.' To-morrow it says, 'No I won't; I'll be a milliner's.' Next week it says, 'No I won't; I'll be a stationer's.' Next week it says, 'No I won't; I'll be a Berlin wool repository.' Take the shop directly opposite my house. Within a year, it has gone through all these changes, and has likewise been a plumber's painter's and glazier's, a tailor's, a broker's, a school, a lecturing-hall, and a feeding-place, 'established to supply the Railway public with a first-rate sandwich and a sparkling glass of Crowley's Alton Ale for threepence.' I have seen the different people enter on these various lines of business, apparently in a sound and healthy state of mind. I have seen them, one after another, go off their heads with looking at the cabs rattling by, top-heavy with luggage, the driver obscured by boxes and portmanteaus crammed between his legs, and piled on the footboard—I say, I have seen them with my own eyes, fired out of their wits by luggage, put up the shutters, and set off down the line.

In the old state of the neighbourhood, if any young party was sent to the Norwich Castle to see what o'clock it was, the solid information would be brought back—say, for the sake of argument, twenty minutes to twelve. The smallest child in the neighbourhood who can tell the clock, is now convinced that it hasn't time to say twenty minutes to twelve, but comes back and jerks out, like a little Bradshaw, 'Eleven forty.' Eleven forty!

Mentioning the Norwich Castle, reminds me of J. Wigzell. That man is a type of the neighbourhood. He used to wear his shirt-sleeves and his stiff drab trowsers, like any other publican; and if he went out twice in a year, besides going to the Licensed Victuallers' Festival, it was as much as he did. What is the state of that man

now? His pantaloons must be railway checks; his upper garment must be a cut-away coat, perfectly undermined by travelling pockets; he must keep a time-bill in his waistcoat—besides the two immense ones, Up and Down, that are framed in the bar—he must have a macintosh and a railway rug always lying ready on a chair; and he must habitually start off down the line, at five minutes' notice. Now, I *know* that J. Wigzell has no business down the line; he has no more occasion to go there than a Chinese. The fact is, he stops in the bar until he is rendered perfectly insane by the Luggage he sees flying up and down the street; then, catches up his macintosh and railway rug; goes down the line; gets out at a Common, two miles from a town; eats a dinner at the new little Railway Tavern there, in a choking hurry; comes back again by the next Up-train; and feels that he has done business!

We dream, in this said neighbourhood, of carpet-bags and packages. How can we help it? All night long, when passenger trains are flat, the Goods trains come in, banging and whanging over the turning-plates at the station like the siege of Sebastopol. Then, the mails come in; then, the mail-carts come out; then, the cabs set in for the early parliamentary; then, we are in for it through the rest of the day. Now, I don't complain of the whistle, I say nothing of the smoke and steam, I have got used to the red-hot burning smell from the Breaks which I thought for the first twelvemonth was my own house on fire, and going to burst out; but, my ground of offence is the moral inoculation of the neighbourhood. I am convinced that there is some mysterious sympathy between my hat on my head, and all the hats in hat-boxes that are always going down the line. My shirts and stockings put away in a chest of drawers, want to join the multitude of shirts and stockings that are always rushing everywhere, Express, at the rate of forty mile an hour. The trucks that clatter with such luggage, full trot, up and down the platform, tear into our spirits, and hurry us, and we can't be easy.

In a word, the Railway Terminus Works themselves are a picture of our moral state. They look confused and dissipated, with an air as if they were always up all night, and always giddy. Here, is a vast shed that was not here yesterday, and that may be pulled down to-morrow; there, a wall that is run up until some other building is ready; there, an open piece of ground, which is a quagmire in the middle, bounded on all four sides by a wilderness of houses, pulled

down, shored up, broken-headed, crippled, on crutches, knocked about and mangled in all sorts of ways, and billed with fragments of all kinds of ideas. We are, mind and body, an unsettled neighbourhood. We are demoralised by the contemplation of luggage in perpetual motion. My conviction is, that you have only to circulate luggage enough — it is a mere question of quantity — through a Quakers' Meeting, and every broad-brimmed hat and slate-coloured bonnet there, will disperse to the four winds at the highest possible existing rate of locomotion.

REFLECTIONS OF A LORD MAYOR

[November 18, 1854]

'I have been told,' said the Lord Mayor of London, left alone in his dressing-room after a state occasion, and proceeding to divest himself of the very large chain the Lord Mayor of London wears about his neck, according to the manner of the President of the Royal Academy of Arts, and the watermen of the principal hackney-coach stands: 'I say, I have been told,' repeated the Lord Mayor, glancing at himself in the glass, 'rather frequently now, in contemporary history, that I am a Humbug.'

No matter what particular Lord Mayor of London thus delivered himself. Any modern Lord Mayor of London may have recalled, with the fidelity here quoted, the homage widely offered to his position.

'I have been told so,' continued the Lord Mayor of London, who was in the habit of practising oratory when alone, as Demosthenes did, and with the somewhat similar object of correcting a curious impediment in his speech, which always thrust the letter H upon him when he had no business with it, and always took it away from him when it was indispensable; 'I have been told so,' pursued the Lord Mayor, 'on the ground that the privileges, dues, levies, and other exactions of my government, are relics of ages in all respects unlike the present; when the manners and customs of the people were different, when commerce was differently understood and practised, when the necessities and requirements of this enormous metropolis were as unlike what they are now, as this enormous metropolis itself on the map of Queen Victoria's time is unlike the scarcely

recognisable little mustard-seed displayed as London on the map of Queen Elizabeth's time. I have been told so, on the ground that whereas my office was a respectable reality when the little city in which I hold my state was actually London, and its citizens were the London people, it is a swaggering sham when that little city's inhabitants are not a twelfth part of the metropolitan population, and when that little city's extent is not a tenth part of the metropolitan surface. These, I am informed, are a short summary of the reasons why the London citizens who stand foremost as to the magnitude of their mercantile dealings and the grasp of their intelligence, always fly from the assumption of my blushing honours; and why formally constituted Commissions have admitted, not without some reluctance, that I am—officially,' said the Lord Mayor twice—'officially—a most absurd creature, and, in point of fact, the Humbug already mentioned.'

The Lord Mayor of London having thus summed up, polished his gold chain with his sleeve, laid it down on the dressing-table, put on a flannel gown, took a chair before the glass, and proceeded to address himself in the following neat and appropriate terms:

'Now, my Lord,' said the Lord Mayor of London; and at the word he bowed, and smiled obsequiously; 'you are well aware that there is no foundation whatever for these envious disparagements. They are the shadows of the light of Greatness.' (The Lord Mayor stopped and made a note of this sentiment, as available after dinner some day.) 'On what evidence will you receive your true position? On the City Recorder's? On the City Remembrancer's? On the City Chamberlain's? On the Court of Common Council's? On the Swordbearer's? On the Toastmaster's? These are good witnesses, I believe, and they will bear testimony at any time to your being a solid dignitary, to your office being one of the highest aspirations of man, one of the brightest crowns of merit, one of the noblest objects of earthly ambition. But, my Lord Mayor'; here the Lord Mayor smiled at himself and bowed again; 'is it from the City only, that you get these tributes to the virtues of your office, and the empty wickedness of the Commission that would dethrone you? I think not. I think you may inquire East, West, North, and South—particularly West,' said the Lord Mayor, who was a courtly personage—'particularly West, among my friends of the aristocracy—and still find that the Lord Mayor of London is

the brightest jewel (next to Mercy) in the British crown, and the apple of the United Kingdom's eye.

'Who,' said the Lord Mayor, crossing his knees, and arguing the point, with the aid of his forefinger, at himself in the glass, 'who is to be believed? Is it the superior classes (my very excellent and dear friends) that are to be believed, or is it Commissions and writers in newspapers? The reply of course is, the superior classes. Why then,' said the Lord Mayor, 'let us consider what my beloved and honoured friends the members of the superior classes, say.

'We will begin,' said the Lord Mayor, 'with my highly eminent and respected friends—my revered brothers, if they will allow me to call them so—the Cabinet Ministers. What does a cabinet minister say when he comes to dine with me? He gets up and tells the company that all the honours of official life are nothing comparable to the honour of coming and dining with the Lord Mayor. He gives them to understand that, in all his doubts, his mind instinctively reverts to the Lord Mayor for counsel; that in all his many triumphs, he looks to the Lord Mayor for his culminating moral support; that in all his few defeats, he looks to the Lord Mayor for lasting consolation. He signifies that, if the Lord Mayor only approves of his political career, he is happy; that if the Lord Mayor disapproves, he is miserable. His respect for the office is perpetually augmenting. He has had the honour of enjoying the munificent hospitality of other Lord Mayors, but he never knew such a Lord Mayor as this Lord Mayor, or such a Lord Mayor's dinner as this dinner. With much more to the same effect. And I believe,' said the Lord Mayor of London, smiling obsequiously, 'that my noble and right honourable friends the Cabinet Ministers, never make a fool of any one?

'Take,' said the Lord Mayor of London, 'next, my highly decorated friends, the Representatives of Foreign Courts. They assure the guests, in the politest manner, that when they inform their respective governments that they have had the honour of dining with the Lord Mayor, their respective governments will hardly know what to make of themselves, they will feel so exalted by the distinction. And I hope,' said the Lord Mayor, smiling obsequiously, 'that their Excellencies my diplomatic friends, usually say what they mean?

'What sentiments do the Army and Navy express when they

come and dine at the Guildhall or Mansion House? They don't exactly tell the company that our brave soldiers and our hardy seamen rush to conquest, stimulating one another with the great national watchword, "The Lord Mayor!" but they almost go that length. They intimate that the courage of our national defenders would be dreadfully damped if there was no Lord Mayor; that Nelson and Wellington always had the Lord Mayor in their minds (as no doubt they had) in conducting their most brilliant exploits; and that they always looked forward to the Lord Mayor (as no doubt they did) for their highest rewards. And I think,' said the Lord Mayor, smiling obsequiously, 'that my honourable and gallant friends, the field-marshals and admirals of this glorious country, are not the men to bandy compliments?

'My eminently reverend friends the Archbishops and Bishops, *they* are not idle talkers,' said the Lord Mayor. 'Yet, when they do me the honour to take no thought (as I may say) what they shall eat or what they shall drink, but with the greatest urbanity to eat and drink (I am proud to think) up to the full amount of three pound three per head, they are not behind-hand with the rest. They perceive in the Lord Mayor, a pillar of the great fabric of church and state; they know that the Lord Mayor is necessary to true Religion; they are, in a general way, fully impressed with the conviction that the Lord Mayor is an Institution not to be touched without danger to orthodox piety. Yet, if I am not deceived,' said the Lord Mayor, smiling obsequiously, 'my pastoral and personal friends, the archbishops and bishops, are to be believed upon their affirmation?

'My elevated and learned friends, the Judges!' cried the Lord Mayor, in a tone of enthusiasm. 'When I ask the judges to dinner, *they* are not found to encourage the recommendations of corrupt Commissions. On the contrary, I infer from their speeches that they are at a loss to understand how Law or Equity could ever be administered in this country, if the Lord Mayor was reduced. I understand from them, that it is, somehow, the Lord Mayor who keeps the very judges themselves straight; that if there was no Lord Mayor, they would begin to go crooked; that if they didn't dine with the Lord Mayor at least once a year, they couldn't answer for their not taking bribes, or doing something of that sort. And it is a general opinion, I imagine,' said the Lord Mayor, smiling obsequiously, 'that my judicial friends the judges, know how to sum up a case?

'Likewise my honourable and legislative friends the Members of the House of Commons—and my noble and deliberative friends, the Members of the House of Lords—and my learned and forensic friends of the liberal profession of the Bar!' cried the Lord Mayor. 'They are all convinced (when they come to dinner) that without the Lord Mayor, the whole Lord Mayor, and nothing but the Lord Mayor, there would ensue what I may call a national smash. They are all agreed that society is a kind of barrel, formed of a number of staves, with a very few hoops to keep them together; and that the Lord Mayor of London is such a strong hoop, that if he was taken off, the staves would fly asunder, and the barrel would burst. This is very gratifying, this is very important, this is very dignifying, this is very true. I am proud of this profound conviction. For, I believe,' said the Lord Mayor, smiling obsequiously, 'that this distinguished agglomeration of my eloquent and flowery friends, is capable of making speeches?

'Then you see, my Lord,' pursued the Lord Mayor, resuming the argument with his looking-glass, after a short pause of pride in his illustrious circle of acquaintance, which caused him to swell considerably, 'it comes to this. Do these various distinguished persons come into the city annually, as a matter of course, to make certain routine speeches over you, without in the least caring or considering what they mean—just as the boys do, in the same month, over Guy Fawkes; or do they come really and truly to uphold you. In the former case, you would be placed in the unpleasant predicament of knowing for certain that they laugh at you when they go home; in the latter case, you would have the happiness of being sure that the Commission which declares you to be the—in point of fact,' said the Lord Mayor, with a lingering natural reluctance, 'the Humbug already mentioned—is a piece of impotent falsehood and malice.

'Which you know it to be,' said the Lord Mayor, rising firmly. 'Which you know it to be! Your honoured and revered friends of the upper classes, rally round you'; (the Lord Mayor made a note of the neat expression, rallying round, as available for various public occasions); 'and you see them, and you hear them, and seeing and hearing are believing, or nothing is. Further, you are bound as their devoted servant to believe them, or you fall into the admission that public functionaries have got into a way of pumping out floods of conventional words without any meaning and without any

sincerity—a way not likely to be reserved for Lord Mayors only, and a very bad way for the whole community.'

So, the Lord Mayor of London went to bed, and dreamed of being made a Baronet.

THE LOST ARCTIC VOYAGERS

I

[December 2, 1854]

Dr. Rae may be considered to have established, by the mute but solemn testimony of the relics he has brought home, that Sir John Franklin and his party are no more.[1] But, there is one passage in his melancholy report, some examination into the probabilities and improbabilities of which, we hope will tend to the consolation of those who take the nearest and dearest interest in the fate of that unfortunate expedition, by leading to the conclusion that there is no reason whatever to believe, that any of its members prolonged their existence by the dreadful expedient of eating the bodies of their dead companions. Quite apart from the very loose and unreliable nature of the Esquimaux representations (on which it would be necessary to receive with great caution, even the commonest and most natural occurrence), we believe we shall show, that close analogy and the mass of experience are decidedly against the reception of any such statement, and that it is in the highest degree improbable that such men as the officers and crews of the two lost ships would, or could, in any extremity of hunger, alleviate the pains of starvation by this horrible means.

Before proceeding to the discussion, we will premise that we find no fault with Dr. Rae, and that we thoroughly acquit him of any trace of blame. He has himself openly explained, that his duty demanded that he should make a faithful report, to the Hudson's Bay Company or the Admiralty, of every circumstance stated to him; that he did so, as he was bound to do, without any reserva-

[1] Sir John Franklin's Third Arctic Expedition started on 24th May 1845, and was never heard of again after July of the same year. Several voyages of discovery were made, and Dr. Rae, who twice accompanied search parties, returned in 1854 and reported the results of his efforts.

tion; and that his report was made public by the Admiralty: not by him. It is quite clear that if it were an ill-considered proceeding to disseminate this painful idea on the worst of evidence, Dr. Rae is not responsible for it. It is not material to the question that Dr. Rae believes in the alleged cannibalism; he does so, merely 'on the substance of information obtained at various times and various sources,' which is before us all. At the same time, we will most readily concede that he has all the rights to defend his opinion which his high reputation as a skilful and intrepid traveller of great experience in the Arctic Regions—combined with his manly, conscientious, and modest personal character—can possibly invest him with. Of the propriety of his immediate return to England with the intelligence he had got together, we are fully convinced. As a man of sense and humanity, he perceived that the first and greatest account, to which it could be turned, was, the prevention of the useless hazard of valuable lives; and no one could better know in how much hazard all lives are placed that follow Franklin's track, than he who had made eight visits to the Arctic shores. With these remarks we can release Dr. Rae from this inquiry, proud of him as an Englishman, and happy in his safe return home to well-earned rest.

The following is the passage in the report to which we invite attention: 'Some of the bodies had been buried (probably those of the first victims of famine); some were in a tent or tents; others under the boat, which had been turned over to form a shelter; and several lay scattered about in different directions. Of those found on the island, one was supposed to have been an officer, as he had a telescope strapped over his shoulders, and his double-barrelled gun lay underneath him. From the mutilated state of many of the corpses and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that our wretched countrymen had been driven to the last resource—cannibalism—as a means of prolonging existence. . . . None of the Esquimaux with whom I conversed had seen the "whites," nor had they ever been at the place where the bodies were found, but had their information from those who had been there, and who had seen the party when travelling.'

We have stated our belief that the extreme improbability of this inference as to the last resource, can be rested, first on close analogy, and secondly, on broad general grounds, quite apart from the improbabilities and incoherencies of the Esquimaux evidence: which

is itself given, at the very best, at second-hand. More than this, we presume it to have been given at second-hand through an interpreter; and he was, in all probability, imperfectly acquainted with the language he translated to the white man. We believe that few (if any) Esquimaux tribes speak one common dialect; and Franklin's own experience of his interpreters in his former voyage was, that they and the Esquimaux they encountered understood each other 'tolerably'—an expression which he frequently uses in his book, with the evident intention of showing that their communication was not altogether satisfactory. But, even making the very large admission that Dr. Rae's interpreter perfectly understood what he was told, there yet remains the question whether he could render it into language of corresponding weight and value. We recommend any reader who does not perceive the difficulty of doing so and the skill required, even when a copious and elegant European language is in question, to turn to the accounts of the trial of Queen Caroline, and to observe the constant discussions that arose—sometimes, very important—in reference to the worth in English, of words used by the Italian witnesses. There still remains another consideration, and a grave one, which is, that ninety-nine interpreters out of a hundred, whether savage, half-savage, or wholly civilised, interpreting to a person of superior station and attainments, will be under a strong temptation to exaggerate. This temptation will always be strongest, precisely where the person interpreted to is seen to be the most excited and impressed by what he hears; for, in proportion as he is moved, the interpreter's importance is increased. We have ourself had an opportunity of inquiring whether any part of this awful information, the unsatisfactory result of 'various times and various sources,' was conveyed by gestures. It was so, and the gesture described to us as often repeated—that of the informant setting his mouth to his own arm—would quite as well describe a man having opened one of his veins, and drunk of the stream that flowed from it. If it be inferred that the officer who lay upon his double-barrelled gun, defended his life to the last against ravenous seamen, under the boat or elsewhere, and that he died in so doing, how came his body to be found? That was not eaten, or even mutilated, according to the description. Neither were the bodies, buried in the frozen earth, disturbed; and is it not likely that if any bodies were resorted to as food, those the most

removed from recent life and companionship would have been the first? Was there any fuel in that desolate place for cooking 'the contents of the kettles'? If none, would the little flame of the spirit-lamp the travellers *may have had* with them, have sufficed for such a purpose? If not, would the kettles have been defiled for that purpose at all? 'Some of the corpses,' Dr. Rae adds, in a letter to the *Times*, 'had been sadly mutilated, and had been stripped by those who had the misery to survive them, and who were found wrapped in two or three suits of clothes.' Had there been no bears thereabout, to mutilate those bodies; no wolves, no foxes? Most probably the scurvy, known to be the dreadfullest scourge of Europeans in those latitudes, broke out among the party. Virulent as it would inevitably be under such circumstances, it would of itself cause dreadful disfigurement—woeful mutilation—but, more than that, it would not only soon annihilate the desire to eat (especially to eat flesh of any kind), but would annihilate the power. Lastly, no man can, with any show of reason, undertake to affirm that this sad remnant of Franklin's gallant band were not set upon and slain by the Esquimaux themselves. It is impossible to form an estimate of the character of any race of savages, from their deferential behaviour to the white man while he is strong. The mistake has been made again and again; and the moment the white man has appeared in the new aspect of being weaker than the savage, the savage has changed and sprung upon him. There are pious persons who, in their practice, with a strange inconsistency, claim for every child born to civilisation all innate depravity, and for every savage born to the woods and wilds all innate virtue. We believe every savage to be in his heart covetous, treacherous, and cruel; and we have yet to learn what knowledge the white man—lost, houseless, shipless, apparently forgotten by his race, plainly famine-stricken, weak, frozen, helpless, and dying—has of the gentleness of Esquimaux nature.

Leaving, as we purposed, this part of the subject with a glance, let us put a supposititious case.

If a little band of British naval officers, educated and trained exactly like the officers of this ill-fated expedition, had, on a former occasion, in command of a party of men vastly inferior to the crews of these two ships, penetrated to the same regions, and been exposed to the rigours of the same climate; if they had undergone such

fatigue, exposure, and disaster, that scarcely power remained to them to crawl, and they tottered and fell many times in a journey of a few yards; if they could not bear the contemplation of their 'filth and wretchedness, each other's emaciated figures, ghastly countenances, dilated eyeballs, and sepulchral voices'; if they had eaten their shoes, such outer clothes as they could part with and not perish of cold, the scraps of acrid marrow yet remaining in the dried and whitened spines of dead wolves; if they had wasted away to skeletons, on such fare, and on bits of putrid skin, and bits of hides and the covers of guns, and pounded bones; if they had passed through all the pangs of famine, had reached that point of starvation where there is little or no pain left, and had descended so far into the valley of the shadow of Death, that they lay down side by side, calmly and even cheerfully awaiting their release from this world; if they had suffered such dire extremity, and yet lay where the bodies of their dead companions lay unburied, within a few paces of them; and yet never dreamed at the last gasp of resorting to this said 'last resource'; would it not be strong presumptive evidence against an incoherent Esquimaux story, collected at 'various times' as it wandered from 'various sources'? But, if the leader of that party were the leader of this very party too; if Franklin himself had undergone those dreadful trials, and had been restored to health and strength, and had been—not for days and months alone, but years—the Chief of this very expedition, infusing into it, as such a man necessarily must, the force of his character and discipline, patience and fortitude; would there not be a still greater and stronger moral improbability to set against the wild tales of a herd of savages?

Now, this *was* Franklin's case. He had passed through the ordeal we have described. He was the Chief of that expedition, and he was the Chief of this. In this, he commanded a body of picked English seamen of the first class; in that, he and his three officers had but one English seaman to rely on; the rest of the men being Canadian voyagers and Indians. His *Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea in* 1819-22, is one of the most explicit and enthralling in the whole literature of Voyage and Travel. The facts are acted and suffered before the reader's eyes, in the descriptions of Franklin, Richardson, and Back: three of the greatest names in the history of heroic endurance.

See how they gradually sink into the depths of misery.

'I was reduced,' says Franklin, long before the worst came, 'almost to skin and bone, and, like the rest of the party, suffered from degrees of cold that would have been disregarded whilst in health and vigour.' 'I set out with the intention of going to Saint Germain, to hasten his operations (making a canoe), but though he was only three quarters of a mile distant, I spent three hours in a vain attempt to reach him, my strength being unequal to the labour of wading through the deep snow; and I returned quite exhausted, and much shaken by the numerous falls I had got. My associates were all in the same debilitated state. The voyagers were somewhat stronger than ourselves, but more indisposed to exertion, on account of their despondency. The sensation of hunger was no longer felt by any of us, yet we were scarcely able to converse upon any other subject than the pleasures of eating.' 'We had a small quantity of this weed (tripe de roche, and always the cause of miserable illness to some of them) in the evening, and the rest of our supper was made up of scraps of roasted leather. The distance walked to-day was six miles.' 'Previous to setting out, the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes, and whatever scraps of leather they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigue of the day's journey.' 'Not being able to find any tripe de roche, we drank an infusion of the Labrador tea-plant, and ate a few morsels of burnt leather for supper.' 'We were unable to raise the tent, and found its weight too great to carry it on; we therefore cut it up, and took a part of the canvas for a cover.' Thus growing weaker and weaker every day, they reached, at last, Fort Enterprise, a lonely and desolate hut, where Richardson —then Dr. Richardson, now Sir John—and Hepburn, the English seaman, from whom they had been parted, rejoined them. 'We were all shocked at beholding the emaciated countenances of the Doctor and Hepburn, as they strongly evidenced their extremely debilitated state. The alteration in our appearance was equally distressing to them, for, since the swellings had subsided, we were little more than skin and bone. The Doctor particularly remarked the sepulchral tone of our voices, which he requested us to make more cheerful, if possible, quite unconscious that his own partook of the same key.' 'In the afternoon Peltier was so much exhausted, that he sat up with difficulty, and looked piteously; at length he

slided from his stool upon the bed, as we supposed to sleep, and in this composed state he remained upwards of two hours without our apprehending any danger. We were then alarmed by hearing a rattling in his throat, and on the Doctor's examining him he was found to be speechless. He died in the course of the night. Semandré sat up the greater part of the day, and even assisted in pounding some bones; but, on witnessing the melancholy state of Peltier, he became very low, and began to complain of cold, and stiffness of the joints. Being unable to keep up a sufficient fire to warm him, we laid him down, and covered him with several blankets. He did not, however, appear to get better, and I deeply lament to add, he also died before daylight. We removed the bodies of the deceased into the opposite part of the house, but our united strength was inadequate to the task of interring them, or even carrying them down to the river.' 'The severe shock occasioned by the sudden dissolution of our two companions, rendered us very melancholy. Adam (one of the interpreters) became low and despondent; a change which we lamented the more, as we perceived he had been gaining strength and spirits for the two preceding days. I was particularly distressed by the thought that the labour of collecting wood must now devolve upon Dr. Richardson and Hepburn, and that my debility would disable me from affording them any material assistance; indeed both of them most kindly urged me not to make the attempt. I found it necessary, in their absence, to remain constantly near Adam and to converse with him, in order to prevent his reflecting on our condition, and to keep up his spirits as far as possible. I also lay by his side at night.' 'The Doctor and Hepburn were getting much weaker, and the limbs of the latter were now greatly swelled. They came into the house frequently in the course of the day to rest themselves, and when once seated were unable to rise without the help of one another, or of a stick. Adam was for the most part in the same low state as yesterday, but sometimes he surprised us by getting up and walking with an appearance of increased strength. His looks were now wild and ghastly, and his conversation was often incoherent.' 'I may here remark, that owing to our loss of flesh, the hardness of the floor, from which we were only protected by a blanket, produced soreness over the body, and especially those parts on which the weight rested in lying; yet to turn ourselves for relief was a matter

of toil and difficulty. However, during this period, and indeed all along after the acute pains of hunger, which lasted but a short time, had subsided, we generally enjoyed the comfort of a few hours' sleep. The dreams which for the most part but not always accompanied it, were usually (though not invariably) of a pleasant character, being very often about the enjoyments of feasting. In the daytime, we fell into the practice of conversing on common and light subjects, although we sometimes discoursed, with seriousness and earnestness, on topics connected with religion. We generally avoided speaking, directly, of our present sufferings, or even of the prospect of relief. I observed, that in proportion as our strength decayed, our minds exhibited symptoms of weakness, evinced by a kind of unreasonable pettishness with each other. Each of us thought the other weaker in intellect than himself, and more in need of advice and assistance. So trifling a circumstance as a change of place, recommended by one as being warmer and more comfortable, and refused by the other from a dread of motion, frequently called forth fretful expressions, which were no sooner uttered than atoned for, to be repeated, perhaps, in the course of a few minutes. The same thing often occurred when we endeavoured to assist each other in carrying wood to the fire; none of us were willing to receive assistance, although the task was disproportioned to our strength. On one of these occasions, Hepburn was so convinced of this waywardness, that he exclaimed, "Dear me, if we are spared to return to England, I wonder if we shall recover our understandings!"'

Surely it must be comforting to the relatives and friends of Franklin and his brave companions in later dangers, now at rest, to reflect upon this manly and touching narrative; to consider that at the time it so affectingly describes, and all the weaknesses which it so truthfully depicts, the bodies of the dead lay within reach, preserved by the cold, but unmutilated; and to know it for an established truth, that the sufferers had passed the bitterness of hunger and were then dying passively.

They knew the end they were approaching very well, as Franklin's account of the arrival of their deliverance next day, shows. 'Adam had passed a restless night, being disquieted by gloomy apprehensions of approaching death, which we tried in vain to dispel. He was so low in the morning as to be scarcely able to

speak. I remained in bed by his side, to cheer him as much as possible. The Doctor and Hepburn went to cut wood. They had hardly begun their labour, when they were amazed at hearing the report of a musket. They could scarcely believe that there was really any one near, until they heard a shout, and immediately espied three Indians close to the house. Adam and I heard the latter noise, and I was fearful that a part of the house had fallen upon one of my companions; a disaster which had in fact been thought not unlikely. My alarm was only momentary. Dr. Richardson came in to communicate the joyful intelligence that relief had arrived. He and myself immediately addressed thanksgiving to the throne of mercy for this deliverance, but poor Adam was in so low a state that he could scarcely comprehend the information. When the Indians entered, he attempted to rise, but sank down again. But for this seasonable interposition of Providence, his existence must have terminated in a few hours, and that of the rest probably in not many days.'

But, in the preceding trials and privations of that expedition, there *was* one man, Michel, an Iroquois hunter, who *did* conceive the horrible idea of subsisting on the bodies of the stragglers, if not of even murdering the weakest with the express design of eating them—which is pretty certain. This man planned and executed his wolfish devices at a time when Sir John Richardson and Hepburn were afoot with him every day; when, though their sufferings were very great, they had not fallen into the weakened state of mind we have just read of; and when the mere difference between his bodily robustness and the emaciation of the rest of the party—to say nothing of his mysterious absences and returns — might have engendered suspicion. Yet, so far off was the unnatural thought of cannibalism from their minds, and from that of Mr. Hood, another officer who accompanied them—though they were all then suffering the pangs of hunger, and were sinking every hour—that no suspicion of the truth dawned upon one of them, until the same hunter shot Mr. Hood dead as he sat by a fire. It was after the commission of that crime, when he had become an object of horror and distrust, and seemed to be going savagely mad, that circumstances began to piece themselves together in the minds of the two survivors, suggesting a guilt so monstrously unlikely to both of them that it had never flashed upon the thoughts of either until they knew the

wretch to be a murderer. To be rid of his presence, and freed from the danger they at length perceived it to be fraught with, Sir John Richardson, nobly assuming the responsibility he would not allow a man of commoner station to bear, shot this devil through the head —to the infinite joy of all the generations of readers who will honour him in his admirable narrative of that transaction.

The words in which Sir John Richardson mentions this Michel, after the earth is rid of him, are extremely important to our purpose, as almost describing the broad general ground towards which we now approach. 'His principles, unsupported by a belief in the divine truths of Christianity, were unable to withstand the pressure of severe distress. His countrymen, the Iroquois, are generally Christians, but he was totally uninstructed, and ignorant of the duties inculcated by Christianity; and from his long residence in the Indian country, seems to have imbibed, or retained, the rules of conduct which the southern Indians prescribe to themselves.'

Heaven forbid that we, sheltered and fed, and considering this question at our own warm hearth, should audaciously set limits to any extremity of desperate distress! It is in reverence for the brave and enterprising, in admiration for the great spirits who can endure even unto the end, in love for their names, and in tenderness for their memory, that we think of the specks, once ardent men, 'scattered about in different directions' on the waste of ice and snow, and plead for their lightest ashes. Our last claim in their behalf and honour, against the vague babble of savages, is, that the instances in which this 'last resource' so easily received, has been permitted to interpose between life and death, are few and exceptional; whereas the instances in which the sufferings of hunger have been borne until the pain was past, are very many. Also, and as the citadel of the position, that the better educated the man, the better disciplined the habits, the more reflective and religious the tone of thought, the more gigantically improbable the 'last resource' becomes.

Beseeching the reader always to bear in mind that the lost Arctic voyagers were carefully selected for the service, and that each was in his condition no doubt far above the average, we will test the Esquimaux kettle-stories by some of the most trying and famous cases of hunger and exposure on record.

This, however, we must reserve for another and concluding chapter next week.

THE LOST ARCTIC VOYAGERS

II

[December 9, 1854]

We resume our subject of last week.

The account of the sufferings of the shipwrecked men, in *Don Juan*, will rise into most minds as our topic presents itself. It is founded (so far as such a writer as Byron may choose to resort to facts, in aid of what he knows intuitively), on several real cases. Bligh's undecked-boat navigation, after the mutiny of the *Bounty*; and the wrecks of the *Centaur*, the *Peggy*, the *Pandora*, the *Juno*, and the *Thomas*; had been, among other similar narratives, attentively read by the poet.

In Bligh's case, though the endurances of all on board were extreme, there was no movement towards the 'last resource.' And this, though Bligh in the memorable voyage which showed his knowledge of navigation to be as good as his temper was bad (which is very high praise), could only serve out, at the best, 'about an ounce of pork to each person,' and was fain to weigh the allowance of bread against a pistol bullet, and in the most urgent need could only administer wine or rum by the teaspoonful. Though the necessities of the party were so great, that when a stray bird was caught, its blood was poured into the mouths of three of the people who were nearest death, and 'the body, with the entrails, beak, and feet, was divided into eighteen shares.' Though of a captured dolphin there was 'issued about two ounces, including the offals, to each person'; and though the time came, when, in Bligh's words, 'there was a visible alteration for the worse in many of the people which excited great apprehensions in me. Extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, with an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me the melancholy presages of approaching dissolution.'

The *Centaur*, man-of-war, sprung a leak at sea in very heavy weather; was perceived, after great labour, to be fast settling down by the head; and was abandoned by the captain and eleven others, in the pinnace. They were 'in a leaky boat, with one of the gun-

wales stove, in nearly the middle of the Western Ocean; without compass, quadrant, or sail: wanting great-coat or cloak; all very thinly clothed, in a gale of wind, and with a great sea running.' They had 'one biscuit divided into twelve morsels for breakfast, and the same for dinner; the neck of a bottle, broke off with the cork in it, served for a glass; and this filled with water was the allowance for twenty-four hours, to each man.' This misery was endured, without any reference whatever to the last resource, for fifteen days: at the expiration of which time, they happily made land. Observe the captain's words, at the height. 'Our sufferings were now as great as human strength could bear; but, we were convinced that good spirits were a better support than great bodily strength; for on this day Thomas Mathews, quartermaster, perished from hunger and cold. On the day before, he had complained of want of strength in his throat, as he expressed it, to swallow his morsel, and in the night grew delirious and died without a groan.' What were their reflections? That they could support life on the body? 'As it became next to certainty that we should all perish in the same manner in a day or two, it was somewhat comfortable to reflect that dying of hunger was not so dreadful as our imaginations had represented.'

The *Pandora*, frigate, was sent out to Otaheite, to bring home for trial such of the mutineers of the *Bounty* as could be found upon the island. In Endeavour Straits, on her homeward voyage, she struck upon a reef; was got off, by great exertion; but had sustained such damage, that she soon heeled over and went down. One hundred and ten persons escaped in the boats, and entered on 'a long and dangerous voyage.' The daily allowance to each, was a musket-ball weight of bread, and two small wineglasses of water. 'The heat of the sun and reflexion of the sand became intolerable, and the quantity of salt water swallowed by the men created the most parching thirst; excruciating tortures were endured, and one of the men went mad and died.' Perhaps this body was devoured? No. 'The people at length neglected weighing their slender allowance, their mouths becoming so parched that few attempted to eat; and what was not claimed, was returned to the general stock.' They were a fine crew (but not so fine as Franklin's), and in a state of high discipline. Only this one death occurred, and all the rest were saved.

The *Juno*, a rotten and unseaworthy ship, sailed from Rangoon for Madras, with a cargo of teak-wood. She had been out three weeks, and had already struck upon a sandbank and sprung a leak, which the crew imperfectly stopped, when she became a wreck in a tremendous storm. The second mate and others, including the captain's wife, climbed into the mizen-top, and made themselves fast to the rigging. The second mate is the narrator of their distresses, and opens them with this remarkable avowal. 'We saw that we might remain on the wreck till carried off by famine, the most frightful shape in which death could appear to us. I confess it was my intention, as well as that of the rest, to prolong my existence by the only means that seemed likely to occur—eating the flesh of any whose life might terminate before my own. But this idea we did not communicate, or even hint to each other, until long afterwards; except once, that the gunner, a Roman Catholic, asked me if I thought there would be a sin in having recourse to such an expedient.' Now, it might reasonably be supposed, with this beginning, that the wreck of the *Juno* furnishes some awful instances of the 'last resource' of the Esquimaux stories. Not one. But, perhaps no unhappy creature died, in this mizen-top where the second mate was? Half a dozen, at least, died there; and the body of one Lascar getting entangled in the rigging, so that the survivors in their great weakness could not for some time release it and throw it overboard—which was their manner of disposing of the other bodies—hung there, for two or three days. It is worthy of all attention, that as the mate grew weaker, the terrible phantom which had been in his mind at first (as it might present itself to the mind of any other person, not actually in the extremity imagined), grew paler and more remote. At first, he felt sullen and irritable; on the night of the fourth day he had a refreshing sleep, dreamed of his father, a country clergyman, thought that he was administering the Sacrament to him, and drew the cup away when he stretched out his hand to take it. He chewed canvas, lead, any substance he could find—would have eaten his shoes, early in his misery, but that he wore none. And yet he says, and at an advanced stage of his story too, 'After all that I suffered, I believe it fell short of the idea I had formed of what would probably be the natural consequence of such a situation as that to which we were reduced. I had read or heard that no person could live without food, beyond a few

days; and when several had elapsed, I was astonished at my having existed so long, and concluded that every succeeding day must be the last. I expected, as the agonies of death approached, that we should be tearing the flesh from each other's bones.' Later still, he adds: 'I can give very little account of the rest of the time. The sensation of hunger was lost in that of weakness; and when I could get a supply of fresh water I was comparatively easy.' When land was at last descried, he had become too indifferent to raise his head to look at it, and continued lying in a dull and drowsy state, much as Adam the interpreter lay, with Franklin at his side.

The *Peggy* was an American sloop, sailing home from the Azores to New York. She encountered great distress of weather, ran short of provision, and at length had no food on board, and no water, 'except about two gallons which remained dirty at the bottom of a cask.' The crew ate a cat they had on board, the leather from the pumps, their buttons and their shoes, the candles and the oil. Then, they went aft, and down into the captain's cabin, and said they wanted him to see lots fairly drawn who should be killed to feed the rest. The captain refusing with horror, they went forward again, contrived to make the lot fall on a negro whom they had on board, shot him, fried a part of him for supper, and pickled the rest, with the exception of the head and fingers which they threw overboard. The greediest man among them, dying raving mad on the third day after this event, they threw his body into the sea—it would seem because they feared to derive a contagion of madness from it, if they ate it. Nine days having elapsed in all since the negro's death, and they being without food again, they went below once more and repeated their proposal to the captain (who lay weak and ill in his cot, having been unable to endure the mere thought of touching the negro's remains), that he should see lots fairly drawn. As he had no security but that they would manage, if he still refused, that the lot should fall on him, he consented. It fell on a foremast-man, who was the favourite of the whole ship. He was quite willing to die, and chose the man who had shot the negro, to be his executioner. While he was yet living, the cook made a fire in the galley; but, they resolved, when all was ready for his death, that the fire should be put out again, and that the doomed foremast-man should live until an hour before noon next day; after which they went once more into the captain's cabin, and begged him

to read prayers, with supplications that a sail might heave in sight before the appointed time. A sail was seen at about eight o'clock next morning, and they were taken off the wreck.

Is there any circumstance in this case to separate it from the others already described, and from the case of the lost Arctic voyagers? Let the reader judge. The ship was laden with wine and brandy. The crew were incessantly drunk from the first hour of their calamities falling upon them. They were not sober, even at the moment when they proposed the drawing of lots. They were with difficulty restrained from making themselves wildly intoxicated while the strange sail bore down to their rescue. And the mate, who should have been the exemplar and preserver of discipline, was so drunk after all, that he had no idea whatever of anything that had happened, and was rolled into the boat which saved his life.

In the case of the *Thomas*, the surgeon bled the man to death on whom the lot fell, and his remains were eaten ravenously. The details of this shipwreck are not within our reach; but, we confidently assume the crew to have been of an inferior class.

The useful and accomplished Sir John Barrow, remarking that it is but too well established 'that men in extreme cases *have destroyed each other* for the sake of appeasing hunger,' instances the English ship the *Nautilus* and the French ship the *Medusa*. Let us look into the circumstances of these two shipwrecks.

The *Nautilus*, sloop of war, bound for England with despatches from the Dardanelles, struck, one dark and stormy January night, on a coral rock in the Mediterranean, and soon broke up. A number of the crew got upon the rock, which scarcely rose above the water, and was less than four hundred yards long, and not more than two hundred broad. *On the fourth day*—they having been in the meantime hailed by some of their comrades who had got into a small whale-boat which was hanging over the ship's quarter when she struck; and also knowing that boat to have made for some fishermen not far off—these shipwrecked people ate the body of a young man who had died some hours before: notwithstanding that Sir John Barrow's words would rather imply that they killed some unfortunate person for the purpose. Now, surely after what we have just seen of the extent of human endurance under similar circumstances, we know this to be an exceptional and uncommon

case. It may likewise be argued that few of the people on the rock can have eaten of this fearful food; for, the survivors were fifty in number, and were not taken off until the sixth day and the eating of no other body is mentioned, though many persons died.

We come then, to the wreck of the *Medusa*, of which there is a lengthened French account by two surviving members of the crew, which was very indifferently translated into English some five-and-thirty years ago. She sailed from France for Senegal, in company with three other vessels, and had about two hundred and forty souls on board, including a number of soldiers. She got among shoals and stranded, a fortnight after her departure from Aix Roads. After scenes of tremendous confusion and dismay, the people at length took to the boats, and to a raft made of topmasts, yards, and other stout spars, strongly lashed together. One hundred and fifty mortals were crammed together on the raft, of whom only fifteen remained to be saved at the end of thirteen days. The raft has become the ship, and may always be understood to be meant when the wreck of the *Medusa* is in question.

Upon this raft, every conceivable and inconceivable horror, possible under the circumstances, took place. It was shamefully deserted by the boats (though the land was within fifteen leagues at that time), and it was so deep in the water that those who clung to it, fore and aft, were always immersed in the sea to their middles, and it was only out of the water amidships. It had a pole for a mast, on which the top-gallant sail of the *Medusa* was hoisted. It rocked and rolled violently with every wave, so that even in the dense crowd it was impossible to stand without holding on. Within the first few hours, people were washed off by dozens, flung themselves into the sea, were stifled in the press, and, getting entangled among the spars, rolled lifeless to and fro under foot. There was a cask of wine upon it which was secretly broached by the soldiers and sailors, who drank themselves so mad, that they resolved to cut the cords asunder, and send the whole living freight to perdition. They were headed by 'an Asiatic, and soldier in a colonial regiment: of a colossal stature, with short curled hair, an extremely large nose, an enormous mouth, a sallow complexion, and a hideous air.' Him, an officer cast into the sea; upon which, his comrades made a charge at the officer, threw *him* into the sea, and, on his being recovered by their opponents who launched a barrel to him,

tried to cut out his eyes with a penknife. Hereupon, an incessant and infernal combat was fought between the two parties, with sabres, knives, bayonets, nails, and teeth, until the rebels were thinned and cowed, and they were all ferociously wild together. On *the third day*, they 'fell upon the dead bodies with which the raft was covered, and cut off pieces, which some instantly devoured. Many did not touch them; almost all the officers were of this number.' On the fourth 'we dressed some fish (they had fire on the raft) which we devoured with extreme avidity; but, our hunger was so great, and our portion of fish so small, that we added to it some human flesh, which dressing rendered less disgusting; it was this which the officers touched for the first time. From this day we continued to use it; but we could not dress it any more, as we were entirely deprived of the means,' through the accidental extinction of their fire, and their having no materials to kindle another. Before the fourth night, the raving mutineers rose again, and were cut down and thrown overboard until only thirty people remained alive upon the raft. On the seventh day, there were only twenty-seven; and twelve of these, being spent and ill, were every one cast into the sea by the remainder, who then, in an access of repentance, threw the weapons away too, all but one sabre. After that 'the soldiers and sailors' were eager to devour a butterfly which was seen fluttering on the mast; after that, some of them began to tell the stories of their lives; and thus, with grim joking, and raging thirst and reckless bathing among the sharks which had now begun to follow the raft, and general delirium and fever, they were picked up by a ship: to the number, and after the term of exposure, already mentioned.

Are there any circumstances in this frightful case, to account for its peculiar horrors? Again, the reader shall judge. No discipline worthy of the name had been observed aboard the *Medusa* from the minute of her weighing anchor. The captain had inexplicably delegated his authority 'to a man who did not belong to the staff. He was an ex-officer of the marine, who had just left an English prison, where he had been for ten years.' This man held the ship's course against the protest of the officers, who warned him what would come of it. The work of the ship had been so ill done, that even the common manœuvres necessary to the saving of a boy who fell overboard, had been bungled, and the boy had been needlessly

lost. Important signals had been received from one of the ships in company, and neither answered nor reported to the captain. The *Medusa* had been on fire through negligence. When she struck, desertion of duty, mean evasion and fierce recrimination, wasted the precious moments. 'It is probable that if one of the first officers had set the example, order would have been restored; but every one was left to himself.' The most virtuous aspiration of which the soldiers were sensible, was, to fire upon their officers, and, failing that, to tear their eyes out and rend them to pieces. The historians compute that there were not in all upon the raft—before the sick were thrown into the sea—more than twenty men of decency, education, and purpose enough, even to oppose the maniacs. To crown all, they describe the soldiers as 'wretches who were not worthy to wear the French uniform. They were the scum of all countries, the refuse of the prisons, where they had been collected to make up the force. When, for the sake of health, they had been made to bathe in the sea (a ceremony from which some of them had the modesty to endeavour to excuse themselves), the whole crew had had ocular demonstration that it was not upon their *breasts* these heroes wore the insignia of the exploits which had led to their serving the state in the ports of Toulon, Brest, or Rochefort.' And is it with the scourged and branded sweepings of the galleys of France, in their debased condition of eight-and-thirty years ago, that we shall compare the flower of the trained adventurous spirit of the English Navy, raised by Parry, Franklin, Richardson, and Back?

Nearly three hundred years ago, a celebrated case of famine occurred in the *Jacques*, a French ship, homeward-bound from Brazil, with forty-five persons on board, of whom twenty-five were the ship's company. She was a crazy old vessel, fit for nothing but firewood, and had been out four months, and was still upon the weary seas far from land, when her whole stock of provisions was exhausted. The very maggots in the dust of the bread-room had been eaten up, and the parrots and monkeys brought from Brazil by the men on board had been killed and eaten, when two of the men died. Their bodies were committed to the deep. At least twenty days afterwards, when they had had perpetual cold and stormy weather, and were grown too weak to navigate the ship; when they had eaten pieces of the dried skin of the wild hog, and leather jackets and shoes, and the horn-plates of the ship-lanterns,

and all the wax-candles; the gunner died. His body likewise, was committed to the deep. They then began to hunt for mice, so that it became a common thing on board, to see skeleton-men watching eagerly and silently at mouse-holes, like cats. They had no wine and no water; nothing to drink but one little glass of cider, each, per day. When they were come to this pass, two more of the sailors 'died of hunger.' Their bodies likewise, were committed to the deep. So long and doleful were these experiences on the barren sea, that the people conceived the extraordinary idea that another deluge had happened, and there was no land left. Yet, this ship drifted to the coast of Brittany, and no 'last resource' had ever been appealed to. It is worth remarking that, *after they were saved*, the captain declared he had meant to kill somebody, privately, next day. Whosoever has been placed in circumstances of peril, with companions, will know the infatuated pleasure some imaginations take in enhancing them and all their remotest possible consequences, after they are escaped from, and will know what value to attach to this declaration.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a ship's master and fifteen men escaped from a wreck in an open boat, which they weighed down very heavy, and were at sea, with no fresh-water, and nothing to eat but the floating sea-weed, seven days and nights. 'We will all live or die together,' said the master on the third day, when one of the men proposed to draw lots—not who should become the last resource, but who should be thrown overboard to lighten the boat. On the fifth day, that man and another died. The rest were 'very weak and praying for death'; but these bodies also, were committed to the deep.

In the reign of George the Third, the *Wager*, man-of-war, one of a squadron badly found and provided in all respects, sailing from England for South America, was wrecked on the coast of Patagonia. She was commanded by a brutal though bold captain, and manned by a turbulent crew, most of whom were exasperated to a readiness for all mutiny by having been pressed in the Downs, in the hour of their arrival at home from long and hard service. When the ship struck, they broke open the officers' chests, dressed themselves in the officers' uniforms, and got drunk in the old, Smollett manner. About a hundred and fifty of them made their way ashore, and divided into parties. Great distress was experienced from want of food, and one of the boys, 'having picked up the liver of one of the drowned men

whose carcase had been dashed to pieces against the rocks, could be with difficulty withheld from making a meal of it.' One man, in a quarrel, on a spot which, in remembrance of their sufferings there, they called Mount Misery, stabbed another mortally, and left him dead on the ground. Though a third of the whole number were no more, chiefly through want, in eight or ten weeks; and though they had in the meantime eaten a midshipman's dog, and were now glad to feast on putrid morsels of seal that had been thrown away; certain men came back to this Mount Misery, expressly to give this body (which throughout had remained untouched), decent burial: assigning their later misfortunes 'to their having neglected this necessary tribute.' Afterwards, in an open-boat navigation, when rowers died at their oars of want and its attendant weakness, and there was nothing to serve out but bits of rotten seal, the starving crew went ashore to bury the bodies of their dead companions, in the sand. At such a condition did even these ill-nurtured, ill-commanded, ill-used men arrive, without appealing to the 'last resource,' that they were so much emaciated 'as hardly to have the shape of men,' while the captain's legs 'resembled posts, though his body appeared to be nothing but skin and bone,' and he had fallen into that feeble state of intellect that he had positively forgotten his own name.

In the same reign, an East Indiaman, bound from Surat to Mocha and Jidda in the Dead Sea, took fire when two hundred leagues distant from the nearest land, which was the coast of Malabar. The mate and ninety-five other people, white, brown, and black, found themselves in the long-boat, with this voyage before them, and neither water nor provisions on board. The account of the mate who conducted the boat, day and night, is, 'We were never hungry, though our thirst was extreme. On the seventh day, our throats and tongues swelled to such a degree, that we conveyed our meaning by signs. Sixteen died on that day, and almost the whole people became silly, and began to die laughing. I earnestly petitioned God that I might continue in my senses to my end, which He was pleased to grant: I being the only person on the eighth day that preserved them. Twenty more died that day. On the ninth I observed land, which overcame my senses, and I fell into a swoon with thankfulness of joy.' Again no last resource, and can the reader doubt that they would all have died without it?

In the same reign, and within a few years of the same date, the *Philip Aubin*, bark of eighty tons, bound from Barbadoes to Surinam, broached-to at sea, and foundered. The captain, the mate, and two seamen, got clear of the wreck and into 'a small boat twelve or thirteen feet long.' In accomplishing this escape, they all, but particularly the captain, showed great coolness, courage, sense, and resignation. They took the captain's dog on board, and picked up thirteen onions which floated out of the ship, after she went down. They had no water, no mast, sail, or oars; nothing but the boat, what they wore, and a knife. The boat had sprung a leak, which was stopped with a shirt. They cut pieces of wood from the boat itself, which they made into a mast; they rigged the mast with strips of the shirt; and they hoisted a pair of wide trousers for a sail. The little boat being cut down almost to the water's edge, they made a bulwark against the sea, of their own backs. The mate steered with a topmast he had pushed before him to the boat, when he swam to it. On the third day, they killed the dog, and drank his blood out of a hat. On the fourth day, the two men gave in, saying they would rather die than toil on; and one persisted in refusing to do his part in baling the boat, though the captain implored him on his knees. But, a very decided threat from the mate to steer him into the other world with the topmast by bringing it down upon his skull, induced him to turn-to again. On the fifth day, the mate exhorted the rest to cut a piece out of his thigh, and quench their thirst; but, no one stirred. He had eaten more of the dog than any of the rest, and would seem from this wild proposal to have been the worse for it, though he was quite steady again next day, and derived relief (as the captain did), from turning a nail in his mouth, and often sprinkling his head with salt-water. The captain, first and last, took only a few mouthfuls of the dog, and one of the seamen only tasted it, and the other would not touch it. The onions they all thought of small advantage to them, as engendering greater thirst. On the eighth day, the two seamen, who had soon relapsed and become delirious and quite oblivious of their situation, died, within three hours of each other. The captain and mate saw the Island of Tobago that evening, but could not make it until late in the ensuing night. The bodies were found in the boat, unmutilated by the last resource.

In the same reign still, and within three years of this disaster, the American brig, *Tyrel*, sailed from New York for the Island of Antigua. She was a miserable tub, grossly unfit for sea, and turned bodily over in a gale of wind, five days after her departure. Seventeen people took to a boat, nineteen feet and a half long, and less than six feet and a half broad. They had half a peck of white biscuit, changed into salt dough by the sea-water; and a peck of common ship-biscuit. They steered their course by the polar-star. Soon after sunset on the ninth day, the second mate and the carpenter died very peacefully. 'All betook themselves to prayers, and then after some little time stripped the bodies of their two unfortunate comrades, and threw them overboard.' Next night, a man aged sixty-four who had been fifty years at sea, died, asking to the last for a drop of water; next day, two more died, in perfect repose; next night, the gunner; four more in the succeeding four-and-twenty hours. Five others followed in one day. And all these bodies were quietly thrown overboard—though with great difficulty at last, for the survivors were now exceeding weak, and not one had strength to pull an oar. On the fourteenth or fifteenth morning, when there were only three left alive, and the body of the cabin boy, newly dead, was in the boat, the chief mate 'asked his two companions whether they thought they could eat any of the boy's flesh? They signified their inclination to try; whence, the body being quite cold, he cut a piece from the inside of its thigh, a little above the knee. Part of this he gave to the captain and boatswain, and reserved a small portion to himself. But, on attempting to swallow the flesh, it was rejected by the stomachs of all, and the body was therefore thrown overboard.' Yet that captain, and that boatswain both died of famine in the night, and *another whole week elapsed* before a schooner picked up the chief mate, left alone in the boat with their unmolested bodies, the dumb evidence of his story. Which bodies the crew of that schooner saw, and buried in the deep.

Only four years ago, in the autumn of eighteen hundred and fifty, a party of British missionaries were most indiscreetly sent out by a Society, to Patagonia. They were seven in number, and all died near the coast (as nothing but a miracle could have prevented their doing), of starvation. An exploring party, under Captain Moorshead of her Majesty's ship *Dido*, came upon their traces, and

found the remains of four of them, lying by their two boats which they had hauled up for shelter. Captain Gardiner, their superintendent, who had probably expired the last, had kept a journal until the pencil had dropped from his dying hand. They had buried three of their party, like Christian men, and the rest had faded away in quiet resignation, and without great suffering. They were kind and helpful to one another, to the last. One of the common men, just like Adam with Franklin, was 'cast down at the loss of his comrades, and wandering in his mind' before he passed away.

Against this strong case in support of our general position, we will faithfully set four opposite instances we have sought out.

The first is the case of the *New Horn*, Dutch vessel, which was burnt at sea and blew up with a great explosion, upwards of two hundred years ago. Seventy-two people escaped in two boats. The old Dutch captain's narrative being rather obscure, and (as we believe) scarcely traceable beyond a French translation, it is not easy to understand how long they were at sea, before the people fell into the state to which the ensuing description applies. According to our calculation, however, they had not been shipwrecked many days —we take the period to have been less than a week—and they had had seven or eight pounds of biscuit on board. 'Our misery daily increased, and the rage of hunger urging us to extremities, the people began to regard each other with ferocious looks. Consulting among themselves, they secretly determined to devour the boys on board, and after their bodies were consumed, to throw lots who should next suffer death, that the lives of the rest might be preserved.' The captain dissuading them from this with the utmost loathing and horror, they reconsidered the matter, and decided 'that should we not get sight of land in three days, the boys should be sacrificed.' On the last of the three days, the land was made; so, whether any of them would have executed this intention, can never be known.

The second case runs thus. In the last year of the last century, six men were induced to desert from the English artillery at St. Helena—a deserter from any honest service is not a character from which to expect much—and to go on board an American ship, the only vessel then lying in those roads. After they got on board in the dark, they saw lights moving about on shore, and, fearful that

they would be missed and taken, went over the side, with the connivance of the ship's people, got into the whale boat, and made off: purposing to be taken up again by and by, when the ship was under weigh. But, they missed her, and rowed and sailed about for sixteen days, at the end of which their provisions were all consumed. After chewing bamboo, and gnawing leather, and eating a dolphin, one of them proposed, when ten days more had run out, that lots should be drawn which deserter should bleed himself to death, to support life in the rest. It was agreed to, and done. They could take very little of this food.

The third, is the case of the Nottingham Galley, trading from Great Britain to America, which was wrecked on a rock called Boon Island, off the coast of Massachusetts. About two days afterwards—the narrative is not very clear in its details—the cook died on the rock. 'Therefore,' writes the captain, 'we laid him in a convenient place for the sea to carry him away. None then proposed to eat his body, though several afterwards acknowledged that they, as well as myself, had thoughts of it.' They were 'tolerably well supplied with fresh-water throughout.' But, when they had been upon the rock about a fortnight, and had eaten all their provisions, the carpenter died. And then the captain writes: 'We suffered the body to remain with us till morning, when I desired those who were best able to remove it. I crept out myself to see whether Providence had yet sent us anything to satisfy our craving appetites. Returning before noon, and observing that the dead body still remained, I asked the men why they had not removed it: to which they answered, that all were not able. I therefore fastened a rope to it, and, giving the utmost of my assistance, we, with some difficulty, got it out of the tent. But the fatigue and consideration of our misery together, so overcame my spirits, that, being ready to faint, I crept into the tent and was no sooner there, than, as the highest aggravation of distress, the men began requesting me to give them the body of their lifeless comrade to eat, the better to support their own existence.' The captain ultimately complied. They became brutalised and ferocious; but they suffered him to keep the remains on a high part of the rock: and they were not consumed when relief arrived.

The fourth and last case, is the wreck of the *St. Lawrence*, bound from Quebec for New York. An ensign of foot, bringing home despatches, relates how she went ashore on a desolate part of the

coast of North America, and how those who were saved from the wreck suffered great hardships, both by land and sea, and were thinned in their numbers by death, and buried their dead. All this time they had some provisions, though they ran short, but at length they were reduced to live upon weed and tallow and melted snow. The tallow being all gone, they lived on weed and snow for three days, and then the ensign came to this 'The time was now arrived when I thought it highly expedient to put the plan before mentioned (casting lots who should be killed) into execution; but on feeling the pulse of my companions, I found some of them rather averse to the proposal. The desire of life still prevailed above every other sentiment, notwithstanding the wretchedness of our condition, and the impossibility of preserving it by any other method. I thought it an extraordinary instance of infatuation, that men should prefer the certainty of a lingering and miserable death, to the distant chance of escaping one more immediate and less painful. However, on consulting with the mate what was to be done, I found that although they objected to the proposal of casting lots for the victim, yet all concurred in the necessity of some one being sacrificed for the preservation of the rest. The only question was how it should be determined; when by a kind of reasoning more agreeable to the dictates of self-love than justice, it was agreed, that as the captain was now so exceedingly reduced as to be evidently the first who would sink under our present complicated misery; as he had been the person to whom we considered ourselves in some measure indebted for all our misfortunes; and further, as he had ever since our shipwreck been the most remiss in his exertions towards the general good—he was undoubtedly the person who should be the first sacrificed.' The design of which the ensign writes with this remarkable coolness, was not carried into execution, by reason of their falling in with some Indians; but, some of the party who were afterwards separated from the rest, declared when they rejoined them, that they had eaten of the remains of their deceased companions. Of this case it is to be noticed that the captain is alleged to have been a mere kidnapper, sailing under false pretences, and therefore not likely to have had by any means a choice crew; that the greater part of them got drunk when the ship was in danger; and that they had not a very sensitive associate in the ensign, on his own highly disagreeable showing.

It appears to us that the influence of great privation upon the lower and less disciplined class of character, is much more bewildering and maddening at sea than on shore. The confined space, the monotonous aspect of the waves, the mournful winds, the monotonous motion, the dead uniformity of colour, the abundance of water that cannot be drunk to quench the raging thirst (which the Ancient Mariner perceived to be one of his torments)—these seem to engender a diseased mind with greater quickness and of a worse sort. The conviction on the part of the sufferers that they hear voices calling for them; that they descry ships coming to their aid; that they hear the firing of guns, and see the flash; that they can plunge into the waves without injury, to fetch something or to meet somebody; is not often paralleled among suffering travellers by land. The mirage excepted—a delusion of the desert, which has its counterpart upon the sea, not included under these heads—we remember nothing of this sort experienced by Bruce, for instance, or by Mungo Park: least of all by Franklin in the memorable book we have quoted. Our comparison of the records of the two kinds of trial, leads us to believe, that even men who might be in danger of the last resource at sea, would be very likely to pine away by degrees, and never come to it, ashore.

In his published account of the ascent of Mont Blanc, which is an excellent little book, Mr. Albert Smith describes, with very humorous fidelity, that when he was urged on by the guides, in a drowsy state when he would have given the world to lie down and go to sleep for ever, he was conscious of being greatly distressed by some difficult and altogether imaginary negotiations respecting a non-existent bedstead; also, by an impression that a familiar friend in London came up with the preposterous intelligence that the King of Prussia objected to the party's advancing, because it was his ground. But, these harmless vagaries are not the present question, being commonly experienced under most circumstances where an effort to fix the attention, or exert the body, contends with a strong disposition to sleep. We have been their sport thousands of times, and have passed through a series of most inconsistent and absurd adventures, while trying hard to follow a short dull story related by some eminent conversationalist after dinner.

No statement of cannibalism, whether on the deep or the dry land, is to be admitted supposititiously, or inferentially, or on any but the

most direct and positive evidence: no, not even as occurring among savage people, against whom it was in earlier times too often a pretence for cruelty and plunder. Mr. Prescott, in his brilliant history of the Conquest of Mexico, observes of a fact so astonishing as the existence of cannibalism among a people who had attained considerable advancement in the arts and graces of life, that 'they did not feed on human flesh merely to gratify a brutish appetite, but in obedience to their religion—a distinction,' he justly says, 'worthy of notice.' Besides which, it is to be remarked, that many of these feeding practices rest on the authority of narrators who distinctly saw St. James and the Virgin Mary fighting at the head of the troops of Cortes, and who possessed, therefore, to say the least, an unusual range of vision. It is curious to consider, with our general impressions on the subject—very often derived, we have no doubt, from Robinson Crusoe, if the oaks of men's beliefs could be traced back to acorns—how rarely the practice, even among savages, has been proved. The word of a savage is not to be taken for it; firstly, because he is a liar; secondly, because he is a boaster; thirdly, because he often talks figuratively; fourthly, because he is given to a superstitious notion that when he tells you he has his enemy in his stomach, you will logically give him credit for having his enemy's valour in his heart. Even the sight of cooked and dissevered human bodies among this or that tattoo'd tribe, is not proof. Such appropriate offerings to their barbarous, wide-mouthed, goggle-eyed gods, savages have been often seen and known to make. And although it may usually be held as a rule, that the fraternity of priests lay eager hands upon everything meant for the gods, it is always possible that these offerings are an exception: as at once investing the idols with an awful character, and the priests with a touch of disinterestedness, whereof their order may occasionally stand in need.

The imaginative people of the East, in the palmy days of its romance—not very much accustomed to the sea, perhaps, but certainly familiar by experience and tradition with the perils of the desert—had no notion of the 'last resource' among civilised human creatures. In the whole wide circle of the *Arabian Nights*, it is reserved for ghoules, gigantic blacks with one eye, monsters like towers, of enormous bulk and dreadful aspect, and unclean animals lurking on the seashore, that puffed and blew their way into caves where the dead were interred. Even for Sinbad the Sailor, buried

alive, the story-teller found it easier to provide some natural sustenance, in the shape of so many loaves of bread and so much water, let down into the pit with each of the other people buried alive after him (whom he killed with a bone, for he was not nice), than to invent this dismal expedient.

We are brought back to the position almost embodied in the words of Sir John Richardson towards the close of the former chapter. In weighing the probabilities and improbabilities of the 'last resource,' the foremost question is—not the nature of the extremity; but, the nature of the men. We submit that the memory of the lost Arctic voyagers is placed, by reason and experience, high above the taint of this so easily-allowed connection; and that the noble conduct and example of such men, and of their own great leader himself, under similar endurances, belies it, and outweighs by the weight of the whole universe the chatter of a gross handful of uncivilised people, with a domesticity of blood and blubber. Utilitarianism will protest 'they are dead; why care about this?' Our reply shall be, 'Because they ARE dead, therefore we care about this. Because they served their country well, and deserved well of her, and can ask, no more on this earth, for her justice or her loving-kindness; give them both, full measure, pressed down, running over. Because no Franklin can come back, to write the honest story of their woes and resignation, read it tenderly and truly in the book he has left us. Because they lie scattered on those wastes of snow, and are as defenceless against the remembrance of coming generations, as against the elements into which they are resolving, and the winter winds that alone can waft them home, now, impalpable air; therefore, cherish them gently, even in the breasts of children. Therefore, teach no one to shudder without reason, at the history of their end. Therefore, confide with their own firmness, in their fortitude, their lofty sense of duty, their courage, and their religion.

END OF VOL. I.

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